PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1981 $3.00

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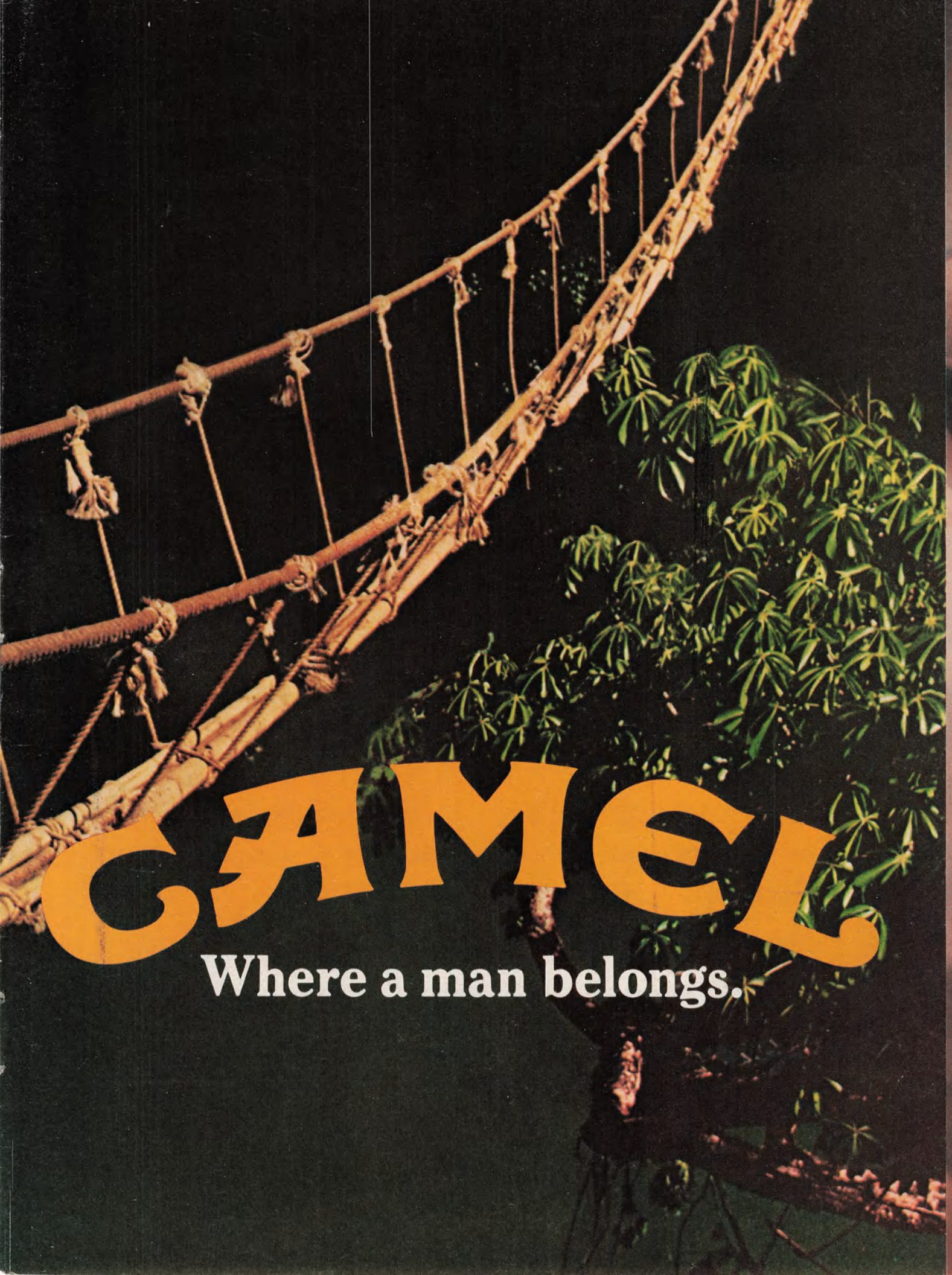
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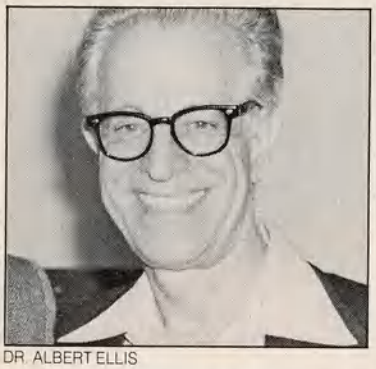

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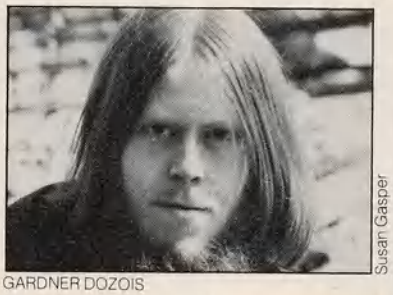

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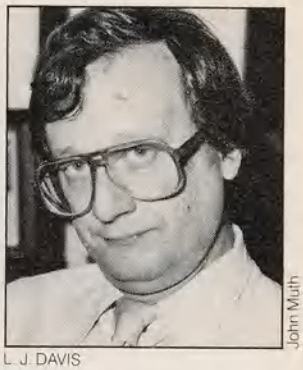

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HOUSECALL

Once again—has it really been a whole year?—it's time to celebrate that most festive of holiday seasons. And once again we're proud and happy to wish you the warmest season's greetings with this special issue of *Penthouse*—our own well-filled Christmas stocking, brimming over with the best of everything.

First of all, with appropriate holiday fanfare, we inaugurate an all-new monthly column, "Dreamwatch," on page 183. Like "Forum," "Feedback," and "Call Me Madam," this will no doubt prove to be a most popular and informative feature. Every month in "Dreamwatch," **Dr. Albert Ellis**, executive director of New York's prestigious Institute for Rational-Emotive Therapy and one of the foremost psychologists in the world, will analyze our readers' sexual dreams. Dr. Ellis, the former president of the American Psychological Association's Division of Consulting Psychology and the author of some forty books, including *Sex without Guilt* and *The Art and Science of Love*, says that "Dreamwatch" will "try to interpret your dreams, to see what their 'real' or underlying meanings are, and to determine what you can possibly do to fulfill these meanings—or to change them."

Jerry Falwell's dream, write investigative reporters **L. J. Davis** and **Ernest Volkman**, is to be the moral arbiter of these United States. But in Part II of an ongoing *Penthouse* investigation into the finances of Falwell's ministry (page 64), Volkman and Davis uncover a series of unanswered questions that have surrounded Falwell's operations since 1973. "The ministry's appetite for cash is a persistent and pervasive one," they write. "There are times when Falwell appears to talk about money almost as much as he talks about God." And although Falwell's Moral Majority claims to stand for what is best about America, some people, like Lynchburg publisher Sharyn Paris, have discovered that Falwell's followers might not share our traditional American tolerance for free speech (page 66). Paris, who was publicly denounced by Falwell after she published a book critical of him, started receiving strange late-night telephone calls, some of them threatening her life. Once she was almost run off the road, and even as we go to press with this issue, we learn that several nights ago Sharyn was viciously attacked in the street, punched, and kicked into unconsciousness. She was unable to identify her assailants. And, although she says that "I will not be run out of town," her agency has already lost many clients and her business is in a state of collapse. The Moral Majority's intolerance of the views of anyone who differs with them inspired the president of Yale University, A. Bartlett Giamatti, to denounce their ideas as "dangerous, malicious nonsense" earlier this year. We're happy to present excerpts from Giamatti's powerful speech on page 68.

We're also proud to give you an exclusive look at two of this season's most sensational books. "Mad Love" (page 84) is excerpted from **Anthony Haden-Guest**'s *Bad Dreams* (to be published by Macmillan) and recounts the true story behind the sordid murder of cover girl Melanie Cain's lover by her ex-boyfriend, horse trainer Buddy Jacobson. And in "Sing Me Back Home" (page 88) the popular country music entertainer **Merle Haggard** tells of his harrowing years in San Quentin—how he almost escaped from California's toughest prison, about the gas-chamber execution of one of his best friends, and how he learned that his wife had been cheating on him. Excerpted from Haggard's autobiography of the same name, which will be published by Times Books, "Sing Me Back Home" ends with Haggard's release from prison after he spent seven terrifying days in solitary confinement, seven days that would change his life.

In our interview this month, world-champion body builder, best-selling author, and now movie actor **Arnold Schwarzenegger** tells **James Delson** what *really* goes on in the locker rooms of championship musclemen: about the homosexuality, the groupies, and the drugs. He explains why he left his repressive socialist homeland of Austria to find total freedom (and friendship with the Kennedys) in the United States (page 136).

Other exciting December features include the short story "Disciples" (page 192), by science-fiction master **Gardner Dozois**, which appropriately enough tells what happens when the Messiah finally decides to come back to earth and gather his faithful to him; reporter **Joseph B. Treaster**'s look at the new, rough, dirty, and dangerous sport of motocross (page 92); and a pictorial report on our revolutionary new nationally syndicated science television series: "Omni—The New Frontier," a program based on *Penthouse*'s sister publication, *Omni*, and its extraordinary success in bringing some of the most advanced ideas in science and technology to the lay public (page 168).

Finally, to keep your Christmas spirits up throughout the next year, don't forget to keep our special sixteen-page 1982 Pet calendar in view. These *Penthouse* beauties of the recent past provide a perfect setting for our latest visions of loveliness, all of whom make this holiday issue a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Noel!

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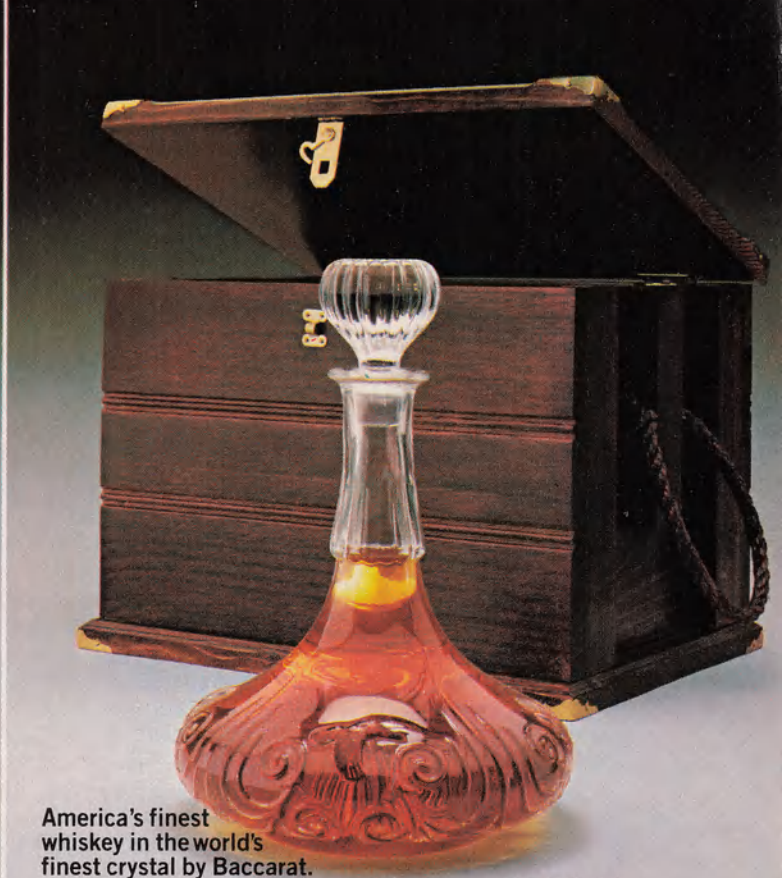

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*Suggested retail price. Price may vary by state.

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DECEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Foot loose

While on a vacation last summer, I had an experience I'd like to share with "Forum" readers. I am a guy in my mid-thirties who is happily married to a liberated woman. Therefore, I can openly pursue my urge to "play around."

I was driving south in Nebraska when I spotted a female hitchhiker. She was a brunette and appeared to be in her late twenties. She wore a halter top (showing ample tits), a pair of cutoff jeans, long socks, and hiking boots. I stopped and asked her where she was heading. In a sweet, "winning" voice, she informed me that her destination was within ten miles of *my* destination. She got in and off we went.

Her name was Deedee, and she was a phys ed teacher in a Montana high school. She was twenty-eight, single, and on her way to visit friends in Texas, via "thumbing-her-way" to save money, meet people, and see the country. Grateful for the ride, she stretched out her long legs, lit a cigarette, leaned back, and made small talk with me, flashing smile after smile. As we had more than 200 miles to go, she asked me if she could remove her hiking boots and socks.

"Only if your feet don't smell bad!" I told her jokingly.

"Oh, they'll *smell,*" was her reply, "but not *bad*—I promise you!" She smiled and removed her footgear. She revealed the most beautiful sun-tanned ankles and feet I'd ever seen attached to shapely, muscular legs! She then reached in her backpack for a plastic bag, which contained a wet washcloth, and proceeded to wipe her feet free of sweat.

"Do you mind?" she asked, rolling down the window. "I love to feel the fresh air on my feet whenever I can; it makes them feel great!"

While watching the road and shifting many glances to her gorgeous legs, I found myself getting a powerful hard-on. Deedee noticed this while I watched her flex her toes in the breeze at fifty-five miles per hour. In a few minutes she pulled them in, reached for a tiny bottle of perfume in her purse, and rubbed some on her ankles and insteps.

"Now *that* doesn't smell bad, does it?" she asked me, pivoting her ass on the seat and putting her feet under my nose. One whiff of that fragrant flesh and I could no longer contain myself. I held the steering wheel with one hand and gently held her foot with the other and slowly ran my tongue between each of her sweet-smelling toes. I repeated my oral assault on her other foot as well. She, meanwhile, fingered herself to an orgasm, not once, but several times while I "toed-the-line" and watched the road as well. When she was finished coming, my cock was harder than my gearshift.

"My feet had some air and now *this* needs some air, too!" Deedee announced, leaning over to free my prick from my slacks. Once it was out and sticking up, she again leaned back against the door. "Keep *both* of your hands on the wheel and *try* to look natural!" was her advice. I nodded, ready to obey her every wish.

I looked down at my cock in time to watch her ten agile toes grip it with such expertise that they were like soft, tiny fingers. She proceeded to jerk me off in a slow rhythm while I moaned for release. When passing traffic became heavy, she stopped. This added to my frustration, but I did as I was told and held the wheel. When it was clear again, she moved her digits up and down my prick until I thought I'd pass out. This went on for nearly an hour. Finally, on a lonely stretch of road, she announced, "Here we go!"

With frenzied manipulations on my cock, her feet moved pistonlike and I exploded all over the steering wheel, the dashboard, and, needless to say, her feet! A scream tore from my throat while she giggled, watching the erotic eruption which she caused.

"Hold still," she said. "I want some of this." She then leaned over and licked all of the spent sperm from the places it landed. "Clean these for me!" She ordered, again putting her toes to my now gasping mouth. I licked and sucked for all I was worth, never taking my hands from the wheel. Deedee then pulled away her feet, dove down to my still-hard prick, mouthed me, and sucked me to another mind-bending orgasm—this time swallowing everything I shot out! How I continued to drive, I'll never know.

After a while, she put my cock back and zipped me up. She accepted a hot cup of thermos coffee from me, and we arrived at her destination. She turned down a later motel date but thanked me for the "wonderful ride" just the same. Each of us went our own way. That girl may have "thumbed-a-ride," but she sure "footed the bill."—*Name and address withheld*

A fair deal

I have been living with my girl friend, Ginny, for two years now, and up until last

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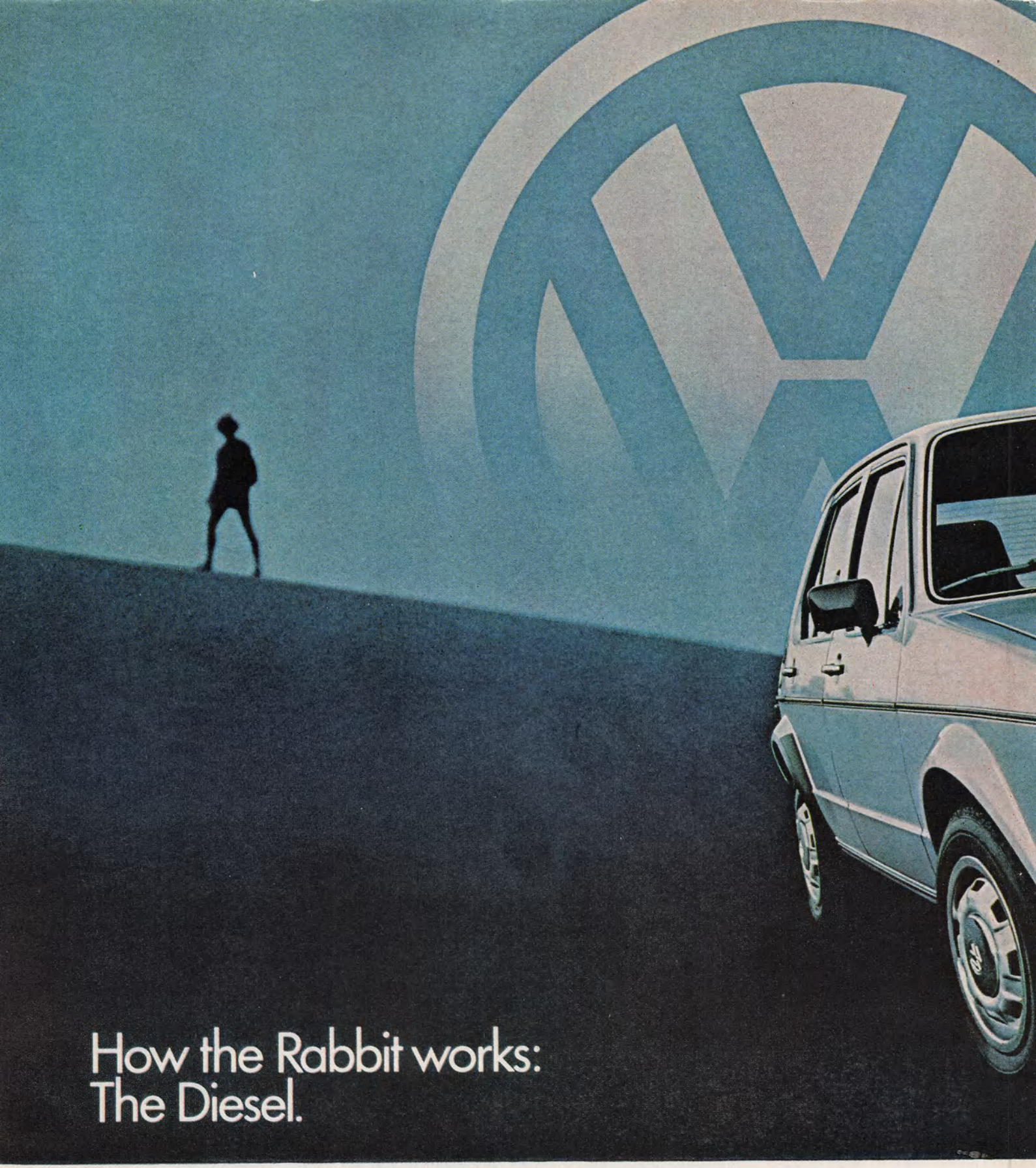


How the Rabbit works: The Diesel.

Oil is a natural liquid energy-storage system. It is produced by burying undecomposed organic matter under hundreds of tons of pressure for 200 million years. Prudence dictates that we use it sparingly.

Which is the fundamental advantage of Dr. Rudolph Diesel's compression ignition engine. Speed and power are controlled directly by restricting the fuel supply.

The engine can have all the air it wants, but only enough fuel to accomplish the job at hand. At idle, that can be as low as 4 tablespoons an hour. Although very efficient, it is also very slow and heavy, unfortunately placing it at odds with the concept of the small passenger car.

Nothing else is a Volkswagen.

To address these disadvantages, VW introduced the lightest 4-cylinder Diesel ever produced. A wider power band and substantially improved performance were provided by a new swirl-chamber, aluminum cylinder head. Fuel economy remained phenomenal.

There are several Diesels on the market, and if all you want is to be prudent, they all should be of passing interest. If you're interested in passing too, there is only one choice.

The Rabbit Diesel. Also known as the best mileage car in America.*

*EPA estimated 45 mpg 58 highway estimate. (Use "Estimated mpg" for comparisons. Your mileage may vary with weather, speed, and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.)

weekend I thought we had experimented sexually with just about every possible fantasy. Luckily for me I was able to experience one I never thought I would enjoy.

Ginny had been wanting to go on a one-week trip with her girl friends for some time. I finally gave in—for a price! She could go on the trip, but she had to agree to stay home with me the next weekend and be my sex slave. She quickly agreed, despite my warnings that it meant complete submission to my whims and desires. She even sweetened the deal by promising to deliver one of her girl friends, Sherry, who is the horniest twenty-year-old I've ever met.

The week she was gone, I employed the help of a close friend of mine, Jack, and we made preparations. We could hardly control our lust. We bought the raunchiest X-rated films we could find and an assortment of dildos and vibrators, and we quickly turned my bedroom into a playroom.

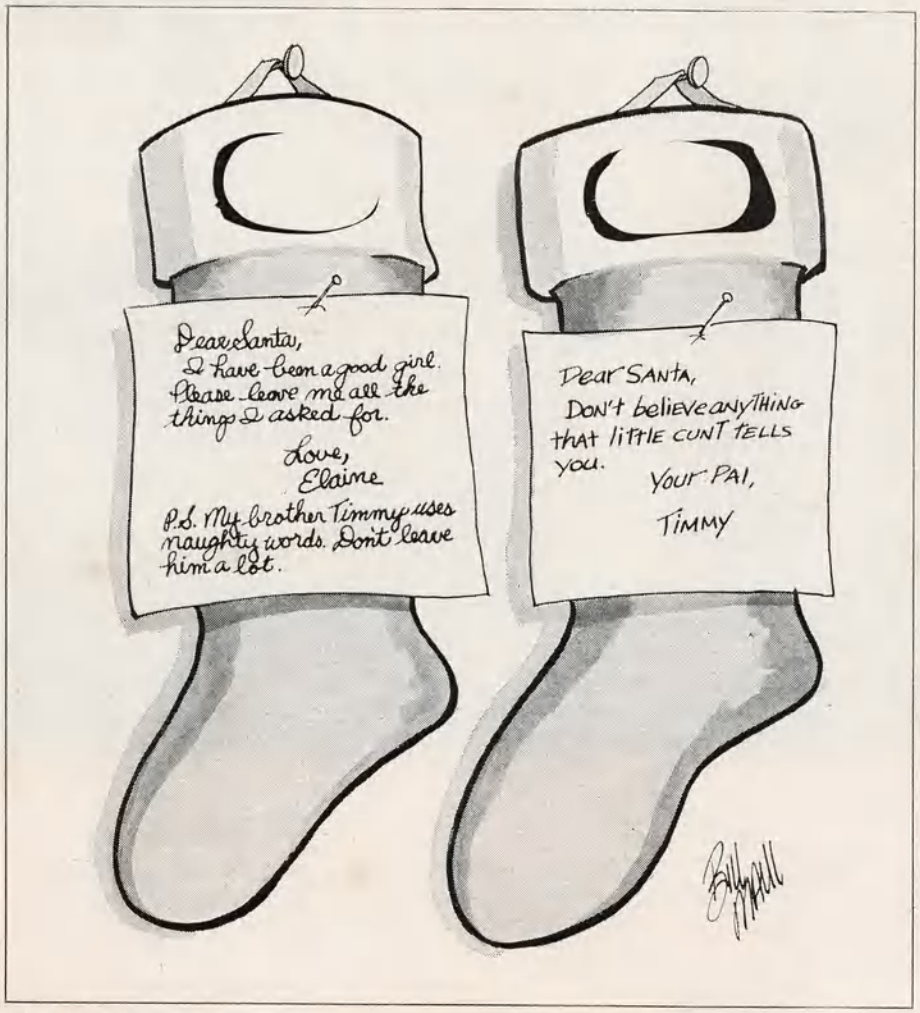
Finally the weekend began. On Friday afternoon Ginny and Sherry giggled as if it was going to be a joke or something. They were eager to get started, though. We undressed them both, put them on the bed, tied their arms behind their backs, and tied their legs so they were spread apart. We played with their glistening snatches till the lips opened up and pussy juices started flowing. Then we started the porno movies and made sure the girls could see. We then placed an eight-inch vibrator up each of their cunts and a small vibrator butt-plug up their ass holes. Then Jack and I left the room and drank some tequila and smoked a few joints.

We changed the films on the projector and let the girls get good and horny. After only fifteen minutes of this "torture," we had to gag them as they begged us to fuck them. This went on for about two hours and by now they were going crazy. We finally untied them but made them beg us to even touch us.

Jack started it off by promising to lick Ginny's cunt until she came if she would lick his ass hole. She moaned out some type of agreement and immediately rammed her tongue up his ass hole, reaming him but good. I told Sherry that she had to lick Ginny's ass hole if she wanted a taste of my sperm. She scrambled between Ginny's legs, licking like a wild animal. I then put my six-inch love muscle in her hot mouth and let her suck me until I was close to coming. I then pulled out and came all over her. Ginny was ordered to lick off every last drop.

By now the girls were really starting to get into it. In between our demands they satisfied themselves by fingering and licking each other. We gave them a huge double dildo. They didn't need instructions as they began fucking each other. After enjoying this show, Jack and I told them they would have to be tied up again. We silenced their protests by gagging them and tied them up with their butts up in the air and their puckered ass holes in clear view. Jack and I greased up our cocks and prepared to back-door them both. Ginny screamed out in pleasure as I penetrated her tight anus. After waiting for this for so long, I shuddered violently in orgasm seconds after entering her. Jack was about to shoot his load as well, and Sherry was actually crying as she shuddered in orgasm.

Later, while we all lay back exhausted, we decided that next weekend Jack and I are going to be the slaves and the girls have promised to top our weekend. We can hardly wait!—*Name and address withheld*


Dear Santa,
I have been a good girl. Please leave me all the things I asked for.
Love,
Elaine
P.S. My brother Timmy uses naughty words. Don't leave him a lot.
Dear SANTA,
Don't believe anything that little CUNT tells you.
Your PAL,
TIMMY

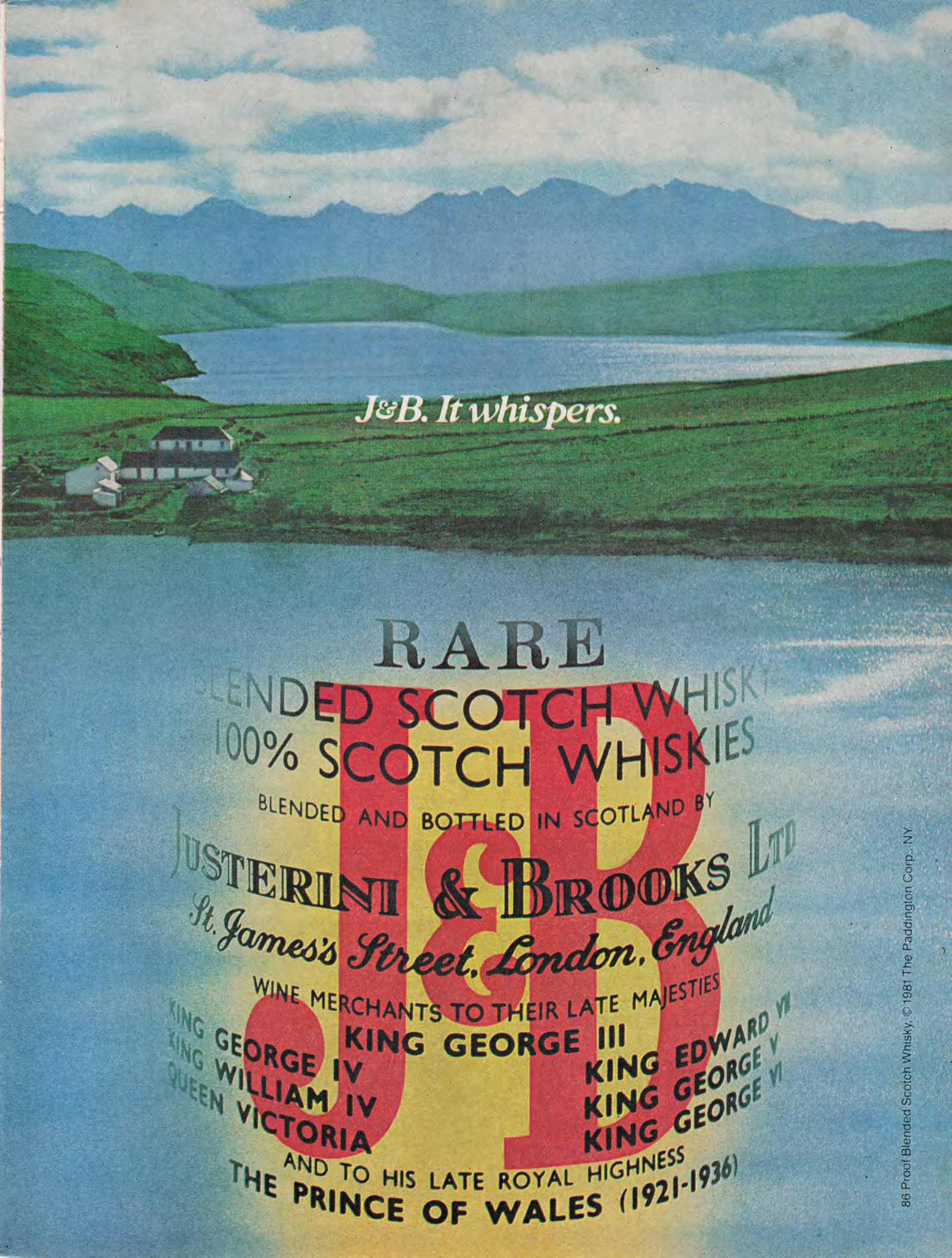
Going with the flow

I am a twenty-five-year-old single female. For the past several years, "Forum" letters have played a part in helping me bring myself off, so I thought I'd return the favor and relate a rather unique and exciting experience.

My brother owns a cottage on a small lake in Ontario. On one side of the property you can literally take three steps away from the cottage door and dive off a rock outcropping into twenty feet of clear water. The other side features a series of small, rocky islands connected by reeflike granite and jumbled boulders of various sizes, all of which are one to two feet beneath the surface of the water. Once you are among the islands, you have a fairly clear view of the rest of the lake but you cannot be seen from the cottage.

At any rate, Fred gave me the use of the cabin for my summer vacation this year. During the first couple of days I contented myself by weeding his vegetable garden out back, as it was too cold to go swimming. This morning, however, was different. When I dragged myself out of bed at 11:00 A.M., I found that the weather outside had already become unbearably hot and humid. The lake was like glass, and a blue haze hung over the shoreline. I was already perspiring heavily by the time I returned indoors to brew a pot of coffee. I decided to cool off with a brisk swim before lunch. I changed quickly into my swimsuit. Donning a mask, snorkel, and flippers, I eased carefully into the water and was soon gliding smoothly over to the islands.

I kept hitting warm and cold patches of water, which heightened my sensitivity and started a warm feeling growing in my crotch. As soon as I arrived between the second and third islands, I undid the top half of my swimsuit so that my rather large breasts floated freely in the water. I felt as if my entire body was encased in soft flowing velvet as I flippered slowly along and cupped my breasts in my hands, gently thumbing the nipples until they were swollen and hard, sending waves of electricity straight down to my clitoris. I stopped swimming and hung face down in the water, breathing slowly in and out, enjoying the sense of supportive weightlessness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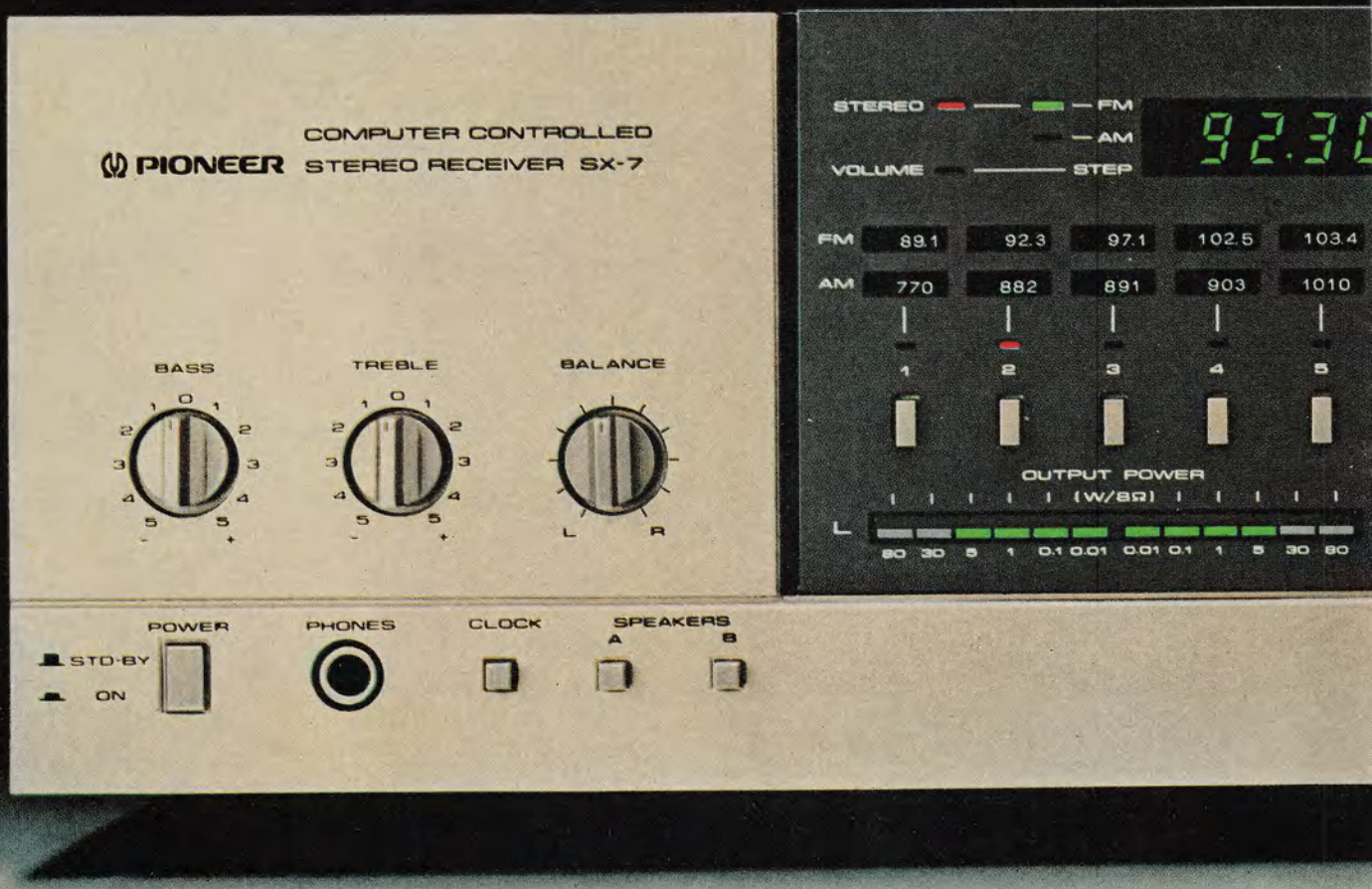
High Fidelity for Humans:

IT EVEN FINDS Y STATIONS WH



Finding your favorite station isn't always as easy as tuning to 123.

For example, now that digital station readouts are standard on most receivers you have to memorize the precise call numbers of all your favorite stations. Not an easy job if you have a dozen or so stations you tune in regularly.

That, however, is just one of the many unpleasantries you have to deal with if you own one of today's conventional receivers. On the other hand, it's just one of the many reasons you should own Pioneer's new SX-7 receiver.

The SX-7 is a product of Pioneer's unique new concept in component design and engineering called *High Fidelity for Humans*. The result is a line of components that are as pleasant to live with as they are to listen to.

For instance, our receiver will commit to memory all your favorite stations. You can preset up to eight AM and eight FM stations. The moment you want to hear one you can recall it instantly.

Should you want to sample a variety of stations without any manual effort, simply press Station Scan. You'll hear five seconds of every strong station on the entire tuning band. If you discover a station you like you simply stop scanning.

Needless to say, not all stations have strong signal strengths. In the past you've had to struggle to tune in those stations with weak signals. The struggle's over. Due to the SX-7's ID Mosfet transistors you can

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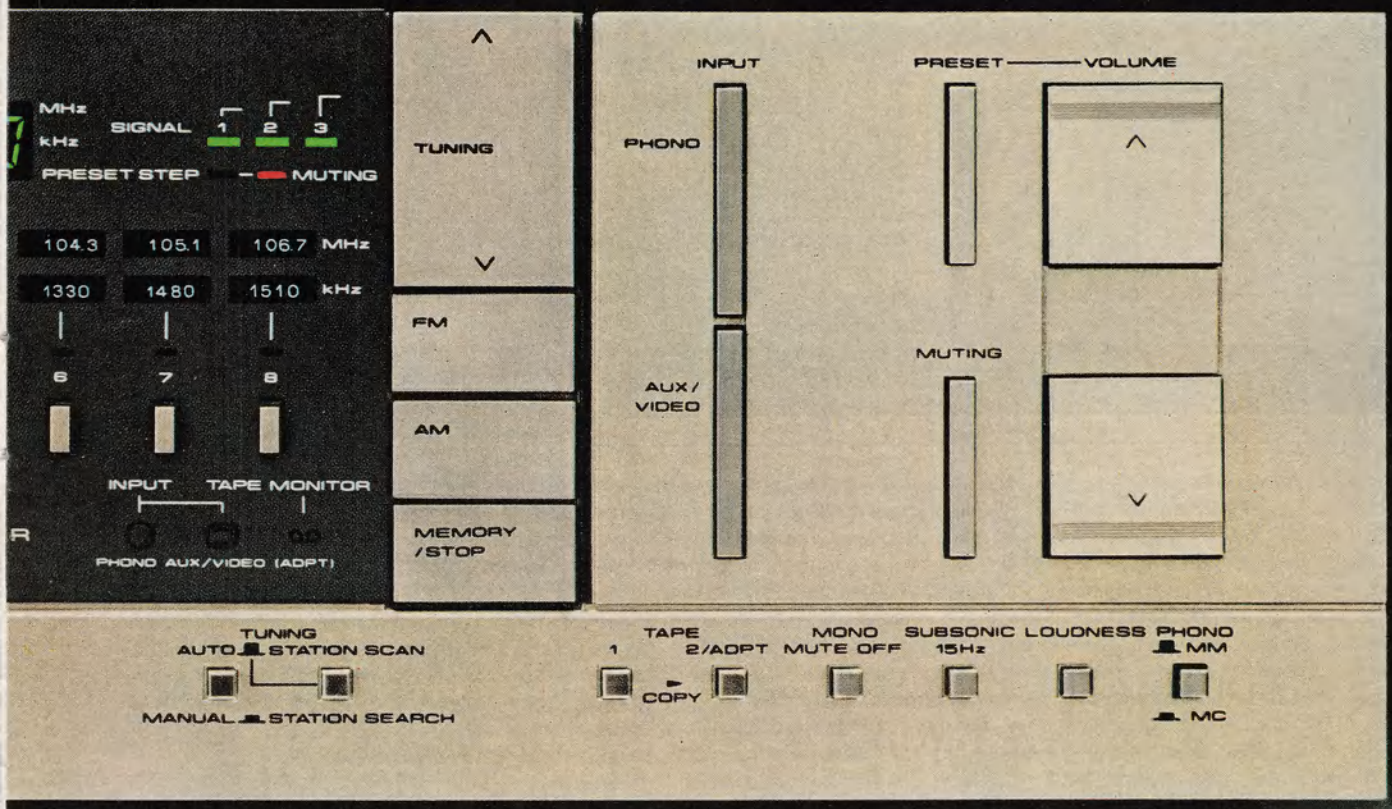

tune in weak stations as quickly and clearly as you can strong stations.

Drift, of course, is another way in which distortion has been allowed to sneak in and prevail where there once was music. The only remedy has been to simply get up and readjust your station. But with the SX-7 you won't have to bother. Because our Quartz PLL Synthesized tuning is designed to make drift totally impossible.

While these technological achievements make our components easy to live with, others just plain make your music sound better.

Our patented Non-Switching™ Push-Pull circuitry is a prime example. It eliminates the distortion created by output transistors as they click on and off, thousands of times a second, in response to music signals. The SX-7's Non-Switching circuits keep our transistors from ever completely switching off, so they don't have to click back on.

If it seems as though the SX-7 has many features you just don't find on other receivers, it's because it does. Which is why we invite you to visit your nearest Pioneer dealer. He'll show you the SX-7, and an entire line of new Pioneer receivers.

They're all designed to let you spend more time enjoying music and less time simply trying to find it.

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and feeling completely relaxed.

After a minute or so, I tightened my vaginal muscles and discovered that warm, sweet sensation which meant that I was well on my way to achieving an orgasm. I moved slowly over the reef, making sure I was still hidden, and let my breasts come in contact with the solid rock. The gentle rubbing on my nipples combined with the hot, shallow water and the crystal-clear view through my mask sent shivers throughout my entire body. I looked for and quickly found a longish rock which I could mount and rub against my alive and throbbing clitoris. The contact excited me greatly but was frustrating, as the rock was just a bit too far under the water and every time I rubbed my crotch hard against it I would float away from it. I left my breasts alone and, using my left hand as an anchor to keep myself still in the water, moved my right hand down the front of my bathing suit. I rubbed my already engorged clit gently with my third finger, feeling it swell and relishing the waves of excitement which flowed through me.

I was concentrating so much on giving myself relief that I hadn't noticed that I'd floated into a school of small fish. My concentration was shattered as I felt a sharp nibble on my right ankle. I turned quickly around and found not Jaws III, but about fifty or so fish backing slowly away and eyeing me more with curiosity than with suspicion. I remained motionless, still with my finger moving slowly over and around my clit, and fantasized that if I took my swimsuit off entirely I might be able to get these fish to bring me off themselves. That thought provoked me to even greater activity and I rubbed harder and faster, feeling the hot juices surround my hand as they came pumping from my vagina.

I was almost at the point of surrender, feeling the pressure on my entire pubic area when I heard a loud mechanical thrashing. I raised my head out of the water in time to glimpse the spray thrown up by a water skier who had gone around the outer edge of the islands. I didn't know whether or not I'd been seen, but by now I was too close to coming to care. I was already being rocked up and down by the waves created by the boat. I went face down in the water again, thumbing my left nipple with my whole right hand working vigorously in my slippery crotch. Finally I could hold back no longer and moved my hand spasmodically over my vaginal lips as my clit and my entire body shook in the throes of an overpowering and painfully sweet orgasm. The sound of my groans coming through the snorkel extended the sensations, which lasted at least a minute before I came back to reality.

When I finally thought to look for the fish, they were gone. I guess the sight of me, convulsing directly above them, must have scared them off. I swam slowly back to the cottage, savoring the softness of the water against my tingly bare body. I had just enough energy left to get the straps of my suit back over my shoulders and to climb out of the water into the grassy shade where I slept deeply until lunchtime.—*Name and address withheld*

Wife with a difference

My wife and I are at an age now which allows us freedom from our grown children. Openly I can say I've read almost every sexual story your great magazine has printed, but I'd like to share one that I'm sure your readers haven't heard! My wife, Phyllis, is of average build and sexually gifted, especially in one way.

It started back in our high-school days when most of our peers were into the look-but-don't-touch idea. When we first met, there was an instantaneous sexual response. We made love together in the back of my father's old Ford. It was the first time for both of us.

As time went on we began to discover anal penetration and oral stimulation. This is when I discovered my wife has been gifted. She possesses a clit that is around two and one-half inches long and very slender. Oral sex contact was very orgasmic for her. She'd shake for what seemed hours. She had no problem engulfing my thick nine and one-half inches into her sex hole.

There's where my story really starts. Soft, my penis is around three inches long. One time, while I was rubbing my knob against her clit to get my erection up, the tip of her clit slipped into the head of my penis. She moved and quivered that slender clit almost all the way down my shaft. Needless to say, soft or not, I started to feel the orgasmic rhythms of our bodies together.

I shot my load with the force of a cannon, spitting her clit out all come covered. She said it was the best fuck she'd ever gotten. We now practice this during almost every sexual encounter.—*Name and address withheld*

Hot and heavy

A friend of mine used to say that until you've laid a fat woman who's really hot, you haven't been laid. I used to think this was nonsense and always went for the chicks with the slim, trim figures. Now I've changed my mind and wouldn't trade my hot mama for anything.

I met her recently at a party. She was in her late twenties and very pretty, with long black hair. Marlene was quite heavy, though she was very well dressed, very classy, and obviously very intelligent. We talked a lot, and for some reason I invited her out. We went to dinner and saw a great show. After that she invited me in for coffee. After some drinks and coffee she told me to make myself comfortable while she slipped into something casual. In a few minutes she came out wearing see-through baby doll pajamas that left nothing to the imagination. She had huge tits that didn't sag much for a woman of her

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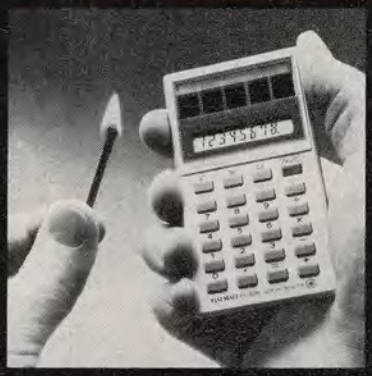

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weight, a big fat ass, and very fat legs that were more solid than flabby. Her thighs were thick but firm. She put her strong arms around me and led me to her bedroom, which was beautifully decorated.

We got on the bed and began long, slow lovemaking. We kissed and tongued each other's neck for a long time. By now we were naked, and I had some hard-on. I rubbed and sucked her huge tits and reveled in them. She was panting and groaning and saying "Oh, suck them, more, suck!" I rolled her over and kissed her all over, then rolled her over again and went down between her legs and started to tongue her pussy. She was writhing and groaning and saying the hottest things. I never saw a woman come that fast, or that hard. Within a few minutes she lifted her huge legs way up and kicked wildly. She was writhing all over the bed and yelling so loud I'm sure everyone in the building heard.

She lay quietly for a few minutes and then started to work on me. She kissed me and massaged me all over. Then she worked her way to my prick, which by now was hard as steel.

Slowly she ran her tongue back and forth over the back of my cock, then ran her lips up and down. Now she took the head in her mouth and little by little took more and more while she moved her head up and down. I yelled out. She moved her head as fast as she could. I bucked and writhed as I shot hot spurts of come into her mouth.

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Afterwards she said she liked a man who really let go when he came and not to worry about coming too fast. She preferred a man who got very hot and spurted off when he felt like. I was having the time of my life.

In about an hour we began slow lovemaking again, and I got the fuck of my life. She knelt over me and slipped my now hard prick into her pussy. We both groaned as we felt each other. She slowly pumped on me. What a sight! Her huge body was rocking, her mammoth tits were shaking, and her face was a picture of pleasure. I looked at her and enjoyed the sensation in my prick. I also sucked her so I wouldn't shoot too fast. The she turned around, faced my legs, and continued slowly pumping. I stared at her huge ass heaving up and down. It was making slapping sounds as it pumped on my body. Man, was I hot!

Then she lay down on her face, stuck her ass up, and I came in from behind. I reached around and grabbed her big tits. The sensation of pumping against that big ass was really hot. I had to go slow, as I didn't want to come yet. Finally, she rolled over and I climbed on her. She wrapped her huge thighs around me, and I sort of sank into her flesh, slowly pumping. By now, we were both too hot. Our faces were a few inches apart as we watched each other moan and make faces. Then came the greatest orgasm I've seen. She squeezed her thighs tightly around me and began to pump furiously. Her face

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was twisted in a grimace almost of pain, and she screamed in my face. She came in wave after wave. This was too much for me. I felt it coming and pumped faster than I've ever pumped as I shot gobs of come into her. I sank into her fleshy body as we lay exhausted.

We are now keeping steady company. I couldn't ask for more. There's nothing like a really uninhibited woman. Marlene is endlessly inventive. We try every position. Sometimes we stand in front of a mirror and jerk each other off. Sometimes we watch each other jack off. Sometimes I come very fast, but I don't have to worry or have pressure about "performing." Marlene can always come fast in any number of ways. So, fellows, don't overlook those fat women. You may be missing something.—*Name and address withheld*

Food fight!

Recently I was fortunate enough to be involved in a delightful experience. For the past two months my wife and I have been involved in an exciting relationship with Carla, an attractive twenty-five-year-old brunette divorcée who lives across the street.

It all started when Carla was over one evening to visit my wife and do some baking. It was about ten when I went into the kitchen to get some fresh cookies. While there I also snitched a finger full of frosting from the bowl that Carla was mixing. She told me to get out of the kitchen and slapped my hand. As I walked away I responded by slapping her on her bottom. She then turned and with her mixing spoon slapped my thigh. After wiping off the frosting, I grabbed a handful of flour and sprinkled it on Carla. I grinned with satisfaction and stood there almost challenging her to respond. In the meantime my wife was watching attentively but keeping her distance.

Carla responded all right, by taking a handful of frosting and smearing it across the front of my shirt. I then grabbed a handful of frosting and spread it through Carla's hair. My wife was laughing hysterically now. Carla's resolve was plainly visible on her face as she took a measuring cup of batter from the bowl my wife had been working with. Carla then grabbed my belt and dumped the gooey batter down my pants. As the batter ran down my pants, I contemplated my next move. As I eyed Carla's blouse, my wife handed me the bowl of batter. Carla looked worried as I set the bowl down and turned to her. I unbuttoned the top two buttons of her blouse, revealing what looked like healthy B cup tits. With sheer delight I then dumped the bowl of batter down her top. It was great fun watching as the batter ran down her front, disappearing under her blouse but later soaking through.

I was satisfied, so I suggested we quit, but Carla promptly poured a half carton of milk down my pants and quickly followed that with a bag of nuts. She then said, "Now you have some real nuts down there with that bulge." I quickly went to the fridge, where I found a can of chocolate syrup. I pulled at the waistband of Carla's slacks and began pouring. The cold chocolate syrup was clearly having an effect. My wife was still doubled up with laughter on the sidelines.

By now the kitchen was a mess, as were both Carla and myself. She grabbed one of the few remaining things in the kitchen, a bottle of vegetable oil, and dumped it half down the front and half down the back of my pants. She then grabbed the front of my pants and began massaging my crotch. I turned to my wife, who smiled and said, "I think she's asking for it."

With that go-ahead I promptly grabbed the batter-soaked blouse and vigorously massaged Carla's tits. As Carla grabbed my belt, I went to work on the buttons on her blouse. I soon exposed a sheer, lacy, slimy bra, filled to overflowing with Carla's tits and rock-hard nipples. With vegetable oil and cake batter as a lubricant, Carla was vigorously stroking my rock-hard cock. I quickly pulled her slacks down while she removed her blouse. I then removed my shirt and feasted my eyes on her shapely figure in a skimpy bra and panties. We embraced and let our hands explore each other's body for the next few minutes.

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My wife, who had never seen me make love to anyone else, seemed to be enjoying our antics. In fact, it was she who suggested that we head to the shower and then to bed. It was a little late for that, however. I had Carla's panties down and sat her on the table and was now grinding my shaft to its target between her legs. As I eased into her chocolate-covered cunt, I unhooked her bra. As I feasted my eyes on Carla's shapely tits, I rammed into her with an eagerness I hadn't had in years. Unfortunately I came long before I was satisfied, but after a lengthy cleanup and a hot shower, Carla, myself, and my wife all headed to our bedroom, where we initiated what has since been several nights of nonstop sex. Our fucking has been more conventional lately, though we again resorted to vegetable oil as a lubricant for fucking Carla's virgin ass.—*Name and address withheld*

Surprise packages

I've been reading *Penthouse* for about four years now and really get off on the "Forum" letters. I had an incident that might qualify me for your magazine.

On my twentieth birthday my parents took Janie (my girl friend) and myself to a Mexican restaurant for dinner. All through dinner Janie kept staring at me and was licking her lips in anticipation without my parents noticing. Luckily for me I had a table to keep my giant hard-on hidden. On the way home from dinner Janie kept whispering to me that there was a hidden surprise for me and proceeded to squeeze the bulge in my pants.

Once we got home, we hopped into my hot '68 SS Camaro and headed for our favorite makeout spot. On the way there we had a few bong loads of California's finest Humboldt Homegrown. Once we got to our spot on the bay behind the sand dunes, we both had a good buzz. Janie then ran her hands up her leg, under her dress, and pulled out a red and black garter belt. That was the beginning of my presents. The garter belt was for my mirror. She then asked me if I wanted to take some pictures of her, and I said, "Sure!" Out popped another present, a quick-developing camera. I stepped out of my car and she positioned herself across the bucket seats in many sexual positions. I was really getting turned on. Within seconds she had her dress off and was revealing one of the most beautiful bodies seen in this land. She had purchased for posing a red and black laced bra, panties, and nylons. I took a few more pictures until I couldn't handle it anymore. I got back in the car and stripped down with her assistance.

Janie told me to lie back and relax, which I did with much frustration. Quickly she was massaging my dick and balls for my full erection and then teased me by kissing and sucking everything but my hard-on. Finally I begged for relief, and she instantly engulfed my dick, seeking the pleasure that was coming from within.

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After about ten minutes I shot my load with enough pressure that it blew right down her throat before she knew what happened.

Once I went limp, I said it was my turn. I gently worked her bra off and kissed all around her beautiful tits, trying to tease her as much as possible to get even for the job she had done on me. I then sucked and nibbled at her nipples, sending her off to heaven. I slowly worked my way down her tits toward her dripping honey pot. Her panties were so soaked that I sucked on them and ran my tongue along the insides of her thighs. By this time she was begging me to eat her. I instantly tore her panties off and dug right into her soaked hole. Right then I found another surprise. She had used a strawberry douche! I just ground into her cunt like there was no tomorrow. Shortly after that she started bucking, and the juices were going everywhere. Suddenly she stopped and I had to stop, for my tongue was too sore to go any further.

I sat back in my seat and proceeded to relax while Janie lay motionless. After about twenty seconds she started to sit upright. She thanked me for such a good job by saying, "That's the best I've ever been eaten." She said that when she climaxed, she passed out with pleasure. After resting and doing a few more bongs her hands worked my dick hard again. Once it got full sized, she climbed on top of me and inserted it deep in her dripping snatch. The way we were rocking I thought we were going to break the shocks on my car.

Once I shot my load again, she said there was one more hole that'd been neglected. It took her less than two minutes to get me stiff again. Still beneath her, I soaked a few fingers in her pussy and rubbed them in and around her tight anus. She then pushed my hands aside and asked me to do it nice and slow. I had a devilish grin on my face when I felt my member in that tight butt. While she was riding me slowly, I started sucking the two boobs that were poking right in my face. Her pace quickened so much that I couldn't keep my mouth on them anymore. I just started rubbing her love button, and she lost all control. All she could say was "Come in my tight fucking ass. I want you to come." Within seconds I lost my load. Our sweaty bodies were embracing each other while we kissed passionately for what seemed like forever.

It was getting late, and she said we ought to leave. We then sat in our own seats for a while, staring at the windshield. We started laughing hysterically because all the windows were so wet it looked like it had been raining.—*Name and address withheld*

Sour grapes

Being an avid reader of your outstanding magazine for the past several years and especially enjoying the "Forum" section, I would like to contribute my most memorable experience.

It happened a while ago during an eighteen-month stay in Pennsylvania. I had been working there for a few weeks before I had the chance to meet her. What with trying to find a suitable place for my family and becoming familiar with my new responsibilities, I had only heard the stories from my coworkers about this unattractive broad who worked in one of our suburban branches. We operated a sports department in a large department-store chain. This lady worked part-time at this particular mall store, and my visits there would never coincide with her schedule. These guys had said she was fat as well as a general pain in the ass. Every time I returned from that store they would ask if I'd met her. I couldn't figure out their concern about her.

I decided to go to this store one particular morning because I knew she would be working. These three guys had said she wasn't a good worker, was always late, took long breaks, and they never had a nice thing to say about her. I arrived early to see what time she would come in. I didn't want to waste any time, and if she was what they said she was, I would get rid of her. I signed in and went directly to the department to give it the once-over. It looked very good. (She was also scheduled to work the night before, so I would have a good idea how she worked.) I located our stockroom and it was locked. As I was going through the drawers in the department desk, searching for the key, I suddenly felt a tap on my shoulder. Somewhat startled, I turned around and there she was. I was utterly amazed. There before me was a beautiful girl. She had long brown hair cascading around her shoulders. Her face, although heavily made up, was very striking. She wore eye shadow, which really highlighted her bedroom eyes. Her pink lipstick was enough to drive me wild. Those losers had said she was fat and not attractive. Boy, were they offside (as I was to really find out later)!

I told her who I was and what I was looking for. I asked her why she was just getting there five minutes before the store opened. She said the store would not permit them there any sooner, as business was down and they were saving clock time. Good enough answer for me. She got the key from another drawer, walked over to tell the girl in the next department she was going to the stockroom, and away we went. As we began our short trip, she walked in front and her sway made my cock begin to twinge. She told me I would find the stockroom in order, as was the department, because they all worked hard there. She unlocked the door and we walked in.

As the door closed, it automatically locked. She stood a few feet from me and gave me the once-over as I looked around the stockroom. I noticed her smile as I

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looked around, and it definitely caused my cock to begin to grow. I turned to face her, and she flashed that sexy smile that just about guaranteed a hard-on. Then she said she hoped everything was all right. I said it certainly was so far, but I wanted to check a few boxes. She said fine and she would get whatever I wanted. The electricity in the air was fantastic. I couldn't believe this was really happening. We started with a few boxes on eye level and with each box she brought me she would sway as she walked and flash that wanton smile. She then got a few from a higher shelf, and as she reached, her high-thrusting thirty-sixes were both stretched tight through her sweater.

That did it . . . *hard-on.* My cock was about to crawl out of my shorts, but she wasn't finished yet. She grabbed one box off the bottom, but instead of kneeling the "ladylike" way, she bent over from the waist. With her legs spread she looked back through her legs and asked me which box I wanted. Seeing her firm ass and outlined cunt lips showing against the strained material of her slacks was too much for me to bear. She asked me again which box I wanted. I said I wanted both. She stood up, I did, and she melted into me. As we kissed, her mouth fused on mine. Her tongue did a number on my tonsils. I reached down to feel her two fine cheeks as she ground that hot pussy against me. Her hands were roaming over my back, then dropped lower to grab my ass. She then reached between us to grab my cock and rub it hard. It seemed an eternity for her to get my pants undone and get my cock out. She started to massage my cock again. Then we broke our kiss, and she said she'd like to welcome me to the business.

With that she winked and dropped to her knees. She looked up at me and ran her tongue around those sensual pink lips. It drove me crazy. She began to lick my rock-hard cock all over. Now I'm no stud, but my thick six seemed to be all right with her. She did magic tricks with her tongue—it seemed to be everywhere at once. I told her I was going to come, and she brought her hand up and started to jack me off. She licked all around and sucked my balls into her greedy mouth. When she felt me begin to come, she speeded her hand tempo, and I began to shoot jets of hot come in high arcs across the floor. She giggled as I shuddered, and she stood up. We embraced, and she said she only let her husband come in her mouth.

We kissed and as I felt her boobs, and her nipples beginning to grow, I told her I would like to return the welcome. She grabbed my hand and put it inside her pants. I reached in to find her hot, drenched pussy. She told me to stick my finger in. When I did she made her cunt muscles tight to keep my finger in and began to rotate her hips and moan. I started to wiggle my finger around when she pulled it out, smelled it, then put it to my

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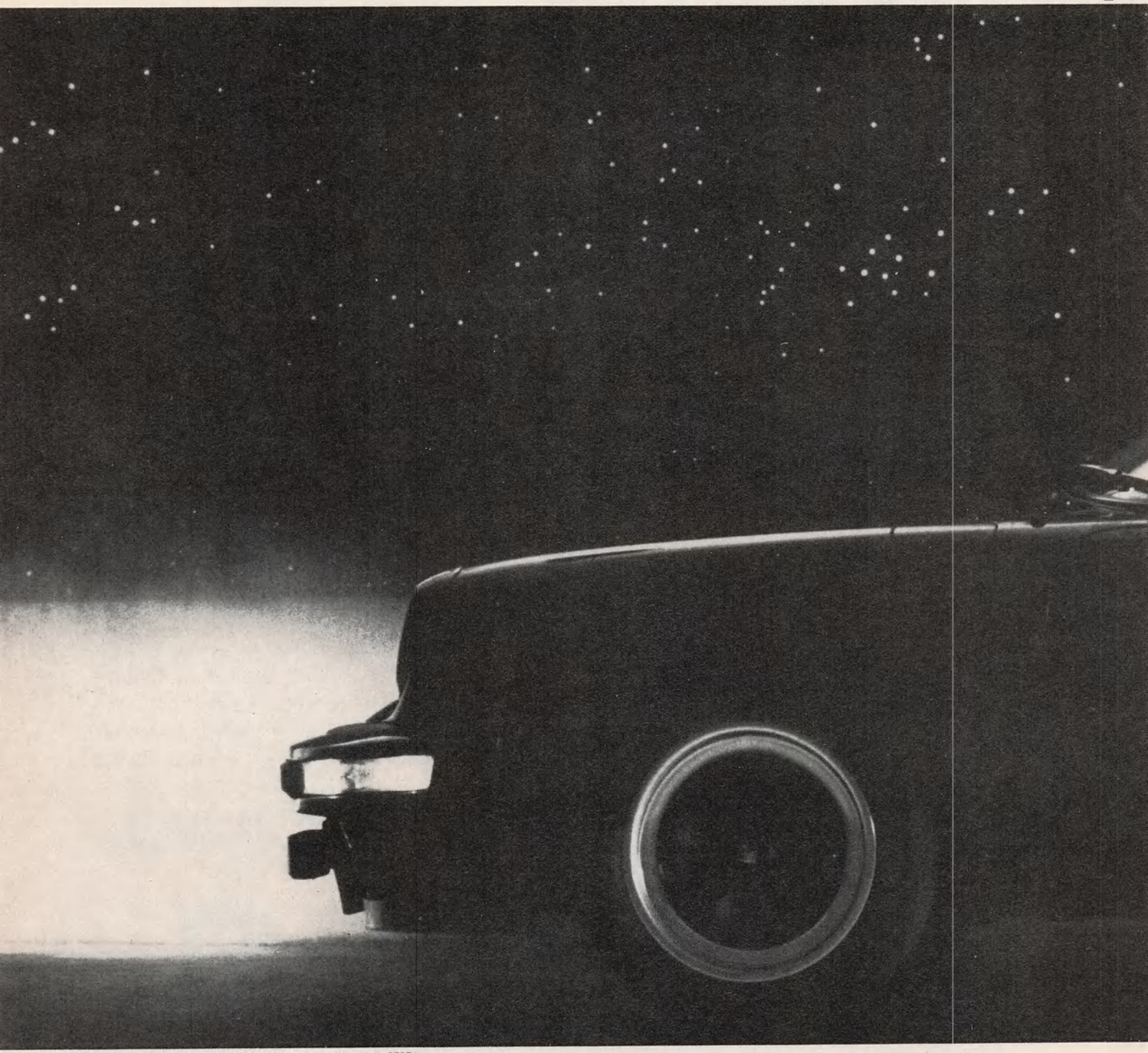

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lips. I inhaled her fragrant odor and licked my dripping finger clean. Her taste was fantastic. She shuddered but said we should be getting back, but that we should continue another time. She turned away and from behind her I reached around to fondle her boobs and nibble on her neck. She melted a second time and told me to meet her when she got off at two. I agreed and shortly thereafter left the store.

We had lunch and talked all the while although anxiously awaiting the encounter to come. It seems that my coworkers had all made advances toward her, but she had rejected them all. She had recently married but still screwed around when she got horny, which was pretty often. We left the diner and proceeded toward her apartment. Her husband worked long hours at some big real estate office across town. He never got home before seven. Now I love to fuck, but the idea of going to her apartment was a little risky. I suggested a motel, but she said it would be all right at her place. We were barely inside the door when she turned and kissed me. She said to follow her, which I gladly did. She undressed, but she kept on her white lace crotchless panties. She lay on the bed and beckoned me. I slid between her legs and grabbed her ankles, raising them high in the air. I dove right in.

She was in a hurry as she lifted her hips and ground herself into my face. She moaned and fingered her rock-hard nipples. I moved my tongue around her outer lips, careful to avoid contact with her clit. I knew as soon as that was touched, she'd explode. I next flicked my tongue in and out of her hot box as fast as I could. She could hold out no longer and grabbed my head, pushing me still further into her, saying, "Do it! Do it now!" I flicked the "switch," and off she went. I've never seen anyone go off like that. I quickly undressed and lay back down on her. She reached between us and directed me into her hot, drenched pussy. She let me enter easily, but as I withdrew, she would tighten her pussy muscles, putting me in heaven. I came after about five strokes. I told her I could wait no longer, so she totally blew my mind. We rested a few minutes, then went in and showered, playfully enjoying ourselves till we ran out of hot water. We got it on that day and many, many more days after that. She told me she wasn't interested in any type of permanent relationship, just a good time with me, my tongue, and my cock. I felt the same way—pure sex. She was also seeing another guy, so I had to share her time. I readily agreed.

I've since left that town, but I'll never forget that fantastic first meeting or that fantastically "unattractive" girl.—*Name and address withheld*

Breaking out

I enjoy reading your magazine each month. I find it highly informative and erotic, and I look forward to each issue.

I am a twenty-eight-year-old female. I am blond and have a body that measures 37-24-35. I am a health nut and work out regularly. I have the kind of face that most people consider very pretty.

Up until about two years ago I tried to be everyone's and society's perfect example of how they think a woman should behave. I never let a foul word pass my lips. I was the perfect loving wife to my husband, and I never let sensuality enter my mind. Sex was for my husband's pleasure, and my only role in life was pleasing him. Now, two years later, I guess that most of straight society would probably call me a tramp, whore, or worse. But let me tell you something. It's a hell of a lot more fun. My own senses have been heightened, and I am enjoying life like I never thought possible.

I was married to Dick when I was seventeen years old. He was the first and only man that I'd ever had or had ever thought of having. But all that has changed. Dick had to go out of town for an extended business trip. There was no way possible that I could have gone with him because we were in the middle of having our condo redone. Dick had been gone about three days when I got a call from this couple that we know casually. They said that they were having a party and wanted to know if I'd be interested in coming. After a mo-

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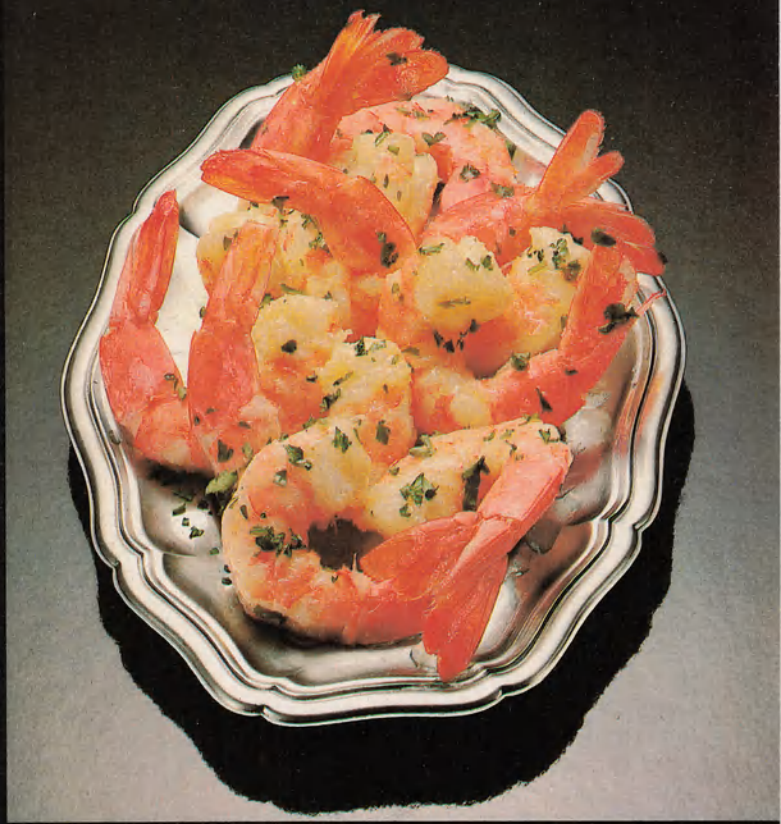
1½ oz. Sambuca Romana, 1½ oz. vodka, 3 oz. orange juice.

ADD SAMBUCA ROMANA FOR SCAMBUCA.
2 oz. Sambuca Romana to ¼ lb. butter, 2 tbs. oil, garlic clove and parsley. Pour sauce over cooked shrimp.



ADD SAMBUCA ROMANA FOR A SAMOCHA.
1 oz. Sambuca Romana over coffee ice cream, and chocolate curls.

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ment of hesitation, I agreed. Besides, it was my chance to take a night off from the house and get to meet some people.

I spent a couple of hours getting ready. I put on a dress that I thought would be perfect for the party, and I have to admit that I did look pretty good. I arrived at the party and was greeted by the couple that invited me. They started introducing me to everybody there. Much to my surprise, my husband's boss, Marc, was there. Marc was notorious for being a ladies' man. I could see why women were attracted to him. He was devastatingly handsome, had a body that looked as though it had been carved out of granite, and besides that was superrich. He could speak to anyone and make them feel as though he'd known them for years, in just a couple of minutes.

Marc came up to me immediately, and we started talking. Even though he was in his early fifties, he was able to talk on my level about things that I liked. We became very good friends in just a short while. All through dinner we talked about everything from the Beatles to solar energy. I really found him fascinating. My husband always seemed too busy with work to sit down and find out what I was interested in, but Marc seemed to sense that I had a lot to say. We drank some wine and Marc invited me to go out on the patio to smoke a joint. I'd never smoked marijuana and was a little apprehensive at first, but after a little coaxing from Marc, I agreed to give it a try. After a few hits I started to get deliciously high, and then Marc said that we should go back inside because the dancing was going to start.

Marc held me close while we danced. The lights were down low, and it felt so good as he rubbed his hands over my back. All of a sudden he kissed me and my knees buckled. Much to my surprise, I found myself eagerly returning his kiss. When he put his hand inside the back of my panties, I suddenly pulled away and told him that I couldn't let him continue because I was a married woman. That didn't stop him at all. He pulled me to him and pinned both my hands behind my back and held them with only one of his, thereby leaving his other hand free. Marc put his free hand inside my dress and felt my breasts. He rolled my nipples around. My breasts had always been a turn-on for me, and I was becoming hot. I kept trying to fight anyway, but with no luck. Marc was licking my ear and whispering that he wanted his cock in my mouth and that he wanted to fuck me. As he backed me into a hallway, I kept saying no, but my defenses were becoming weaker. When he ripped my panties off and put his finger inside me, I was hopelessly lost and could take no more.

He took me by the hand and led me to the bedroom, where he finished taking off my clothes. Marc turned me on my stomach on the bed and started eating my ass. Then he reached into his pants pocket and took out a bottle of amyl nitrate and had me sniff it. My head started spinning, and I became superhot. It made me hornier than I'd ever been in my life. I kept the bottle to my nose as Marc started removing his clothes. He was beautiful. I'd never seen a body like his before. He had that deep tan, broad shoulders, tiny waist, and the most marvelous ass imaginable. It was magnificent.

Marc stood in front of me, completely nude, except for a jockstrap. He moved toward me, and in one motion he removed it. I couldn't believe it. His prick was huge. It was well over ten inches long and as thick as a soda can. There were huge veins all up and down the shaft. I was amazed by the size of it. I tried to close my hand around it but with no luck. What turned me on the most, though, besides the weight of it and the texture, was that Marc was uncircumcised.

I took that monster in my hand and pulled the foreskin back, thereby revealing a slick, shiny head that was oozing fluid. I had never sucked my husband's cock, but I felt compelled to pull Marc to me and start to tongue his entire cock and suck his balls, which hung down in a large sac. Never in my life had I ever been this turned on as Marc went down on me. He would bring me to the point of almost coming but would back away when it was time to bring me off. I had to get relief and I was

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screaming at him to put me out of my misery, but he just looked at me and said that before he'd make me come I had to suck his dick.

I pulled him up until he was straddling my face and his cock was lying against my cheek. He started slapping my face with his rod, and now I found myself begging to have it in my mouth. The feeling of being whipped like that was almost too much for me. I grabbed Marc's cock and started sucking like a woman possessed. Even though I had never swallowed or tasted semen, I could hardly wait to have my mouth filled by Marc. I kept on licking and sucking until he told me to lie back and open my mouth, and as I did he jammed as much of it into my mouth as he could and started shooting out hot jets of thick come. Instead of gagging, I found myself swallowing it with ease. I found it to be very delicious. Then I grasped his cock with both hands and milked the underside until he was drained dry.

Much to my surprise, Marc stayed hard as a rock and looked at me and said that it was now my turn. He placed the giant head against my opening and moved it up and down against my slit and started to push against me. I felt myself opening up as my pussy started to accommodate his cock. It was the most indescribable feeling as I felt inch by beautiful inch gliding deep inside me. When Marc was less than halfway into me, he was touching places that my husband had never reached. Marc and I readjusted our positions several times, and after about a dozen strokes, he was buried up to his balls inside. We lay together in each other's arms until I was used to his size, and then he pulled back until just the tip of his cock was inside me. He pushed his rod back into me as hard and as fast as he could. I started to come in violent, gut-wrenching orgasms. My fluids were running out of me and were soaking the sheets. Marc was like a well-tuned jackhammer. I was amazed at the control he had as he fucked me for well over an hour in every way imaginable. Finally Marc moaned that he was coming, and he shot off a load that I felt inside me.

I had been oblivious to any other sights or sounds in the room, and so I was surprised but pleased when I opened my eyes and saw everybody else from the party standing in the room. I certainly didn't mind as I felt another cock being thrust into my mouth. While it was a lot smaller than Marc's monster, it was still more than adequate to do the job. I felt the softest tongue lapping my pussy, and I looked down and much to my surprise it was Eleanor, the woman who had invited me. Eleanor was a beautiful woman. She had the most beautiful legs that I had ever seen. I was on fire. I wanted her pussy in my mouth, and so we switched to a sixty-nine position, and I drove my tongue as deep into her as I possibly could. She tasted like sweet honey, and I was getting a lot of pleasure doing her. When Eleanor rolled off me, someone else was there to

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fill in. All I wanted was to fuck and suck whoever was there. I took on all six men and women that were there that night. It was a dramatic experience for me, one that turned my whole life around.

I never could've believed that sex could be so beautiful. Marc and I spent the rest of the night together. On our way to the house that he owned we stopped off at the office and did a very kinky thing. We made love on top of my husband's desk. I was insatiable after that. I couldn't get enough sex. I was fucking Marc every day, but I also was taking on a lot of others.

Marc started sending my husband on more and more business trips so that I could continue in my pursuit of loving. I knew that my husband would never understand. Marc finally wound up making him touring representative to the company, and that keeps him away for quite a while. I know that my husband is not going without because Marc arranges for him to have more than his share of women. In fact Dick asked Marc to keep him in the position that he was in because he was enjoying his freedom. He even made a joke about him getting his rocks off while I sit at home and sew. If only he knew!

I don't care what society thinks of me and what they say behind my back. I am having the time of my life, and no one is ever going to stop me. I only wish that everyone could be as happy as I am.—*Name and address withheld*

While the dentist's away

I have read all of the letters sent to "Penthouse Forum" for many years. I am pleased to submit a contribution of my own. Three days ago I kept my appointment at the dentist's office. All I needed was a regular cleaning. However, the results were far from normal.

My appointment was at 8:00 A.M. This allowed me to arrive at my office on time. As I rang the bell and walked into the empty waiting room, a voice from inside called out to wait one moment. The inner door was apparently not shut tightly, and a draft from my entrance opened it a little bit further. A quick check sent me into a trance—there was Gail, the dental hygienist standing in front of a closet, changing into her uniform. She had gotten only as far as her shoes when I made my untimely appearance. When I said hi and asked if this was standard procedure, her lovely tan turned cherry red from embarrassment. It seemed that the dentist was out of town and the receptionist was ill that morning. Gail was alone.

I had never really taken a good look at my technician, for standing there, in white high-heeled shoes, white bikini panties, and braless, was a very lovely California sun-tanned creature, causing me to drool. Her body was a perfect 10½, standing five foot ten. Gail had spent the weekend at the beach and complained that she had gotten a little too much sun. Her original intent was to put on a loose-fitting uniform. I made the honorable suggestion that she stay the way she was, which I felt would certainly be cooler for her and would fulfill a fantasy of mine—that of receiving a tooth cleaning *au naturel.* After a slight bit of convincing she agreed and locked the door to the outer office so we'd have privacy. The music system was adjusted to my liking, and Gail began to tilt the chair, leaning slightly over me, pushing a jiggling, lovely 36D breast into my face. A short kiss on her left nipple put a bulge in my pants which could even be noticed by the false teeth on the counter! With Gail's nipples standing erect like good little soldiers, her perfect tan and flowing torso were all more than I could stand. My hands ran back from the arch in her back down to the top of the crack between her lovely buttocks. Her own actions did not exactly say stop, so I didn't.

Her panties fell easily to the floor, revealing the epitome of Venus wearing white heels. She proceeded with her work, cleaning my teeth as I concentrated on rubbing hand lotion on dry areas. Her pussy was not one of those dry spots. It had become very moist from my work on her thighs. As two fingers entered her beautiful vagina she put down her tool and reached for mine, which was already primed and ready. I reached around with my other hand and with more hand lotion easily slipped into her rear, causing her to quiver with enjoyment. Gail adjusted my chair to a fully reclining position which allowed her to straddle me. I was now as undressed as she. As she dropped her blond pubic mound over my penis, I went half out of my mind from ecstasy. She climaxed first—I practically threw her out of the chair when I blew my wad shortly thereafter. After regaining composure we made another appointment in order to do my top teeth! Hooray for dental assistants!—*Name and address withheld*

"Now, flash away, flash away, flash away, all!"

A few pointers

I was on my two weeks active training duty with the Marine Corps Reserve. A friend of mine and I had spent an uneventful day running back and forth from camp to the main PX, looking for a fan belt for our CO. We were just about to make the fourth trip when we spotted two ladies who were attached to our unit. We asked them if they would like to accompany us, and they said that seeing as they'd nothing better to do, they would. On the way back we stopped by the package store, and I picked up some liquor and mixers. Bess, who was very attractive, wanted to know if I knew how to make a Black Russian. I quickly offered to make her one that night if she'd like to go out with me. We made a date for eight-thirty that night, and I spent the rest of the afternoon wondering how far I could go with her.

She looked quite delectable that evening, in a pair of tight jeans that left little of her magnificent derriere to the imagination and a shirt that I'd helped her to select ear-

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Weekends, I bust loose with my buddies & Cuervo."

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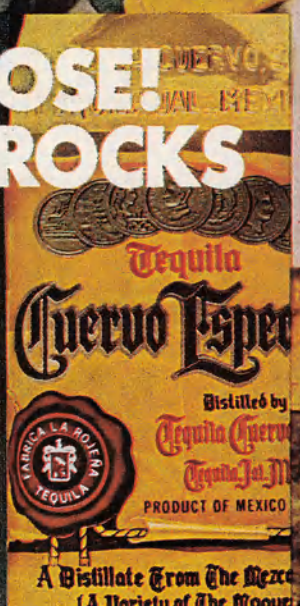

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lier that day at the PX. I drove us over to the beach, parked the car, and we walked up the strand to a few picnic tables. By the time we had mixed some drinks and settled ourselves on opposite sides of a table, it was dark, with naught but the full moon to see what was to go on.

We talked and drank for a little over an hour when she suggested a walk down the beach. I readily assented and hastily slipped my arm around her waspish waist. She reciprocated, and we strolled along happy as larks.

When we returned I sat down next to her, and it wasn't long before we were tickling each other's tonsils. While we'd been talking, I had decided not to push things too hard or even try to cop a feel of her apple-sized breasts. However, the more we kissed, the more I got the feeling that my plans were to go awry. I hadn't been nibbling on her ear for too long before she pulled away and said, "God, I'm so horny!"

That was all it took. I quickly reached around the front of her blouse and unclasped her bra. After a few minutes of exploring the firmness of her twin hills I lifted her up and onto my lap, where I instructed her exactly how a French kiss should be performed. Soon I reached behind me on the table and tossed my blanket onto the sand. We spread this out and moved onto it and continued our fondling.

Soon John Thomas let me know that it was time to get down to cases. I pulled off my shirt, and my shorts soon followed suit. Her shirt came off quite easily, but as I started undoing her Levi's, she informed me that it was the wrong time of the month. I, with my customary nonchalance, informed her that it was quite all right with me, being an experienced muff diver, and for her not to worry about it.

She looked so gorgeous lying spread-eagled on the blanket that I fell to. We started kissing again, and I moved my ministrations to her ear until she started breathing heavily. My tongue traced a trail from one ear to the other on her soft neck, and then it lapped its way to her firm, young breasts. I quickly moved my mouth to her turgid nipples. I meandered my way down to her firm belly and began to tease her, dipping almost to her steaming snatch and then returning to her navel.

My hands had been caressing the insides of her thighs much of the time, further stimulating her, but never touched her where she most wanted to be touched. Soon I took off her jeans, and my mouth took over where my hands had left off. I saw that she could take the anticipation no longer. I lapped my tongue into her now drenched love canal. I was prepared for the usual heavy, musky odor of a woman who's having the painters in, but I was amazed by the tantalizing aroma that wafted into my nostrils and tickled my taste buds. With this added incentive, my lizard-like licker darted in and out of her pleasure route until she was moaning and groaning in the agony of the ecstasy. I then used the shotgun approach to include her clitoris in the festivities until I felt her man in the boat stand up. After about five of these licks I spearheaded him with the stiff tip of my tongue. As soon as I did this, Bess had a tremendous orgasm, clutching my head and wildly humping her hips. When it had subsided a bit, I moved up and gave her a passionate kiss, mixing her love juices with our saliva. While I was resting my neck, I continued to diddle her with my left hand to keep her on a plateau. A few minutes later I went back down on her again and brought her to two more soul-searing climaxes.

She begged me to stop after this and insisted that it was now her turn to do me. After I instructed her as to what made me feel best, she started to masturbate me. I told her I could do that by myself and that a good headjob was in order. Unfortunately, someone had failed to teach her the proper method of performing fellatio. So it was that after she had gnawed my knob to an unbearable point of sensitivity I told her I wouldn't mind if she held off till the next day, and I would give her a few pointers. During the ritual postsex cigarette I told her of her marvelous taste. She said it was probably due to the fact that she was, for the most part, a vegetarian.

The next day Bess went home to her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 236

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Tragic confirmation

I wish to comment on Mr. Luhan's report, "Latin America Holocaust," which appeared in your September 1981 issue. I feel that Mr. Luhan has been more than conservative in his evaluation of the Holocaust taking place now in El Salvador, aimed at the so-called Communist people of Guatemala. If he had gone even further with his description of the situation in this terribly oppressed country, perhaps more Americans would have been convinced of how bad it is over there.

I have recently lost a dedicated friend—a missionary—in Guatemala. He was shot to death, along with his brothers, just after he had told his family here in Moncton, New Brunswick, Canada, that he was making every effort to return home, even though he knew his chances were not good. His death was confirmed on July 26, 1981, by the Guatemalan government. He was accused of being a Marxist and a guerrilla leader.

We are shocked that a government such as that of the United States can support the murders and injustices that are taking place in Guatemala today—the killings of the priests, nuns, and missionaries, who are executed only because they are trying to help the poor to help themselves. How Mr. Reagan can ignore the killings and justify the military aid he gives to the Salvadoran government for the benefit of Americans and American investments there is beyond comprehension.

My dear friend followed his vocation of performing God's will on earth by helping the poor, and he was murdered for it. We trust in God's will, and in His name. Americans should refuse to support the false and distorted policy of their president.

Mr. Luhan speaks the truth. He has hit very close to home. Please have pity on the poor and the minorities all over the world.—*D. LeBlanc, Moncton, New Brunswick, Canada*

Getting well

If your magazine never prints another word, David Rorvik's article on orthomolecular biochemistry—"Going Sane" (September 1981)—will have made it all worthwhile. Having personally solved many medical problems through nutritional therapy, with no assist or encouragement from "modern medicine" and often after its attempt at a cure had failed, I can speak for the validity of this approach. It is beginning to seem, sadly enough, that for every bottle of tranquilizers or other drug concoctions opened, there is a vitamin bottle which should have been opened first.—*Grace Tazewell, Norfolk, Va.*

Your article "Going Sane" will bring you many responses from people who will confirm its truth. My sister-in-law is one person who could vouch for Mr. Rorvik's findings. Her psychiatrist in Philadelphia has found that many schizophrenics suffer from a massive whole-body Candida (yeast) infection. She benefited spectacularly from his therapy after experiencing failure with conventional methods of treatment.—*Name and address withheld*

Fan mail

I've been a fan of your magazine for years, which has often put me in a difficult situation. I am a community organizer in Berkeley, Calif., and most of the people I know have political stances, ranging from progressive-left to radical to anarchic-chaotic. So, the stack of "sex magazines" sitting in the corner of my room has brought me some heavy comments from friends.

For years now I've been saying, "Well, why the fuck don't you read the articles? Here! Read this one on the Trilateral Commission! This one, on Agent Orange! How about this, on the CIA?" So then the friend will take the magazine and let it fall open to the centerfold, and then browse through the pictorials. My friends just can't get past the pictures to the articles. It's done little good to try to explain that, in my opinion, *Penthouse* publishes the finest investigative reporting I've ever seen.

Today I picked up your September 1981 issue, with the excellent article on Guatemala, by J. Michael Luhan, and that on orthomolecular therapy, by David Rorvik. So, starting tomorrow, I'll be telling my friends about *Penthouse* once more, extolling its many virtues, even though I'm sure that the first person I try to turn on to Rorvik's article will open the magazine to the smiling Miss Cynthia Peterson painting her nails.—*Richard Berkeley, Berkeley, Calif.*

Lies

Thank you for printing Tom Gervasi's "Ten Lies about El Salvador" (August 1981). It was a public service of the highest sort. I hope your readers will take a few minutes from enjoying *Penthouse*'s other features to read the article and to write their senators and congressmen about it.

By the way, the Reverend Jerry Falwell has recently used his religious broadcast

to promote the Reagan-Haig line on El Salvador. I hope he reaps what he's been sowing—and soon. Thanks again.—*Wilson Guthrie, Jr.; Martin, Tenn.*

Please refer the writer of your article "Ten Lies about El Salvador" (August 1981), Mr. Tom Gervasi, to any reference work on small arms, specifically to the Degtyarev DShK 38/46 heavy machine gun, caliber 12.7 mm. This machine gun is the current standard issue of most European and Asian Communist countries.—*Casey Royce, Dearborn, Mich.*

Mr. Gervasi presents the picture of the FDR (Frente Democratico Revolucionario) as a group of moderates. Many members of the FDR have been involved in assassinations, kidnappings, and armed actions. Mr. Gervasi also claims that the three Maryknoll nuns and the Catholic lay worker killed last December in El Salvador were raped. No evidence of that was found by the three forensic doctors who examined the bodies.—*Jose Bonilla, Los Angeles, Calif.*

In "lie" number eight, Gervasi claims that Kirkpatrick "tells us that the Salvadoran regime is only 'moderately repressive.'" Where exactly does she say this?

Gervasi says that figures from the Archbishop's Legal Aid Commission are "authenticated." By what or by whom are they authenticated—by itself? And why does Gervasi quote the State Department in "lie" number four—and dismiss the Department in "lie" five?—*David Steenburgen, Blaine, Wash.*

Tom Gervasi replies:

I dismissed the State Department's claim that more than 200 tons of arms had been delivered to the Salvadoran insurgents from "Soviet bloc" nations because I could find no evidence to support it. Jon Glassman, the State Department officer largely responsible for the white paper that presents this claim, has since admitted that no such evidence exists. I could not dismiss the State Department's earlier comment that the Salvadoran oligarchy represents "the most reactionary private sector of any country in the world," because it seemed to me an accurate evaluation. It still seems so.

The figures from the Archbishop's Legal Aid Commission for the deaths of Salvadorans by political violence, figures that President Reagan has chosen to ignore, were authenticated by the Human Rights Commission of El Salvador, Amnesty International, the International Association of Democratic Jurists, a Public Health Commission to El Salvador from the United States, the North American Congress for Latin America, the Ecumenical Program for Inter-American Communication and Action, and an international tribunal on El Salvador, which included four Americans, one of them a Nobel Prize winner, on its jury.

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Mrs. Kirkpatrick told me that the current Salvadoran regime is only "moderately repressive" when I asked her how she would characterize that regime at a press conference in February. Aside from early reports by Karen DeYoung, foreign editor of the Washington Post, *T. D. Allman in* Harper's *magazine, and Carmelo Alvarez in the* New York Times, *the Salvadoran government itself has now conceded that the American women killed in El Salvador last December were also raped. The six National Guardsmen now in custody stand officially accused of both murder and rape. The forensic examination was undertaken before the Salvadoran government had acknowledged that any member of its armed forces might be involved in the crime. Anyone who wonders why three doctors, at that time, could not "find" evidence of rape should also wonder how they were even able to find evidence of murder. Why did it take several months to find a judge willing to preside over the case in which these six guardsmen are to be tried? Most prospective jurists feared for their lives if they should find anyone guilty. It is through this kind of terror that certain regimes hold power against the will of their people.*

Having written a book about weapons, I am familiar with the Soviet 12.7 mm heavy machine gun. Mr. Royce is missing the point, which is that anyone who knows weapons and deals with them would refer to this one either as a 12.7 mm machine gun or, more obtusely, a caliber 12.7 mm machine gun. They would not refer to it as a 12.7 caliber *weapon, though that is how our State Department presents it in a document allegedly captured from the guerrillas. If we interpret this to be a .127 caliber weapon, it would have a bore diameter of 127 hundredths of an inch, roughly half the size of the common .223 caliber rifle. If we say that its diameter is 1.27 inches, it would become a 32.2 mm weapon, with a bore nearly three times the size of the Soviet machine gun and more suitable for an antiaircraft cannon. A bore diameter of 12.7 inches would turn it into a field howitzer heavier than any in use since World War II. None of these weapons exist.*

However, someone less familiar with weapons than the insurgents would be, and helping to compile the State Department's white paper on El Salvador by creating lists of weapons we were going to claim the Salvadoran insurgents ordered, might very well make a mistake like this. Jon Glassman has since admitted that the white paper is full of such mistakes. We must ask why.

Mr. Bonilla uses the term "moderate" in two different ways. I would not be surprised if members of the FDR failed to be "moderate" when they dealt with the captured leader of a right-wing death squad that had tortured and mutilated hundreds

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of people. That, however, does not mean that they will cease to be political "moderates," or that they will no longer want a government that is "moderate" toward its people. Such a government is precisely what they want, because it is what they have not got.

Certainly, the FDR sponsors the guerrilla war. Secretary Haig recently accused the guerrillas of "terrorism" because they had been cutting off water and power lines. Is this equivalent to cutting off heads? Does the FDR cut off heads? Does the FDR bayonet babies at the Río Sumpul, where 600 refugees died, or bomb the cave of La Cientada in Morazán to trap 1,500 people inside or napalm another 1,500 who couldn't reach the cave in time to suffocate with the others? The FDR doesn't do these things because it is moderate toward the people. After all, it represents them. It is the government that is not moderate, and that is why the government no longer represents the people. Some Americans find it difficult to admit this. So they call this government "moderately repressive."

Falwell fallout

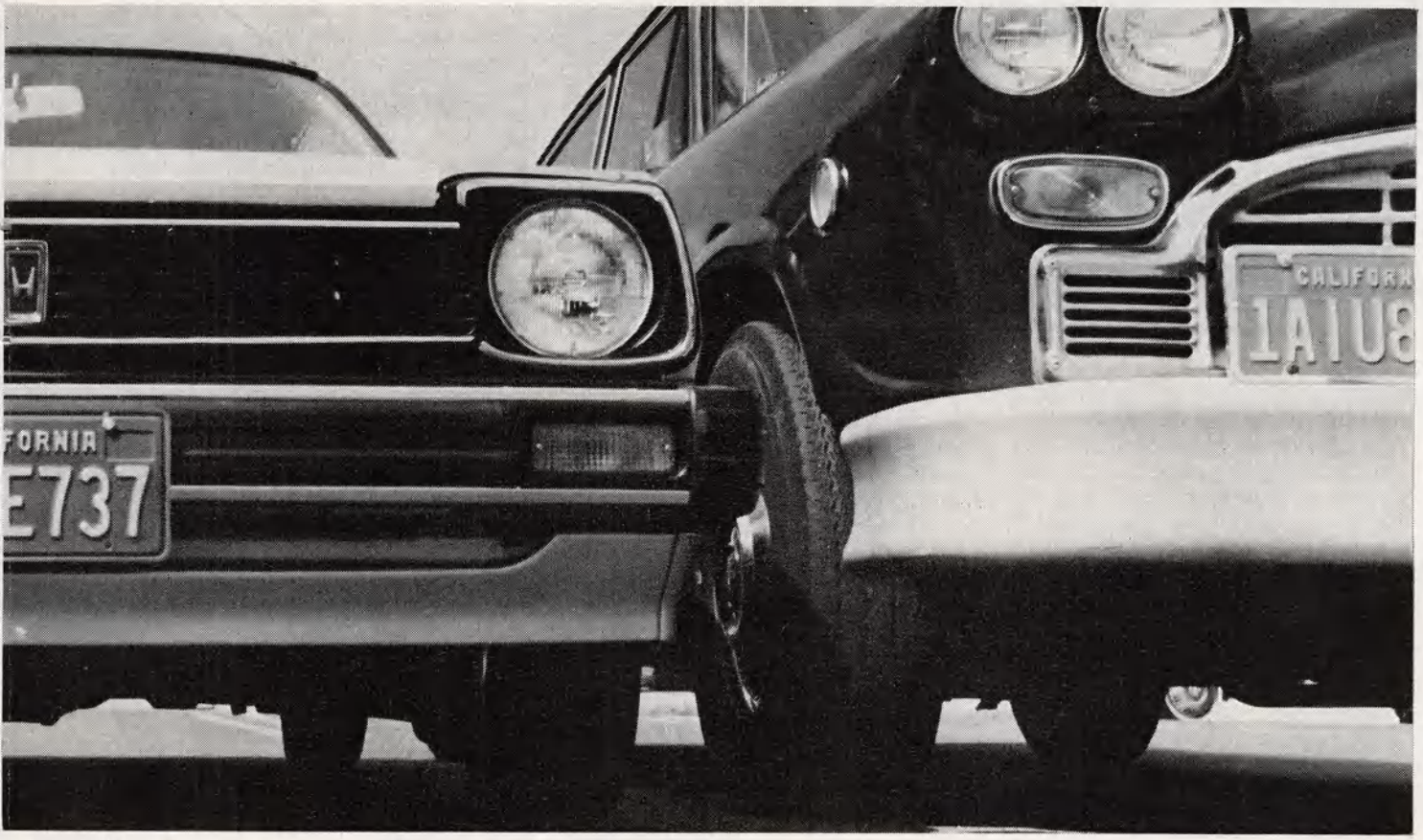
I received some mail today that slanders your magazine. It is a letter from Sen. Jesse Helms, written on his Senate letterhead, asking for financial help for his friend Jerry Falwell. A Falwell brochure is included. As an interested party for *Penthouse* magazine, I thought you might be interested to know that Sen. Jesse Helms and Jerry Falwell are trying to solicit your readers to help finance a fight against you. They claim you are attacking them. Keep up the good work!

They have no business violating my right to read *Penthouse*. They should clean up their own act; instead, they falsely accuse *Penthouse* of corrupting the public. If people like me didn't want your magazine, we wouldn't have crackpots like Senator Helms and Jerry Falwell, because your magazine wouldn't exist. But you do exist, because people like me like your magazine and want to have it available whenever they want to buy it. My wife and I both enjoy your magazine.

People like Jerry Falwell and Senator Helms should not be forcing their views on intelligent and free people. I don't want their bullshit, and there are millions of readers who would agree and back you up, should you need us.

Continue to get the facts about Falwell, and that should serve to shut him down. If you need my vote for support, you can count on mine and my wife's. Remember that there are readers and interested people who like *Penthouse* and despise others who try to destroy you.—*John Koesar, Hot Springs, Ark.*

This letter is addressed to the Coalition for



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Better Television, the Moral Majority, and any other group that is trying to take away people's basic rights.

Who do you people think you are? Are you so bent on saving souls that you have to go over the First Amendment to do it? Are we soon going to have "peep patrols" to find out if people are having illicit sex or doing something that you don't approve of? Are we going to be forced to watch or listen to nothing but "Sesame Street" and religious programs and the others you approve of? What if the television sponsors refuse to sponsor your religious shows because it goes against *their* beliefs or *their* morals? Didn't Christ say something about not judging people? Crime and violence and sex and passion will always be with us—you can't take them away just by taking them off television or radio or out of magazines.

I want you people to know I am a Christian born-again, but I'd rather leave my life's destiny up to the Lord, not to people who think they can control my life with their rules.—*Leslie Ann Cook, Hopatcong, N.J.*

Secret societies

Craig Karpel's article "The Gnomes of Bilderberg" (May 1981) was brilliantly researched and written, and I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate you on it.

Research of my own has yielded strong evidence that there are many such secret groups of men in the world that wield tremendous power in international affairs. You refer to three of them: the Council on Foreign Relations, the Trilateral Commission, and the Bavarian Illuminati. I have a hunch that if you looked even more deeply into the mysteries of these three groups, you could tie them all into *one* major conspiracy. I hope you receive enough letters similar to this one to persuade you to pursue this scoop. I think it could change the course of history.—*Ron Schmidt, Cassiar, British Columbia, Canada*

Congratulations on your penetration of the Bilderbergs and on your informative story "The Gnomes of Bilderberg." You might be interested to know that I tried, after meeting Prince Bernhard some years ago, to participate in a Bilderberg meeting but received no response to my query. I should think there will be many conservative publications interested in this story. Keep us informed about these international activists!—*Vern I. McCarthy, Jr., Oak Brook, Ill.*

Your article on Bilderberg, "The Gnomes of Bilderberg," appeared just as we began the planning stages of an international conference of our group, Biofeedback Seminars. The aim of our conference is to focus the knowledge, wisdom, and ability of businessmen to "level" us out of the current nuclear-arms race, which we think is a kind of global Russian roulette.

One thing that stood out in your article was the way one or two persons could dampen the creative process of others. We teach Synectics, which is a process that teaches people not to be negative, either to their own creative ideas or to those of others. Synectics is an excellent tool for harnessing individual creativity in a constructive way. From your description, it sounds like we should invite all the attendees at Bilderberg to our conference!—*Buryl Payne, Ph.D., Newton, Mass.*

Scare service

After reading your articles on the bureaucracy of the U.S.A. and the people who run it, all I can say is, You sure know how to scare a person.

You provide a valuable service by publishing copy like this. Good work!—*R. Shrika, Haleiwa, Hawaii*

Native Americans

Your interview with Russell Means (April 1981) was most informative. It is very important to report on the concerns and activities of our indigenous people. Indian people have been the subject of a "media blackout" for the last twenty-five years, while newspapers have concentrated on blacks, Laotians, South Africans, and El Salvadorans. These struggles are also important, but the Indians are scraping to retain a shred of their homelands and struggling to survive against greedy corporations that have turned them into an expendable commodity to feed our hungry energy habits.

I see that you mentioned the wrongful death of Raymond Yellow Thunder in your interview introduction. On April 4 an 800-acre plot of land in the Black Hills was reclaimed by the Lakota Nation, who own it legally, according to the 1868 Fort Laramie Treaty, and named in honor of Raymond. This land as well as many other areas in the Black Hills is staked for destruction by Union Carbide and other corporations that mine uranium.

The claim is still in litigation and probably will be for some time. Some fifty to sixty Lakota members are occupying this land and have received frequent harassment and provocations from FBI and law-enforcement officers. Since the claim is legal and the occupation peaceful, the FBI must provoke a violent episode to justify government intervention. The FBI has a long history of crimes against Indian people. Only mass publicity and support for the camp will keep it from conducting a raid and creating havoc.

Lives are at stake here—the lives of the Lakota at Yellow Thunder and the lives of all native people of the Black Hills, who are soon to be eradicated. Yellow Thunder Camp is an attempt to offset the destruction of a land and a people. It should receive the full support of our community. I hope you and your readers will find room in their hearts to do so.—*Tricia Bratton, Indianapolis, Ind.*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 234

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LETTER OF THE MONTH

My name is Marla, and I have to tell this story to someone. My friends are too stuffy, and it would shock them. I am five foot three and have blond hair and blue eyes. I keep my body in perfect shape, or I'd be embarrassed like any other girl. My measurements are 36-23-35. I am twenty-two years old, but I have a very young face, so I'm often mistaken as being seventeen or eighteen.

I have always had an active sex life and a pretty normal one, or so I thought until the other day. Since I was a young girl, I have had a very strong sex drive, and I believe it is the reason why I started masturbating at such a young age. I was probably only about ten or eleven when I first began to rub my cunt with any feeling. I remember it quite well. Sometimes I'd be in the bathtub, and I would get the urge to rub my cunt. Sometimes I'd work up to a fast-paced frenzy, and I'd cover my mouth to keep quiet. It was around that age that I had my first orgasm. It was after one of my little bathtub incidents. I was in bed, and I was wearing a flannel nightgown. It was very hot in my room, so I stripped completely and covered myself with just a sheet. The combination of the hot bath and all that rubbing gave me an odd feeling between my legs, almost like a burning itch that tingled and ached to be scratched and rubbed more and more, harder and faster. I started out slowly, and in a short time I was rubbing my whole mound vigorously. I had always been afraid to push my finger into the hole, but this time I was dragging my middle finger through my slit with each stroke. When I finally came, I had to cover my mouth so I wouldn't scream. I wasn't sure what I had done, but it felt incredible.

I taught my best friend how to masturbate the very next day, and she was quite surprised and delighted at her newfound pastime. We experimented and even rubbed each other, but after a few months we began to find boys interesting, and we drifted apart. Since then, I've always fingered my little clit into a frenzy as often as I could, but I was always alone. This is where the story gets interesting.

My best friend, whom I taught to play with herself twelve years ago, is still my best friend. She married my older brother, Tom. She is a brunette with blue eyes and a luscious body that would make anyone stare. Her name is Tina. Tina and Tom were married two years ago and moved about a thousand miles away from me, although we kept in constant touch.

Tom went away for two weeks with some guys, and I suggested that Tina come visit me. We arranged our vacations to coincide, and she showed up yesterday. We hugged and kissed. We were so excited to see each other and talk over old and new times, boyfriends of mine, and what not.

We went out and had a great dinner at a local restaurant, then went to a club that I frequent. We got a bit drunk at the club as we were celebrating our reunion. We left the club just in time to buy some mezcal before the liquor store closed. We made a couple of strong drinks and sat down to discuss old times. We were very drunk and feeling very silly. I suggested that we get into our nightgowns and relax on my bed since I have cable TV and thought a good flick might come on.

When she came out of the bathroom, I nearly gasped at the sight of her body, which I could see completely through her see-through nightgown. It was the skimpiest nightie that I'd ever seen. I told her she looked beautiful in it. She told me that it drove Tom crazy with passion. "Now let's see your sexiest nightgown, and

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we'll compare notes," she said. I went into the bathroom and put on my sexiest nightie—a pair of pink panties that were sheer and a matching top that just covered my tits with a sheer veil.

She was very impressed, and I kept noticing her staring at me, almost as much as I was staring at her. All of a sudden we were ready for action, but there were no men. I felt very silly being dressed that way, but I wanted her to stay in her outfit so I could examine her. She smiled at me and said, "Remember? Oh, never mind," she said, slightly red-faced.

She finally asked if I remembered teaching her to finger herself. She said that I was the only one she could tell about it, and that it was our secret. She said that she was madly addicted to masturbation in every way, shape, and form and had many gadgets to prove it. She took out a couple of different-sized vibrators and showed them to me. I told her I had never tried one. She turned one on and said, "Here, try this one. It's great." I looked at her puzzled, and she said, "I'll show you."

She shocked me by quickly removing her top and bottom to expose the prettiest, neatest-groomed cunt and creamiest mounds I'd ever seen. She was beautiful. I stared at her pussy in disbelief as she spread her pink pussy lips open and touched the tip of the vibrator to her clit. "Ohhh," she moaned softly, smiling slightly. She slowly and sensuously pivoted her hips in small circles as the buzzing wand rode over her ever hardening clitoris. Every now and then she would utter a slight moan, until suddenly she tensed up all over and grabbed the vibrator with both hands. She shoved its entire length into her pussy. With her left hand she began to pinch and squeeze her clit while ramming her cunt fast and hard with the vibrator. She screamed and seemed to have the longest, most intense orgasm that I'd ever thought humanly possible. Her movements and moans dwindled until she finally lay still with a deep, satisfied smile on her face.

I sat there motionless, with an intense burning in my cunt, hoping that she would insist I try the vibrator. If I didn't do something quick, my cunt would surely explode. She turned her head toward me, looked into my eyes, and said with a smile, "Now it's my turn to teach you something new. Take off those things, Marla." Almost as if in a trance, I slipped off my top and bottoms, my eyes never quite leaving hers. She looked at me with glazed-over eyes and rolled over so that she was between my legs. I closed my eyes as I heard the vibrator switch on again. It was still wet from her cunt, and it slid up my hole with ease. She hadn't touched my clit with it, as I had wanted. She just began ramming it in and out, as she had done to herself. Suddenly she jammed her face into my pussy and began to lick and suck my clit. With her thumb she held the wand in place.

I was in ecstasy. She made me come so many times and so violently that my stom-

This season's greeting from Jim Beam.

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ach muscles ached. She came once so violently that she bounced up and down on the bed as if she were riding a wild horse. The wild horse was actually a rubber dick that she held in her left hand as she humped up and down on it. We spent the rest of the night making love. We tongued each other's ass and pussy for hours. Such pure bliss. She will be leaving in two days, and then I don't know what I'll do. I guess I have my fingers and my fantasies until I see her again. I've never made love to another woman before, but my eyes are now open. I'm sure there will be many more in my near future.

All you girls out there who are wondering about it should put your inhibitions aside and enjoy life. You won't be sorry.—M.J.B.

How refreshing it is to hear about a woman who tosses convention out the window and lets her own instincts and desires take over! I hope that you and your friend Tina can get together very often and that you also find other women who will be equally satisfying.

KEEP ON TRUCKING

Last year my wife and I rented a large truck to move some furniture to our new home across the city. While we were on the expressway, a car from out of state pulled alongside of us for just a short time. Looking down into the car, we saw the driver looking straight ahead and a young lady lying with her head in his lap and her dress pulled up to her waist, her dark pussy fully exposed. As we sat there and stared, the fellow reached down and spread the lips of her pussy, and then accelerated and got off at the next exit. Nancy and I were both so excited that we began to fantasize about doing the same thing.

On our next trip Nancy got comfortable sitting beside me but facing the window, and she pulled up her skirt. She was not wearing panties. The first viewer was a trucker. He got a good look at my twenty-eight-year-old wife's pussy. She was so embarrassed that she wouldn't do it again on that trip.

One thing that did come out of that trip was a candid conversation of our likes and dislikes concerning sex. We talked a long time and agreed that our sex life could use some spicing up. We visited Dave and Sandy, our very dear friends for over nine years, who live in Michigan. Sandy was into wearing sexy clothes, and she actually had sex with total strangers while Dave was present. In fact, she doesn't do anything unless Dave is present.

Nancy and I had sex with Dave and Sandy. It was our first experience with other people since we were married. It really excited me to see Nancy having sex with Dave. It was only physical, no love attached and therefore no jealousy or worry. After Dave and Sandy left the room, Nancy told me that she promised Dave to try anything once with an open mind. Nancy said I should also keep an open mind.

In the meantime we progressed through different phases of flashing and public display of my wife's tits, ass, and pussy. I loved to drive long distances on the expressway with her totally in view of truckers and other drivers. Then, about a month ago, Sandy called, asking us to put up a friend of theirs who was going to be in town for a week on business. Jim arrived on schedule, and so did a letter from Sandy, saying that Jim was a nice guy and had once had sex with her while Dave watched. She suggested that we try it.

After a few drinks and some loosening up, we all got down on the carpet in front of a roaring fire and began talking. Slowly Nancy's robe opened, and we both gently touched her tits, pussy, and ass. Soon Jim placed her hand on his crotch, and she unzipped his fly, removed his cock, and sucked it. I just sat back and watched as my wife began with sixty-nine and wound up fucking him. In a matter of seconds, he came inside her.

She then reminded me of the promise that I had once made, to try anything. She wanted to suck him as I sucked her pussy. I was turned on enough that my head disappeared between her legs, and I was pleasantly surprised at the taste of the sperm in her pussy. Nancy began to jerk and came with my entire face and tongue deep in her wide-open pussy. Before Jim left, I screwed her in the ass as he used her pussy.

The following day Nancy reported to Sandy that the mission was accomplished and that neither of us had any guilt feelings. Our goal this year is to have one Saturday night per month and one long weekend this summer set aside for sex with others. We are hungry for sex, but by setting a limit we won't let it get out of hand.

We would appreciate some simple suggestions for things to bring along on our weekends with Sandy and Dave and Jim and his wife.—H.W.

"Okay, you—the second Santa Claus from the left—
take down your pants and say,
'How'd you like this for Christmas, little girl?'"

I think your attitude toward swinging and exhibitionism is a healthy one. In order to appreciate both your own lady more as well as outside sex, you should indeed divide your time between the two.

As for simple and fun things to do on your weekends, try leaving a pair of binoculars by an open window so that anyone passing by can enjoy watching you. Put a tape recorder in a secret spot and record your friends at play. This, however, should be strictly for your own use. Light a few candles to create a sexy, romantic atmosphere. A video recorder can be used to watch porno films or make your own. Pamper yourself with fluffy towels and scented bubble baths before and after sex. In case one of you is a slow starter, lubricating jelly can be used for vaginal

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and anal sex to make your moves smoother. Massage your partner with a skin lotion. A garter belt and black-seamed stockings with matching half-cup bra or any other kind of sexy lingerie will almost always drive your partner(s) mad. Long, tickly peacock feathers are sold in a lot of novelty import stores and can be used to stroke someone's fanny, thighs, or anywhere else. Exotic fruits, such as mangoes, guavas, or passion fruits, are fun to munch after a good screw. Pull some ice out of the freezer and pop a small piece in your mouth before going down on your lover. There are plenty of simple household items that can be a lot of fun. Use your imagination and some caution, and you'll surely have many happy and very diverse experiences.

BOTTOMS UP

I am a young married man of twenty-three, and I have a happy love life, but I do think my wife and I could add a little extra spice. I am referring to an experience I had when I was eighteen and still living with my parents. They had just bought our house from a woman who was moving to another town. Her name was Edith. She was about thirty, brunette, and sexy. My family and Edith had arranged that she would live in the house for some months while we worked on it before moving in.

One day, while preparing to paint the basement, I found a box of rubber syringes of various sizes. I knew Edith's father, who had recently died, stored things from his drugstore here, and I didn't know if I should throw them out or not. To make sure, I went to Edith and confronted her with my discovery. She blushed a bit but then told me to hand them over to her "because I could use them," she said.

She showed me to the bathroom, where she produced a rather small syringe, which she said was her own personal one. She explained that she used enemas because they had a good effect on her complexion and, with a cunning smile, offered to let me have one, "although it would really feel a bit unpleasant," as she said. I told her, "No, thanks," and went back to work.

Some days later I was alone again with her in the house. Edith invited me to the living room. I was excited because she was a beautiful woman with a touch of maturity I certainly lacked. I got a bottle of red wine, opened it, and poured some into her glass. My hands were trembling, and I spilled some wine on her skirt. I apologized, but she wasn't content. Edith asked me to "be a good boy and kneel down" and beg her pardon. I was surprised, so I lifted my glass to drink. "You'll have the wine later," she promised me in a soft voice. She then ordered me to take off my shorts and pants and kneel down. I declined. She came and gently, but with determined eyes, undressed me.

Then, for a second time, she asked me to kneel down, adding that this time there would be no forgiveness. She took me slowly by the shoulders and pushed me down. "Under these circumstances I'll be 'Madame Edith' to you and remind you to give up your resistance," she told me in a self-confident way that caused my cock to grow to full length.

"Bend over at the waist and kiss the ground," she said. I obeyed, reluctantly. It got worse. She went to the kitchen and came back with two handfuls of rice, on which I had to kneel from then on. I bowed deeply and received a big spot of Vaseline on my anus. Then my mistress allowed me to resume a normal kneeling position but in an "absolutely disciplined and correct way." So I was left waiting for things to come. Instinctively I knew what she was up to and, partly interested, partly uneasy, I sensed my excitement growing.

Finally "Madame" entered the room in her nurse's uniform, holding a tablet loaded with the syringes I once had discovered. She exceeded my wildest anticipations. "Now he will receive his deserved punishment for being a bad boy," she said as she took a rather small syringe. She stood beside me. I was waiting. She was waiting. "What do you think you are forgetting?" she asked me a bit impatiently after a minute or so. I could not imagine. "You have to say 'please,'" I was told. As I hesitated, she made me bow so that I

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was on all fours. "Okay, that will double your quantum," she announced as she spread my cheeks and carefully set the nozzle against my anus. I said "please," as I was told, and she began to tease me. My nurse inserted the black, smooth nozzle a little bit, then nearly withdrew it.

Suddenly she grabbed my balls, squeezed them, and shoved the thing in all the way. Squeezing my balls and the red ball of the enema, she forced lukewarm water inside me and I nearly exploded. As she withdrew it, I "thanked" her and wanted to stand up. "Didn't I say that you would get two enemas?" she asked firmly. I begged her not to apply it to me, but she took me by the neck, bent me, and administered a second, larger one with a single, harder squeeze.

I felt more and more uncomfortable with all the water in my belly, so I pleaded with her to relieve myself. I had to kiss her feet and call her "nurse," "madame," and "mistress." I then ran to the toilet. When I came back, she slowly removed her clothes except for her black garter belt, black stockings, and the small nurse's cap on her head.

I felt a wild lust to take her and fuck her, but she took me by the ear and bent me over the table. "Now you'll have the wine," she said, taking the bottle and filling an irrigator with a long rubber tube and a small stopper at the nozzle. She smeared the tip of it and my anus with honey, and when it slid in, the warm feeling of the honey almost made me come. "Madame Edith" withdrew it and then began some sort of questioning—"Will you be a good boy and be obedient?" "Yes, Madame." "Will you never again refuse an enema?" "No, Madame," and so on, each time pushing the nozzle to the limit, squeezing my balls, and turning the tap on for just a moment. Her voice sounded huskier and sexier as she enjoyed her domineering position. I felt a tremendous orgasm nearing when she fully withdrew the instrument, grabbed my hair, laid herself on the table like a baby waiting to be wrapped, and buried my face in her dripping pussy.

I spread her legs, put the tip of my cock against her lips, and started pushing as hard as I could. She moaned and stammered that it was the right way to punish her for treating me the way she had. I hammered her cunt with all my might. We both came in earth-shaking orgasms.

I think of this experience now and then. I love my wife, and we enjoy making love very much, but there is nothing kinky about our sex. I would like her a bit domineering. Also, I crave to be given an enema. I fear this may shock her, and I don't want to meet call girls who act as nurses. So, what can I do?—A.J.

Bearing in mind the way you enjoyed your first enema, I suggest you advertise in one of the magazines devoted to S&M. In the meantime, you can buy your own enema and administer it yourself—a sort of anal masturbation. If you have not approached your wife on this sensitive subject, you might try to bring it up, gently and subtly.

PRISONER OF LOVE

This past July I wrote a letter to a prisoner whose name I found in a magazine. We began to correspond intensively and got to be quite fond of one another. I went to visit him when he was transferred to the California Institution for Men. His name is Michael, and his face is impressive in its ugliness. He's verbal to the point of being verbose—as am I. Within three hours, amidst the picnic tables and the overflowing garbage cans, the noise of loudspeakers and of other visitors, I realized that this incarcerated man was more exciting, exhilarating, brilliant, and delightful than I could possibly have hoped for or even imagined.

I am forty years old and bisexual, although I have been abstinent by choice for ten and a half years. He's forty-seven, and the California Department of Corrections has been forcing abstinence on him—with the exception of a few "visits" for nearly three years. We were both afraid. Slowly and cautiously (it took two whole weeks after our meeting), we moved toward each other. On a "store pass"—forty-five minutes to go to a store and come back—we

CONTINUED ON PAGE 220

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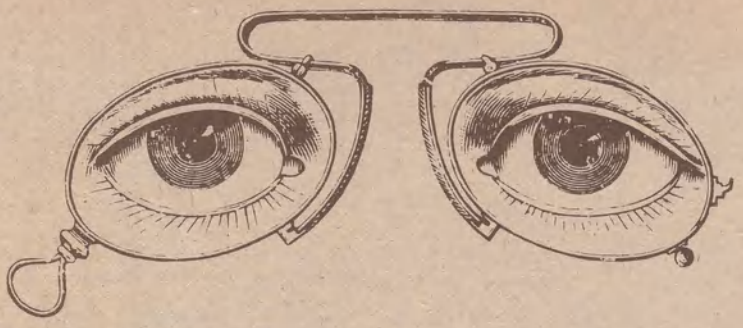


VIEW FROM THE TOP

WHAT DOES CHRISTMAS MEAN TO YOU?

BY EMILY PRAGER

This year, following the tradition of "Real People," "20/20," and, frankly, any management group that prefers a buy-out to a long schedule of residual payments, we sent our reporters out on the beat to ask real, honest-to-God, ordinary people-people—with no relatives at the magazine and therefore no idea what sort of payment or legal trouble their responses might entitle them to—the question "What does Christmas mean to you?"

The answers were as varied as the people we queried, and we found out also, just by the way, that 62 percent of all women wearing faded designer jeans and gold hoop earrings would rather see Ronald Reagan in his jodhpurs than in any other outfit he owns. Well, we can certainly all understand that.

Kevin O'Malley is an IRA hunger striker in Maze Prison, Belfast, Northern Ireland. When we interviewed him, he was weighing in at seventy pounds, but was still able to talk when pressed. "Kevin," we asked loudly, "what does Christmas mean to you?"

Kevin: (Barely audible) Turkey. A plump, juicy turkey basted with hot bacon drippings and stuffed with creamy chestnut and giblet dressing. A mound of soft, creamed potatoes drenched with butter and whipped smooth with whole, sweet cream. Fresh green beans steamed to a crisp perfection with just a hint of dill and two or three pats of presoftened sweet, not salt, butter. Just-baked Irish soda bread with fat, chewy raisins, buttered and rewarmed so that the butter soaks into the bread and becomes toast but when you bite into it—your mouth is filled with this great butter and bread mixture. Cake. Homemade fruitcake with chopped, candied apricots, apples, citron, cherries—the black ones, individually dipped, not the ones with Red Dye No. 2—candied oranges, lemon peel, whole almonds, raisins, brown sugar, and white sugar. Hard sauce made with fresh creamery butter, brandy, and pure cane sugar. After-dinner mints with dark, sweet chocolate and a hard sugar shell. Oh, God."

Thanks, Kevin.

Lech Rakowski is a member of Solidarity and a constant protester against the worsening shortages in Poland. A lean and intense figure, he was interviewed in his hometown of Gdansk, where he was trudging on a picket line in the snow, his feet wrapped in old vacation brochures for the Black Sea. "Lech," we asked leaping up and down to avoid getting frostbite, "what does Christmas mean to you?"

Lech: (Through chattering teeth) Ham. A plump, sweet Polish ham preceded by steaming beetroot borscht. Light, creamy potato pancakes with a heaping mound of fresh sour cream. Mountains of just-fried mushroom patties with an egg and butter crust. Incredibly rich chocolate *arkas* made with double cream and poured over fresh-baked semisweet biscuits. Babas. Hundreds of buttery babas swimming in rum and topped with generous helpings of glacéed fruit. Black sweet coffee, rich and hot . . . uh . . . uh . . . Oh, God."

Oddly similar. All right, Lech.

Kamiko Mitsui was a three-month-old fetus in her mother's womb when we dropped the bomb on Nagasaki, August 9, 1945. Today she is a thirty-six-year-old survivor of that blast but a microcephalic. As a result of the intense radiation jolt she received *in utero,* her brain has never grown to normal size, and her tiny head bobs upon her regular-sized body. Here with her mother, she hopes to obtain some damages from the U.S. government for her poverty-stricken family. We caught up with her on Fifth Avenue. Her tiny head turns to us as we ask, "Kamiko, what does Christmas mean to you?"

Kamiko: (Smiling) ??

We: Oh, well, maybe because you're Japanese you don't know about Christmas, but it's basically a winter festival where we give and get presents and spend a lot of money on useless stuff and have a fabulous time. Keeps the economy going, moves the wealth around.

(Kamiko's mother says something to her—the name, we think, of the winter festival. Kamiko, still smiling, nods her tiny head as we ask, "Kamiko, what does the winter festival mean to you?"

Kamiko: (Stops smiling and now screams bloody murder)

David Gambale

Really embarrassing. Everyone on Fifth Avenue stops and looks at us. Who needs it, you know? Forget about it. I mean, maybe her mother said something weird to her, but I doubt it. I think the bomb got to her. I think she's just nuts. There's plenty of people who want to be interviewed without going where you're not wanted and getting dumped on. It's not easy being a journalist and having to talk to strange, freaked-out people all the time, but of course, nobody cares about that.

Arthur Davis is an unemployed traffic controller. A clean-cut, obviously educated man. We interviewed him on the line at a Long Island City unemployment office, where he was collecting benefits for a clerical job he had had since August but had just lost. He is out of place in these dingy surroundings and clearly at odds with the blue-collar workers around him. We asked,

SCENES

"Arthur, what does Christmas mean to you?"

Arthur: Go fuck yourself.

Well, Jesus, the man's an American-unemployed at Christmas. Who can blame him? Probably feels inadequate. You know.

Peg Myer is a seventy-year-old lady whose Social Security benefits were recently slashed. Unable to continue paying for her shabby room and widowed, with no surviving relatives and no pension, she has moved out onto the streets of New York, pushing a laundry cart containing all of her worldly goods. She was picking through the trash in front of Fiorucci when we asked, "Peg, what does Christmas mean to you?"

Peg: (Without hesitation) Friskies Turkey and Bacon. Two cans. A double helping. And a little Soave in a glass with ice.

We: Where do you eat?

Peg: Eighty-ninth and Second, in front of Elaine's. Very posh. Very festive. I park my cart and

Joel Gordon

Peg: "Friskies for Christmas."

park my carcass. Once I saw Mike Nichols. Look at this—(Peg holds out a broken-off three-inch heel of a high-heeled shoe). Good find. Good find. (She bags it and stuffs it in the cart.)

We: Did you ever see Woody Allen?

Peg: Who?

We: Merry Christmas, Peg.

Peg: You betcha.

We: Merry Christmas, everyone.

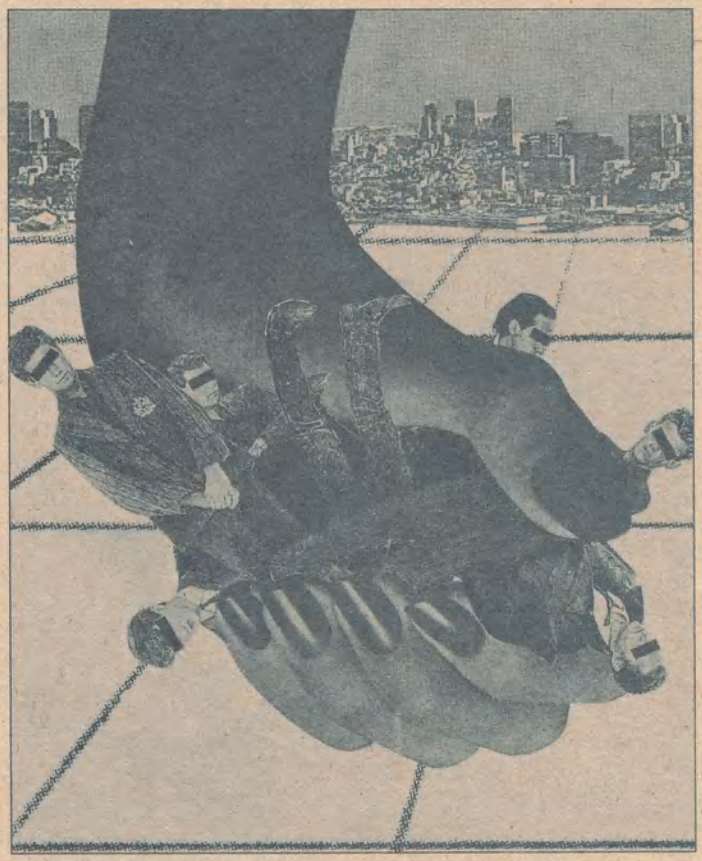
GOOD FOR THE GOOSE

In March 1980, U.S. Army authorities in Nuremberg, West Germany, made legal history. They found female Private Cheryl Taylor, aged twenty, guilty of sexually molesting nineteen-year-old male fellow private Kevin Knox. According to court testimony, she had grabbed Knox between the legs and squeezed, demanding, "Give me a light, shrimp."

Knox, a staunchly moral southerner, shouted, "Get away, you scumbag!" and reported her to his executive officer. The prosecutor before the military court testified that GI Taylor had made similar overtures to Knox in the past. She was sentenced to thirty days hard labor, fined $298, and demoted to private E-1, the bottom rung on the U.S. Army ladder.

This, the first incident of its kind ever aired in court, comes at a time when both the media and the judiciary are in full cry about *men* sexually harassing their women workmates or employees. The army case at least establishes that this brand of harassment isn't quite so one-sided as people think. Direct physical assaults à la Taylor are rare, of course. But we have numerous instances of ladies using economic clout to pressure reluctant males into their beds, often with the subtlety of a train wreck.

An acquaintance of mine, whom I shall call Nick, was the target of one such operation. Nick was a young, freshly wed salesman for a textile company. His department boss, a gargantuan matron nearly twice his age, put the moves on him the moment he joined the staff. Nick was very much in love with his wife and harbored no Oedipus hang-ups. He first ignored his boss's passion signals, then tried laughing them off, but this only stimulated the lady further. She issued an ultimatum: if Nick didn't develop a "more positive attitude," he would find himself transferred to another territory—rural Arkansas, for instance. Nick surrendered; martyrdom wasn't his bag. He proved his positivity by laying his boss in her apartment on a biweekly basis, hating every moment of it. The unhappy denouement followed when his wife got wind of the affair and promptly divorced him.



Amy Seissler

Theoretically, Nick could have taken his troubles to a lawyer. In practice he would have been sunk in court, deprived of his job, and turned into a national cartoon character. He faced a credibility gap no legislation could bridge. At this stage in time there simply isn't a judge or jury in America ready to cope with the idea of reverse sexual harassment.

In point of fact, however, it *does* happen. And as women more and more climb into positions of power, it is certain to happen more and more often. In order to balance the scales of justice, we will eventually have to accept the quaint notion that boys as well as girls can be bullied into bed against their wishes; and, furthermore, that some females get as much kick from the procedure as their male counterparts do. Masculine reluctance affects them like catnip.

Now, however, an organization to protect sexually harassed males has been formed. It is a private, embryonic outfit with about 30 members. While the league has not yet gone public, its avowed purpose is to compile material proving that under certain conditions males are just as vulnerable to sexual exploitation as females are. The league has gathered an impressive file of cases in point, from which I'll note a few:

• The editress of a Los Angeles trade publication, who employs her lovers as editorial assistants and changes them with the frequency of typewriter ribbons. Falling out of favor with her means looking for a new job.

• The lady public-relations director of an airline in New York City. Over the past few years she has auditioned at least a dozen men and two girls on her casting couch before giving them overseas postings.

• The manager of a plush Florida resort hotel who has a yen for teenaged Cubans. She finds them positions as bellhops or gardeners—provided they're good at performing cunnilingus, apparently the only style of lovemaking she enjoys. The same lady also forced a young desk clerk to continue servicing her after his marriage by threatening to have him "fired and blacklisted" if he didn't comply with her wishes.

• The bookkeeper of a chemical corporation who happened to be the sister of an executive. By promising to use her well-known pull with her brother to speed their promotions, she had two junior executives bedding her. Neither got promoted, but one of them was fired immediately after dropping her. This warning shot made the other redouble his efforts to keep the bookkeeper entertained. The junior executive hasn't been promoted yet.

• The proprietress of a large California dance studio, an erstwhile hoofer with a cocaine habit, a homicidal temper, and a penchant for sadistic sex games. Her male instructors are out-of-work actors who double as members of her harem. They have permanently bruised backsides, bespeaking her prowess with a bamboo cane.

I know a New York socialite who uses somewhat more oblique methods for the same purpose. She is "into" art—or, rather, into artists. Being a stockbroker's widow, she has money connections that compensate for her face, which resembles a Halloween pumpkin with eyelashes. She reigns over a salon, where she introduces aspiring young painters to loaded art collectors. But the path to her soirées leads through her boudoir, and there's a heavy admission price—not so much in physical exertion as in paralyzing boredom. Her partners have to lie still for hours, listening with rapt attention to her monologues in vibrato tones and a thick Polish accent. She makes sure they don't doze off, and her sole, eternal topic is her philanthropy. As one of her protégés told me fervently, "I'd rather paint McDonald's interiors than go through *that* again."

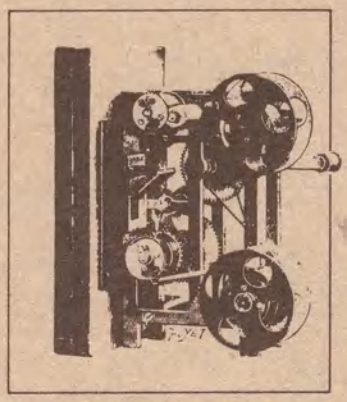
All these examples point to a very basic truth: given the required leverage, both men and women

The Bettmann Archive, Inc.

Kate: bedroom politics.

will be tempted to use it for sexual gratification—even if we delude ourselves that this is a masculine prerogative. The process, after all, has historic tradition. Catherine the Great of Russia, who had the mind of a bank president, promoted her cavalry officers according to how well they performed in the imperial bedchamber. Her army appeared none the worse for it.—*John Godwin*

FILMS



FEMMES FATALES

The girl who died, the twenty-four-year-old with her naked body slashed in two, wouldn't seem to have much bearing on the case. After all, the guy who killed her died himself—a car crash—hours before they found her in different parts of the vacant Los Angeles lot. It wasn't as if she had influential friends. Parents, of course. They come out from the Midwest to take her body home. Some interesting contacts, maybe. But nobody seems really anxious to call her a friend.

And yet she does keep cropping up, Lois Fazenda, the "Virgin Tramp"—in newspaper headlines, in a clip of porn film, as a face remembered from her having hitched a ride in someone's car, on a recording of fifty-three telephone calls made from one of the more important numbers in town. In the long run she touches just about everyone who matters in Ulu Grosbard's ***True Confessions***, a movie about power, pride, greed, betrayal, and other lapses from the state of grace among some California Catholics in the 1940s.

Specifically, *True Confessions* deals with two men: Tom Spellacy, a homicide detective, and his brother Des, the monsignor, a comer in church politics and secretary to the cardinal, whom he advises in the worldly affairs of the church. Around Tom and Des collect the other cops, the whores, the priests, the distinguished Catholic laity (mostly Irish), who give their world its sound and tone. And of course there is a story, a couple of overlapping stories really—the Lois Fazenda story and the story of what happens between two sharp, unillusioned brothers not always on the best of terms. But in a major sense the real story lies in the social background, in the vestiges of an Irish accent, in the turns of phrase where every good thing is "grand" and each grand gesture carries its own component of hope or dread. You get a lot of this in the film's source, the novel that John Gregory Dunne wrote some years ago, with its sporadic mystery plot, its fantastic web of personal relations, and its richly nuanced and often hilariously funny dialogue. You also get enough of it in the much tighter screenplay that Dunne adapted together with his wife, Joan Didion, especially in such secondary characters as the cheerfully cynical old detective Frank Grotty (a magnificent per-

De Niro as the monsignor.

formance by Kenneth McMillan) or old Cardinal Danaher (Cyril Cusack), whose Irish brogue, studied courtliness, and genuine ruthlessness can't hide the patrician discomfort he feels in performing each ecclesiastical duty.

Everyone in *True Confessions* is touched by corruption, or the memory of former corruption, or the fear of corruption soon to come. Tom has his past, when he

Duvall: verbal aggression.

made collections for the pimp Jack Amsterdam (Charles Durning), now a contractor building cathedrals and about to be named Catholic Layman of the Year. Des has his ambition, his talent for doing the cardinal's dirty work, the prospect of a brilliant career nurturing everything except a priest's vocation. That is why, for the brothers, as for Amsterdam and for so many others, the cut-up girl in the vacant lot can precipitate action: out of the fears, the rage for revenge, the potential for evil simply hanging in the air.

As a plot device the murdered girl leaves something to be desired, and *True Confessions* suffers from a certain gratuitousness at its core. But it is otherwise so handsomely realized that I'm inclined not to care. As the brothers Tom and Des, Robert Duvall and Robert De Niro act together with such consonance as to patch up any story-line flaws. This is another one of De Niro's great, atypical performances, where he must underplay and underreact in order to bring his character to life. He has become a master of ironic listening—watch his responses in conversation to Duvall's verbal aggressions. And he has achieved a completeness as a performer that will show itself even in a movement as routine as a walk down the aisle of an almost empty church from altar to confessional, every step expressing at once the curate's practiced humility and the young monsignor's authority and his unacknowledged pride. Ulu Grosbard has a penchant for shooting his actors at a slight distance as they walk away from the camera. Often enough in *True Confessions*, the actors he works with make that decision seem a stroke of genius.

True Confessions: *betrayal and other lapses from the state of grace.*

Adjani and Bates in Quartet: *period furniture, real people.*

The girl's skin is very pale. Her high cheekbones under large, dark eyes, her red and rather prominent lips, accentuate the pallor. She moves with an angular, graceful urgency, as if always hurrying to keep an appointment—though there may be no one waiting, nothing except an edging closer to her own doom.

Isabelle Adjani plays Marya Zelli in James Ivory's ***Quartet***, and for those of us who have been waiting for a sign from her since Truffaut's *The Story of Adele H.*, her excellence now comes as a real vindication. She gets a lot of help—from Anthony Higgins as her sleek, somewhat shady husband, Stephan, and especially from Maggie Smith and an imposing Alan Bates as Lois and H. J. Heidler, the upper-bohemian English couple who take Marya in when the cops jail Stephan for art theft.

Based on a fine Jean Rhys novel, *Quartet* takes place in Paris in the late 1920s, the sort of milieu that has attracted James Ivory before. The prevailing sin of Ivory's cinema (*Savages, Wild Party, Roseland*, etc.) has been a cloying addiction to decor or to decorative people—especially the painted ladies and pomaded young men of the Jazz Age—at the expense of mere dramatic action. A bit of that also surfaces here, in the almost too meticulously accurate costuming, in an obligatory hot-jazz-club panorama, in Paris apartments crammed fuller with authentic period furniture than anyone hoping to live in them could endure.

But then there is Paris, which has its own authenticity. On the old back streets of Paris where Ivory mainly takes his camera, he confronts a presence that he does understand and that he keeps fashioning into a continuing photographic essay that is never too assertive or simply picturesque. And there are the people. I can imagine no way, thank God, of reducing Maggie Smith or Alan Bates to decorative function. In fact, they climb all over the movie, much to its good fortune.

Bates, especially, as an overbearing figure who, with his wife's connivance, makes the hapless Marya his mistress and then drops her, plays for a befuddled, blustery, obtuse good humor that complements Adjani's delicate intensity and makes their absurd affair work. Jean Rhys's novel is full of atmosphere: the interiors of small cafés, theater lights shimmering in the rain-soaked streets—that sort of thing. Ivory's movie is full of that, too. But it is much more full of people who have an intractable oddball vitality, and they give the film its quirky, quite exhilarating life.

You could say that the girl seduces him, his just-dead wife's fourteen-year-old daughter. On the other hand, he's ripe for seduction. In his

mid-thirties, widowered, a cocktail-lounge pianist of some sensitivity but not too much ability, thoroughly decent but no wall of virtue, he is genuinely fond of the kid but is, as he tells his stepdaughter after her first advances, "too young for fourteen-year-olds." Alas, he hasn't counted on the fourteen-year-old in question. Serious, warm, intelligent, subtly but undeniably sexy, she is not some latter-day French Lolita—at least, not the Lolita of the popular misconceptions. She is, once certain initial formalities are disposed of (for example, finding a place where they'll let you live, seeing that she keeps up with her high-school homework despite her baby-sitting jobs), the kind of woman you might want to set up a home with. And that is exactly what he does, some way into Bertrand Blier's gently perverse, elegiac comedy ***Beau Père*** ("The Stepfather").

The basic situation in Blier's movies is always the same: two men, perhaps initially antagonists, become pals confronting the mysterious force known as woman—a force that finally defeats them. His early films were breezily bitter, almost misogynistic. But with *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs* (1977) the manner softened, the mysteries deepened, and the sexual combat took on an erotic tone. The new girl, Marion (Ariel Besse), is really Blier's most normal heroine. And if the two men, her stepfather, Remi (Patrick Deware), and Charly (Maurice Ronet), her actual dad, don't quite become buddies, they at least come to share a growing concern for her well-being—and a mutual confusion as to which of them she, in her youthful wisdom, will choose next.

For anyone no longer too young for fourteen-year-olds, Ariel Besse might satisfy several fantasies. She is mature, beautiful, not (at fourteen) voluptuous, naturally sensuous, genuinely without guile. I think she has everything. But Remi, the fickle stepfather, finds his eye roaming to older women. He picks one, a concert pianist (Nathalie Baye), who grasps him to her ample bosom and, understanding and forgiving all, swears that she will cure him. It is just then that her own daughter, an absolutely ravishing five-year-old, steps shyly to their bedroom door.—*Roger Greenspun*

Georges Pierre/Sygma

Beau Père*'s Besse and Deware: defeated by the mystery of woman.*

WORDS

GIFT HQRSES

How many times have you unwrapped that eagerly awaited Christmas gift, found yourself clutching a book (a *book!*), and barely recovered in time to mutter: "Isn't that an . . . uh, interesting . . . present"?

In fact, there are friends of mine who equate receiving a book with some sort of cheerless disciplinary measure from out of their childhood. When I was a kid, an aunt always gave me clothing instead of toys; when I was a teenager, I graduated to books. They considered it educational and enlightening, when something on the order of wanton mindlessness would have been more greatly appreciated. Considering current fuel prices, they'd probably prefer getting coal in their stockings instead.

All of that, however, seems to be changing for the better. Books no longer appear to be the black eye of the gift industry. Those published specially for the holiday season are not only more various than ever before, but they're also designed to capture the fancy of those of us to whom getting books once signaled that we had hit the bottom rung of Santa's gift list. The subject matter leans toward the light and trendy, pictures take up two-thirds of the text, and formats are larger than ever, like furniture; if you tire of reading your gift, you might try using it to balance that late-night snack across your knees. Why, it's almost as much fun as watching TV.

The tube, in fact, spawns a number of unusual gift suggestions for that special someone who's recovering from the fourteen episodes of "The Mary Tyler Moore Show" we're forced to sit through each day. Ballantine has wisely updated ***The Complete Directory to Prime Time Network TV Shows, 1946–Present*** ($25), by Tim Brooks and Earle Marsh, which premiered in 1979. This is a mammoth guide to every aspect of TV programming, including those shows we borrowed from radio, and is a virtual encyclopedia of trivia for the faithful legion of airheads littering the living rooms. More entertaining is Harry Castleman and Walter Podrazik's ***Watching TV*** (McGraw-Hill, $14.95) which bypasses statistics for a more gossipy approach to America's favorite pastime. Want to know who axed "Amos 'n' Andy" or why we glom all those doctor-lawyer shows? This book has all the answers. Beginning with each year's schedules, the authors pitch behind-the-scenes fastballs at the tube, highlighting the various political strategies and internetwork backbiting and thereby capturing the essence of TV as we know it today.

Prime Time: *Cambodia invaded.*

Of Muppets and Men (Knopf, $25) is Christopher Finch's intriguing look at the people who pull the strings for Kermit, Miss Piggy, Ernie, Gonzo, the Cookie Monster, and all the magic we've come to expect from Muppetland. Not only does Finch take us on a guided tour of the show's workshop, including the think tanks devoted to creating puppet personalities, but

he also chronicles an animated history of the show's rise to the top. ***Walt Disney's Silly Symphonies*** (Abrams, $28.50), edited by Darlene Geis, takes a more straightforward approach to the story of art-telling. This is a lavishly illustrated compendium of our favorite Disney classics—standards like "The Three Little Pigs," "The Country Cousin," and "The Tortoise and the Hare," with the original film scripts as text—that no home should be without.

For those who prefer big-screen antics to mere reruns, there's ***The James Bond Films*** (Arlington, $19.95), by Steven Jay Rubin,

Roger Moore: the latest Bond.

which tells the reader everything he or she ever needs to know about the legend of 007; the three-ring intrigue surrounding ***The Hollywood Writers' Wars*** (Knopf, $17.95), by Nancy and Sheila Schwartz, about the frenetic formation of the Screen Writers Guild; and Charles Lockwood's ***Dream Palaces*** (Viking, $19.95), which takes us where mere mortals long to tread—into stars' homes.

But in terms of size and scope, the most spectacular movie book of all has to be Ted Sennett's ***Hollywood Musicals*** (Abrams, $50). This exquisite, oversized volume features a gallery of wistful, star-studded photographs with a running commentary of films that span five decades and captures all the glamour and pageantry of Hollywood's golden years. Not so picturesque but equally informative and entertaining is ***Dick Clark's First 25 Years of Rock & Roll*** (Dell, $12.95), by Michael Uslan and Bruce Solomon. Using an encyclopedia format, the authors provide nostalgic, larger-than-life profiles of the teen idols who found their way to Clark's "American Bandstand" and an informative guide to rock music and its vast galaxy of superstars.

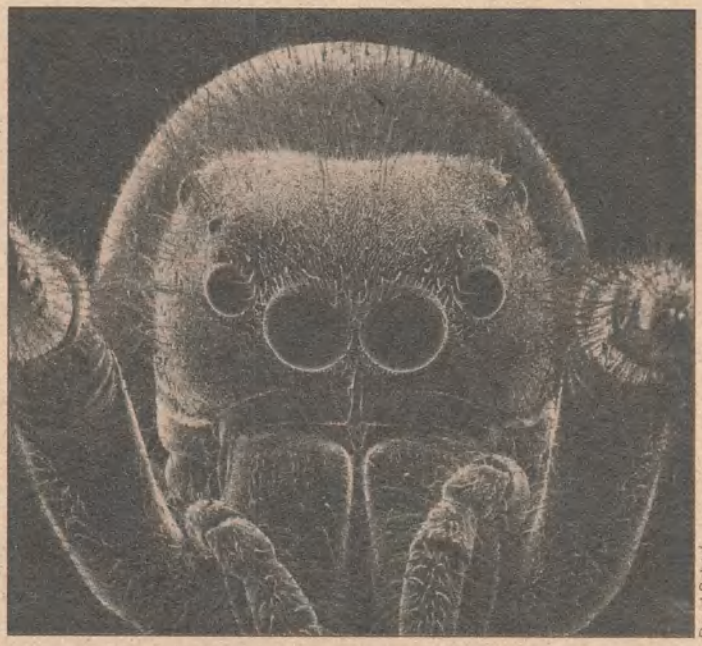
If all the world's your stage, then you won't want to miss Don Dixon's ***Universe*** (Houghton Mifflin, $29.95), an internationally acclaimed illustrator's airy conception of our solar system—and beyond. Its mirror image—or, more accurately, its microscopic counterpart—is revealed in breathtaking photographs in ***The Invisible World*** (Houghton Mifflin, $25), by Alex Pomasanoff, in which we are treated to a photo-scientist's view of the hidden universe. Thanks, but I'll stick to *terra firma* and take my chances with good ol' fellow man.

Unfortunately, Dougal Dixon's vision in ***After Man: A Zoology of the Future*** (St. Martin's, $14.95) scares me senseless. According to Dixon, we're in store for a population dominated by man-sized rabbits, stilt-legged sea urchins, and bears whose snouts resemble

At $50, the most spectacular.

Hoover vacuum cleaners. His illustrations are meticulously detailed and thought-provoking, but thank God we won't be around to experience it.

Meanwhile, as scientists and philosophers speculate about life in the next millennium, Europeans have been toying with the future of four-wheel drive and have come up with a winning theory in ***Dream Cars*** (Norton, $49.95). Jean-Rodolphe Piccard has compiled a striking photo collection of manufacturers' prototypes—dream machines of the future—that were designed to resemble sleek, sensuous spacecraft. Beginning with



David Scharf

Through a lens closely: a jumping spider from The Invisible World.

GM's Buick "Y" of 1939 and continuing to the present, this reference edition takes us on a visual trek of the automotive shows that engendered such classics as James Bond's Aston Martin, the Ford Super Cobra, the Pantera, and a full fleet of Ferrari superformulas. Speaking of which, you might want to explore the whole line in ***The Ferrari Legend*** (Norton, $45), by Antoine Prunet, a pictorial epigraph of those famous high-performance road cars produced in Maranello, Italy.

Should we momentarily forget the gift of humor at this time of the year, there are numerous books that should help liven up the season with cheer. The best of the lot is ***Modest Proposals*** (St. Martin's, $3.95), which is dubiously subtitled "The Official Correspondence of Randy Cohen." Who is Randy Cohen, and why is he saying all those crazy things about us? Well, the answer lies in this hilarious collection of his letters to famous people, suggesting everything from subway club cars that serve cocktail franks to fruit-flavored Ortho Gynol. The funniest part is the responses which, although delivered in deadly earnest, cannot be taken seriously by even the most dim-witted bureaucrat (of which there seem to be many). ***Man Bites Man*** (A&W, $29.95), edited by Steven Heller, is a compilation of satiric art by twenty-two of our most gifted contemporary artists, while in ***Masters of Caricature*** (Knopf, $25), by William Feaver, we are treated to a historical perspective of 243 of the most celebrated political satirists of our time. Feaver's commentary is concise and witty, but the drawings themselves serve to define both the political and sociological temperament of the world from the seventeenth century to the present.

The modernists should take sol-

ace in the generous offering of erotica dotting the bookstalls, some of it more imaginative than what we've seen in previous years. ***Masters of Erotic Art*** (Crown, $30), by Bradley Smith (with an introduction by, naturally, Henry Miller), captures the romantic, sometimes savage, often fantastic sexuality shared by lovers in such celebrated works of art by Warhol, Picasso, Calder, Beauchamp, and others. ***Am I a Good Lover?*** (St. Martin's, $4.95), by Mark Shap and Alan Kahn, is one of those idiotic self-improvement books that somehow connect one's passion quotient to the fine lines in the hands. ***Sin City Fables*** (A&W, $3.95), by Marshall Efron and Alfa-Betty Olsen, is an updating of some of our more traditional fairy tales in that deliciously urban, offbeat humor for which the authors are noted: Little Jack Horner and Miss Muffet engage in some healthy sado-masochism, the Pied Piper of Harlem falls in love with his own giant portable radio, and Puss in Boots takes up with a hooker who decides to expand the market.

Of course, we pay dearly for the comfort of not having to exercise our minds over the holidays. Many of this season's gift books require that a second mortgage be taken against the full purchase price. In some cases you might get off more cheaply buying junior that new home computer he asked for. Or, better yet, buy him some new clothes.—*Bob Spitz*

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Gershwin in Caricature.

SOUNDS

SOUND IDEAS

"Music is the gift that keeps on giving," according to the record industry's public-relations spokesmen. But only good music keeps on giving; lousy music sits on the shelf, gathering dust. You weren't *really* going to go out and buy that special someone a bunch of boring best-sellers, were you?

These days, a handful of large corporations manufacture most of the albums you see in your neighborhood record store, and naturally the ones you see in the window are the ones that are selling like hotcakes. Unfortunately, a lot of the best stuff—gifted new artists with something different to say, trend-setters who are making tomorrow's music today, the purest country artists, jazz masters—tends to get shunted into the specialty bins, where only the most determined browsers ever see it. But that's the stuff to look for; that's the gift that keeps on giving until the vinyl gives out.

A few of the records on the following list were best-sellers during the year, and a few are so obscure you probably never heard of them. But all of them are worth owning, and repeated playings haven't dulled their luster.

Rock and Pop. What does "new wave" mean, anyway? What did it ever mean? Will Elvis Costello be drummed out of the movement for recording an album of country music in Nashville? Actually, Costello's ***Almost Blue*** (Columbia) is an affecting album of barroom laments from one of the most durable rock talents to emerge in recent years. New-wave country? Nope, just good music. And speaking of categories, two British groups, Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark and The Psychedelic Furs, have recently furnished additional evidence of the difficulty of calling any kind of music anything anymore. Orchestral Manoeuvres' ***O.M.D.*** (Epic) collects the group's dance-floor hits, culled from two British LPs, on one American long-player. Though there are only two group members and both play synthesizers, Orchestral Manoeuvres isn't one of those robot-rock techno-marvels. The group's music sounds more like the Beach Boys than Kraftwerk; it's solid, soaring, lyrical pop, some of the year's best. And are the Furs really psychedelic? No, it was all a big mistake, or something like that. The group's explanations never quite make sense, but their music is catchy, finely crafted, and concerned with that most unpsychedelic of subjects, romance. ***Talk Talk Talk*** (Columbia) was one of 1981's most pleasant rock surprises.

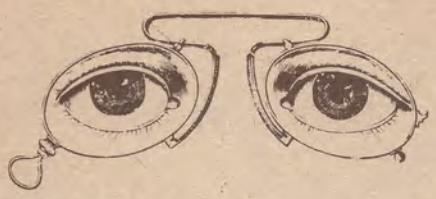
Michael Kagan/Retna

Barroom laments from Elvis Costello: new-wave country?

Paul Canty/Retna

Tom Verlaine: great guitar.

Meanwhile, on this side of the Atlantic, a couple of New York-based ex-new-wavers have been confounding the categorizers. Tom Verlaine, leader of the defunct, fondly remembered band Television, has returned with ***Dreamtime*** (Warner Brothers), an album of the kind of guitar rock you didn't think anyone made anymore. Remember those backwards guitar solos that went snaking through the Beatles' *Revolver*? Verlaine plays them going forwards, and a lot more besides. One critic has called him "the finest rock guitarist alive," and on the basis of *Dreamtime*, that statement could be accurate. Meanwhile, Debbie Harry, who was fronting Blondie when Verlaine was fronting Television and the two bands were playing in the same seedy Bowery bar, collaborated with disco masterminds Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards on



Koo Koo (Chrysalis), her first solo album away from the Blondie gang. It's a kind of high-tech rock disco, with rapping and reggae thrown in. Whatever you call it, and whatever you call Verlaine's opus, "new wave" just won't do. This is rock for the eighties, and for the ages.

Two more rock-'n'-roll women made their mark this year with very different brands of music. Rickie Lee Jones, who cut a successful debut album back in 1978 and took a powder for several years, returned with ***Pirates*** (Warner Brothers), one of 1981's authentic masterpieces. With echoes of Steely Dan, Laura Nyro, coffeehouse jazz, and classic soul music, as well as the most vivid lyrics anyone has penned in a long, long time, *Pirates* captured the imaginations of all sorts of listeners. And Chrissie Hynde, the sassy American girl from Akron who teamed up with three Britishers to form the Pretenders, showed us what she's made of with ***Pretenders II*** (Sire), an album of tough hard rock and tougher lyrics, sung by Chrissie with a touch of velvet and the glint of steel.

With television reaching into practically every home and with radio stations everywhere in America playing the same fare, you'd think regional music would have had it. Not so, as indicated by three superb releases from pockets of resistance to mass culture. From New Orleans come the Neville Brothers, whose ***Fiyo on the Bayou*** (A&M) heralded a welcome renaissance for the funky, syncopated rhythm-and-blues that's been percolating in the Crescent City since the heyday of Fats Domino and Professor Longhair. In Memphis, Johnny Burnette's Rock and Roll Trio got together to honor their mentors, the late Johnny and Dorsey Burnette, and recorded an album of pure southern rockabilly that recaptures much of the magic of the old Sun records, where Elvis and Jerry Lee waxed their early hits. The album, ***And Their Rockin' Friends from Memphis*** is available for ten dollars from Rock-A-Billy Records, P.O. Box 295, Walls, Miss. 38680. Finally, from New York come Kid Creole and the Coconuts, whose mix of Latin street rhythms, funk, Broadway pizzazz, reggae, and German oompah music makes sense of Manhattan's extravagant ethnic mixture, or as much sense as can be made of it. August Darnell, formerly a key figure in Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band, is Kid Creole, and his album ***Fresh Fruit in Foreign Places*** (Ze/Warner Brothers) is a percolating tropical travelogue, with a subtext of hot concrete.

Michael Kagan/Retna

Rickie Lee Jones: her Pirates *is one of the year's masterpieces.*

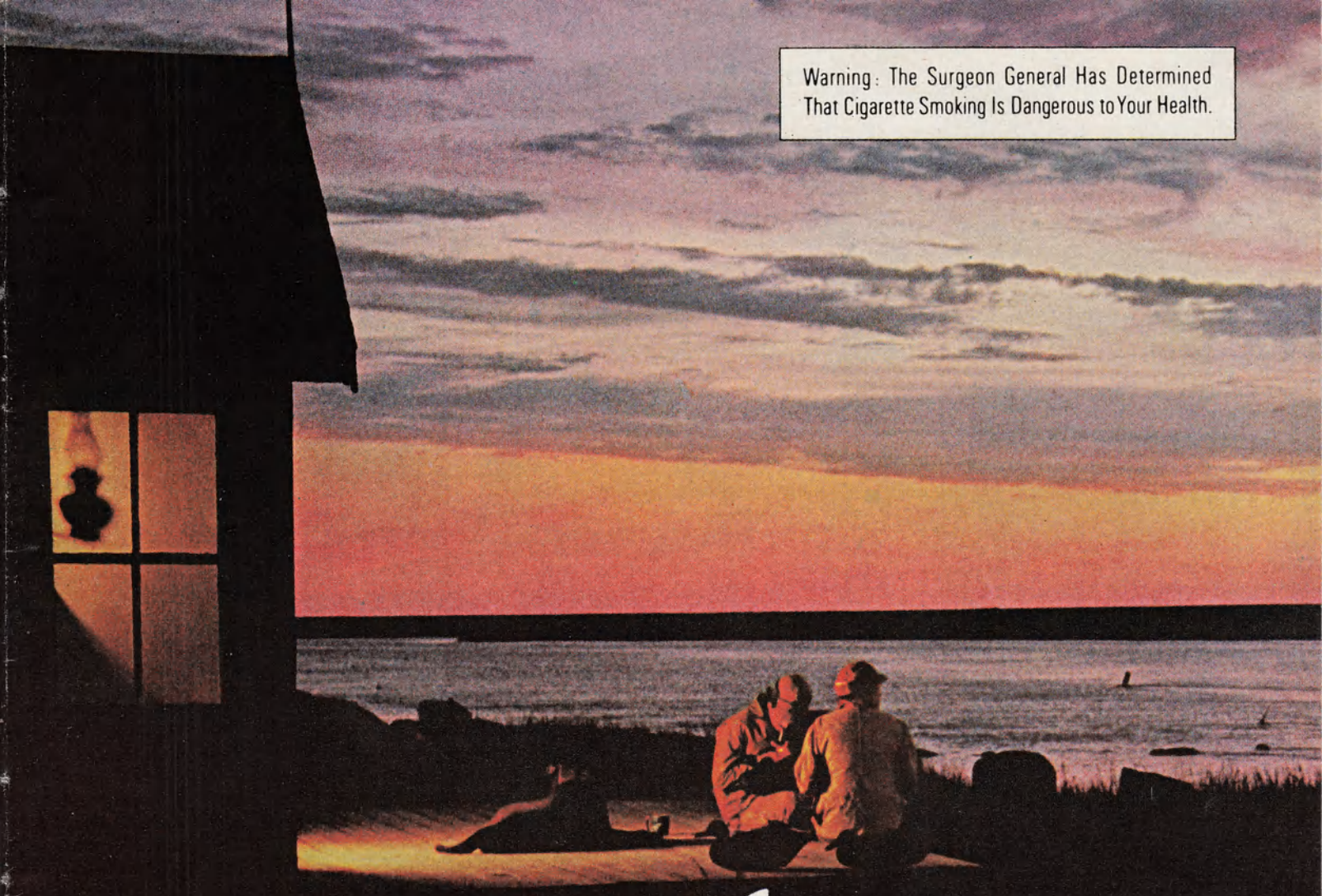
Country. ***The Smithsonian Collection of Classic Country Music*** consists of eight discs, a detailed country music history by leading scholar Bill Malone, and a sturdy blue box. It's a real landmark; for the first time you can hear important recordings by all the country music greats, from Jimmie Rodgers and the Carter Family to George Jones and Willie Nelson, in one place and understand where they came from and how they came to be. Because it's sold only by mail or in the Smithsonian Institution's Washington gift shop, this set hasn't received the attention it deserves. It belongs in the collection of anyone who's interested in country music or in American music in general. For more information, contact the Division of Performing Arts, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560.

David Redfern/Retna

James "Blood" Ulmer: the most original guitarist since Hendrix.

Jazz. Miles Davis recorded for Prestige Records from 1951 through 1956, leaving enough material to amply fill twelve LPs. Recently, Prestige repackaged all its Miles treasures in a mammoth twelve-record set, ***Miles Davis: Chronicle.*** And treasures they are, from Miles's early encounters with Sonny Rollins and Thelonious Monk through his immortal quintet recordings with John Coltrane and Red Garland. Donald Fagen of the rock group Steely Dan called this set "the record bargain of the century," and if you're a jazz lover, you'll probably agree. A two-record set from Columbia, ***Directions***, brings the Miles discography almost up to date with some winning and previously unreleased sessions from 1960–1970, including collaborations with arranger Gil Evans and the crew that made *Bitches Brew* one of the key jazz albums of the past twenty years. Last summer Miles returned to the stage, after a five-year retirement, with a series of concerts and a brand new album, ***The Man with the Horn*** (Columbia). Forget the glossy commercial numbers; there are two of them, and they're short. The rest is Miles fronting a lean electric band and playing with the same intensity and feline grace that characterized his best work of the fifties, sixties, and seventies.

Another of the year's significant jazz recordings was ***Free Lancing*** (Columbia), the major-label debut of the unique guitarist James "Blood" Ulmer. Critics have called Ulmer the most original guitarist since Jimi Hendrix, and he is also a gritty vocalist. This man could turn music around in the mid-eighties. Ulmer used to work with saxophonist Arthur Blythe, who is getting along just fine on his own. Blythe's ***Blythe Spirit*** (Columbia) is a sultry, melodic, utterly engaging album. It's modern, but you can sing along, and swing along, too.—*Robert Palmer*



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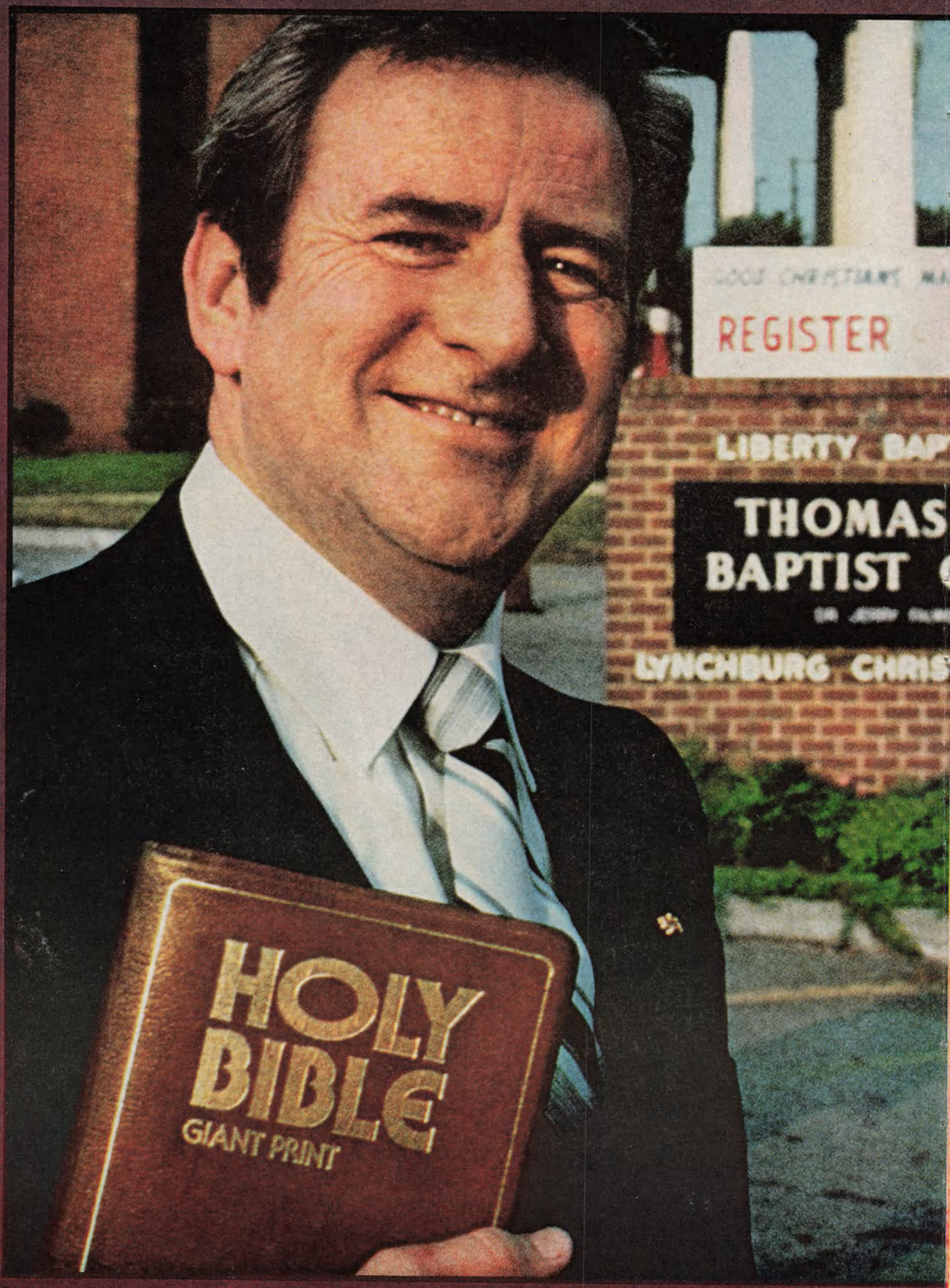

Photograph by Wally McNamee/Newsweek

Since 1973, Jerry Falwell's ministry has been surrounded by a series of unanswered questions about its finances. The man who aspires to be the moral arbiter of America runs what would appear to be a rather untidy operation.

JERRY FALWELL
PART II
THE PROPHET MOTIVE

BY L.J. DAVIS AND ERNEST VOLKMAN

Christians, like slaves and soldiers, ask no questions.
—Jerry Falwell

On a bright, sunny morning not too long ago, the Reverend Jerry Falwell strode to the pulpit of the Thomas Road Baptist Church in Lynchburg, Virginia, and announced to the huge congregation that its presence there at that moment marked "twenty-five years of miracles."

It is difficult to argue with that distinctly Falwellian choice of words, for only divine intervention would seem to explain the phenomenon of Jerry Falwell and his ministries. Twenty-five years ago to the day, the young Falwell had greeted a small group of thirty-five parishioners at his first church, temporarily quartered in an old Donald Duck Cola bottling plant. Several of those same parishioners were among the congregation a quarter of a century later, sitting now in the arid splendor of a vast sound stage-cum-sanctuary, the services carried by television to many other interested observers—but not, as we shall see, to quite as many of them as Falwell prefers to believe.

Their pastor, now forty-seven, had gone on to achieve great things: standing before them was the most successful American evangelist in history—a man who raised over $50 million a year and com-

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALLY MCNAMEE

manded a small empire. He had built his own Christian college, Liberty Baptist College, which dreams of one day attracting 50,000 students. Also attached to the ministry was a Christian day school, a seminary, a mission society, and a home for alcoholics. Elsewhere, he had founded and led Moral Majority, a sociopolitical crusade that had made him a national figure. The ministry had come a long way since the day when that first small band of followers gathered in a room still sticky with old soda syrup.

Still, the more perceptive among the congregants might have noticed that for all the impressive changes, one thing remained the same: Jerry Falwell still preached almost interminably about money. The ministry's appetite for cash is a persistent and pervasive one; it seems that the wolf is always at the door, and the emergency is always dire. He holds what amounts to a going-out-of-business sale once or twice a year. It seems that another million dollars is always needed immediately, or Falwell's great work will be halted and his voice forever stilled. Indeed, there are times when he appears to talk about money almost as much as he talks about God.

It is this obsessive quest for money that has raised a series of questions about the financial operations of the Falwell ministry. These questions center not only on the size of the ministry's income and its eventual destination but also on the men with whom Falwell has chosen to surround himself.

For those unfamiliar with the financial emphasis of a typical Falwell sermon, a look at the glittering twenty-fifth-anniversary service offers some insight.

Falwell, after briefly outlining the now-familiar history of his ministry, told his audience that the night before he had been the subject of a surprise banquet in his honor. That led him to announce that a "silver anniversary album" was to be made available to his listeners, a "Jesus First gold-stamped" album containing pictures and two LP records with twenty-six Christian songs. In addition, he announced, there was now available a sixty-four-page book of "color pictures" of ministry history. For "these two-in-one packages," Falwell said, congregants were urged to "enclose as generous a gift as you can; please enclose twenty-five dollars or more."

The money, Falwell said, would be used to help finish dormitory buildings for Liberty Baptist College, and time was of the essence, since students would be arriving for classes in less than two months. (That the fund-raising drive was less than successful is suggested by the fact that two weeks later the ministry borrowed $3 million at 22 percent interest from a Louisiana bank to complete the structures.)

From there, Falwell moved on to a discussion about the previous evening's banquet, during which, he announced, he had been presented with a check for $652,190 to build a "cafetorium" at the college. He introduced his wife, who, he said, had been given a fur coat, and then added that he himself had received a new four-wheel-drive truck. "I'm a truck man," he said. "Can you imagine her in the fur coat in my truck?"

To those in the know, it was a touching allusion to the day long ago when Falwell, one of the local young hell-raisers of the community, stopped by the Park Avenue Baptist Church to look at some girls and found God and a wife instead. It is possible, though, that all this talk of money moved Falwell to allude later in his sermon to the growing chorus of outsiders who wonder just what he does with all those millions. Reminding his followers that his $160,000 home was also a gift, Falwell went on to tell them that "we're under attack all the time. . . . We've been accused of running everything but the Mafia out of here. Don't worry about what the press writes."

But the questions about the ministry's finances cannot be dismissed so easily. As

Jon Golden

Sharyn Paris and her book: "I will not be run out of town."

The Reverend Jerry Falwell, a native and lifelong resident of Lynchburg, Va., is a prophet not without honor in his hometown. Adulatory articles and even an occasional defensive editorial on himself, his ministries, and his family are the rule rather than the exception in the *News* and the *Advance*, the city's morning and evening newspapers. Of two local reporters who published stories suggesting that all might not be well at Falwell's "Old Time Gospel Hour," one is no longer with the paper and the other is covering a less controversial beat. With his television and radio shows (and a brand-new transmitter of his own), Falwell dominates the Sunday morning airwaves. His Thomas Road Baptist Church boasts 18,000 members, or one out of every four people in town, and as one of the city's largest employers, he is an economic force to be reckoned with. Although Lynchburg's rumor mill thrives on tales of possible wrongdoing in the Falwell ministries, outspoken local criticism has been understandably muted but is not entirely absent, as recent events disclose. Those same recent events also demonstrate that while Falwell might be more than a little thin-skinned about adverse commentary, his followers may not be above taking matters into their own hands.

In April of this year, there appeared *Jerry Falwell: An Unauthorized Profile*, by two professors of religion at Lynchburg College, Dr. William R. Goodman and Dr. James J. H. Price. It is a low-keyed bit of work, devoting itself largely to the many astonishing and bewildering contradictory things Reverend Falwell has said in the course of his career. Trouble began even before the book was set in type. A local printer accepted the job and suddenly backed out, saying that he would be ruined; Falwell announced the printer's decision on the radio. Despite the fact that no one but the authors, the publisher, and reliable members of the publisher's staff had seen the manuscript, Falwell also announced that the book would be filled with distortions, and he mentioned the authors and the publisher by name. Apparently this was enough for his followers. No sooner was the book bound and distributed than the late-night telephone calls began—most of them, interestingly, to the publisher, a local female advertising executive, named Sharyn Paris. Some of them threatened her with the judgment of God, she says, and some of them threatened her life. Her car, she adds, was followed at night; once she was nearly run off the road. The door of her office was egged. Falwell, one of the most powerful economic forces in town, had predicted that she and the authors would go broke if they published. All at once her prosperous agency found itself presented with a serious decline in income, and many of its clients said that they could no longer do business. But she continues to hang on. "I will not be run out of town," she says. "I will not sacrifice my ethics and morals in an attempt to escape whatever scary things Falwell or his followers might have in store for me." The book is still in print.

(*Jerry Falwell: An Unauthorized Profile* can be obtained by sending $6.95 plus $1.50 for postage and handling to Paris & Associates, Inc., P.O. Box 3321, Lynchburg, Va. 24503.)

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this article will reveal, some of those questions are troubling and persistent, including the extent to which Falwell is aware of the activities of certain of his associates.

It can be said that the man who aspires to be the moral arbiter of America runs what would appear to be a rather untidy operation. A measure of insight into it can be gained by examining the ministry's activities.

Aside from the money raised on the "Old Time Gospel Hour" (392 television stations and 500 radio outlets at last count), Falwell puts out voluminous mailings. Appeals are drafted with the assistance of Virginia religious fund-raiser Jerry Huntsinger, to whom Falwell paid $562,485 in 1980. Mailings to some 2,250,000 families and at least 60,000 pastors are dispatched by Epsilon, a Boston firm that was paid $6,628,219 by the Falwell ministry for this service in 1978.

By its own reckoning, the ministry brings in an average of $4.5 million a month, or $54 million a year. (For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1980, audited ministry revenues were $50,942,719, with $47,178,907 in expenses.) Between July 1, 1976, and June 30, 1980, on a rising curve, the ministry grossed in excess of $152 million; in 1979 the direct-mail operation alone brought in a reported $35.5 million. These funds enriched not only the ministry but also the Thomas Nelson Publishing Company, which provided many of the Bibles sent out to donors. Until recently, the president of Thomas Nelson sat on the board of the "Gospel Hour."

Let's have a closer look at some of the figures. Of the $50 million received in 1980, fully $23 million went for fund raising if the $11.4 million spent on radio and television is added in—as it must be, since the world would never have heard of Jerry Falwell without the miracle of electronic media, and he makes many of his appeals there. This $23 million does not include an additional $12 million in payroll costs, presumably including the salaries of the several shifts of women who record the receipts in the mail room of the "Gospel Hour" headquarters in Lynchburg.

In other words, close to $35 million, or 70 percent, of the $50 million taken in by the "Gospel Hour" went for fund-raising-related expenditures. By way of comparison, when Richard Viguerie, the New Right's direct-mail whiz, was mining a very similar audience for contributions to the reelection campaign of Sen. Jesse Helms, of North Carolina, he pulled in $7 million and spent $4 million on expenses, or roughly 66 percent—and in the direct-mail business Viguerie's expenses are considered unusually high. True, Viguerie wasn't funding a big television push, and that no doubt accounts for some of the cost differences, but let's go a little further.

Estimates of the size of Falwell's audience have ranged as high as 25 million people. A ministry publication once set the figure at 15 million. It is interesting, then, that a recent Arbitron survey says that in February 1981 the true figure was 433,402 households, or a scant six-tenths of 1 percent of the viewing audience. According to the research of Prof. Jeffrey K. Hadden, of the University of Virginia, Falwell's television public consists predominantly of women over fifty, not well educated, who live in the South. Putting these ladies together with the recipients of the direct mailings, one can see that in order to raise $50 million, Falwell's audience is going to have to kick in with around twelve dollars per household per year—not, it would seem, an unrealistic sum, especially when you consider the size of an average monthly electric bill. The twelve-dollar figure, however, assumes that Falwell's list and his viewers are what direct-mail experts call "hard-core"; that is, the vast majority of them are both ideologically compatible and willing to part with some hard-earned cash.

But all of Falwell's television viewers and radio audience are by no means that solid; a good many of them are San Franciscans and Bostonians and New Yorkers and other secular humanists, who monitor him for a variety of reasons having nothing to do with an inclination to contribute. That throws the burden squarely back on the shoulders of a somewhat smaller—no one knows how much smaller—body of aging, undereducated women in the poorest part of the country and, of course, the households on the mailing list. Such a mailing list is arrived at by blanketing an audience and hoping for, at best, a 2 percent return. This 2 percent is then assiduously mined for further contributions, which further refines the list, giving the mailer a reasonably solid corpus of reliable contributors. From the number of mailings that are floating around in the hands of secular humanists, it would seem that Falwell's list is by

MORAL MAJORITY: "DANGEROUS, MALICIOUS NONSENSE."

From the address to the incoming freshmen by A. Bartlett Giamatti, president of Yale University, on August 31, 1981:

"A self-proclaimed 'Moral Majority,' and its satellite or client groups, cunning in the use of a native blend of old intimidation and new technology, . . . angry at change, rigid in the application of chauvinistic slogans, absolutistic in morality, . . . threaten through political pressure or public denunciation whoever dares to disagree with their authoritarian positions. Using television, direct mail, and economic boycott, they would sweep before them anyone who holds a different opinion.

"From the maw of this 'morality' come those who presume to know what justice for all is; come those who presume to know which books are fit to read, which television programs are fit to watch, which textbooks will serve for all the young; come spilling those who presume to know what God alone knows, which is when human life begins. From the maw of this 'morality' rise the tax-exempt Savonarolas who believe they, and they alone, possess the truth. There is no debate, no discussion, no dissent. They know. There is only one set of overarching political and spiritual and social beliefs; whatever view does not conform to these views, is by definition relativistic, negative, secular, immoral, against the family, anti-free enterprise, un-American. What nonsense.

"What dangerous, malicious nonsense. What a shame more of our captains of commerce have not seized the opportunity to speak up *for* free enterprise. What a shame such denials of our country's deepest traditions of freedom of thought, speech, creed, and choice are not faced candidly in open debate by our political and religious leaders. . . .

"I do not fear that these peddlers of coercion will eventually triumph. The American people are too decent, too generous, too practical about their principles to put up with the absolutism of these 'majorities' for very long. Nor do I think that when these groups have finally gone back into their burrows of frustration and anger, to lie seething until the next time, that the values they now pervert will be done lasting harm. . . . Quite the contrary. They are the kernels of beliefs held dear, in various ways, by me and millions of other Americans and you should not scorn these ideas simply because some extremists claim, whether sincerely or hypocritically, to have captured these beliefs for themselves. The point is, the rest of us hold the ideas of family, country, belief in God, *in different ways*. The right to differ, and to see things differently, is our concern.

"What disgusts me so much about the 'morality' seeping out of the ground around our feet is that it would deny the legitimacy of differentness. We should all be dismayed with the shredding of the spiritual fabric of our society, with the urging to selfishness and discrimination all around us. We should be concerned that so much of our political and religious leadership acts intimidated for the moment and will not say with clarity that this most recent denial of the legitimacy of differentness is a radical assault on the very pluralism—of peoples, political beliefs, values, forms of merit, and systems of religion—our country was founded to welcome and foster."

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*Based on R.L. Polk Co. registrations through July 1, 1980.

**Use these figures for comparison. Your results may differ due to driving speed, weather conditions and trip length. California figures lower.

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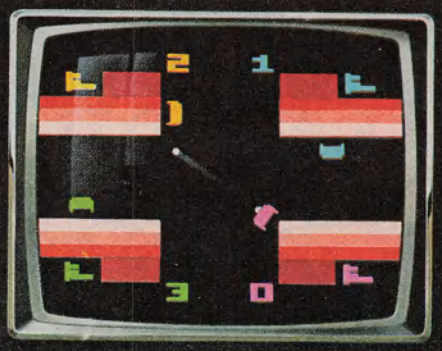

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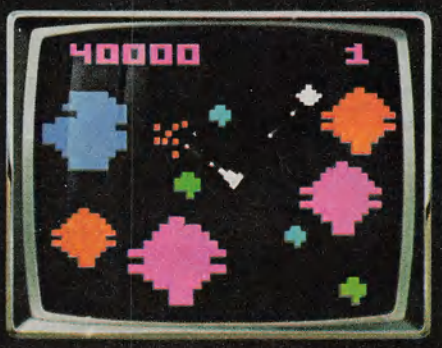

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no means as exclusive as he might prefer, although—again—precision is impossible on the basis of the available data.

What, then, do we have? Instead of 25 million television viewers, we have 433,402 households—households which, by their very nature, incline toward women of a certain age and which also represent an undoubted but indeterminable amount of chaff. On the mailing list we have another 2.25 million households and around 60,000 preachers, a sizable but unknown number of them individuals who are not disposed to contribute to Falwell's cause. We also have the audience of those 500 radio stations, which, given the nature of contemporary radio use, is probably the same size as, or smaller than, the television congregation and which also contains chaff. Under the circumstances, an average contribution of twenty dollars a year (or more) doesn't seem out of the question. Considering the nature of Falwell's audience and the overlapping appeals of rival evangelists, who also harvest in this particular field, it does seem rather high.

The existence of a few large donors could, of course, explain much of it, but then how are we to justify the existence of several shifts of women counting the money in what is called the "mail room" at "Gospel Hour" headquarters? According to a former ministry employee, many of the contributions are in cash, and access to the room in which the money is stored is severely restricted. Many questions could probably be cleared up if the "Gospel Hour" were compelled to file a yearly audit with a state board of charities or with some entity similar to ones that exist in other states, but in the commonwealth of Virginia a simple card, filed once a year, suffices to renew an organization's tax-exempt, not-for-profit status, which may be why so many fund raisers have chosen the commonwealth as their headquarters.

The key figure in terms of the ministry's finances is DeWitt H. Braud, Jr., the ministry's chief executive officer. Braud keeps a very low profile in the Falwell organization, considering his powerful position.

Braud, fifty-eight, is the former pastor of the Jones Creek Baptist Church, also in Baton Rouge. After leaving the ministry, he apparently amassed something of a fortune in Louisiana real estate.

Prior to Braud's coming aboard the "Old Time Gospel Hour" payroll in mid-1979, a number of interesting people made their first appearance in Lynchburg. In 1977 the oversight committee appointed by the court to monitor the church's affairs in the aftermath of the Securities and Exchange Commission's 1973 investigation of a Falwell ministry bond issue was preparing to disband itself, leaving the church once again free from outside supervision. F. William Menge, a confidence man who had been linked by police to certain Florida drug smugglers, arrived in 1977 and was soon a member of the ministry's board. Claude Locklan Downs, who had been suspended from selling securities by the SEC in 1975, briefly became the chief executive officer of the "Old Time Gospel Hour" in 1977, departing after a dispute involving a loan to the ministry.

DeWitt Braud first appeared in ministry operations in 1977, when, according to the minutes of the oversight committee, he agreed to lend a hand with financing one of the ministry-owned airplanes of which Falwell is so fond. According to Max Morris, who was on the "Gospel Hour" board at the time, Braud gave the ministry $50,000 and shortly thereafter became Falwell's assistant. Why a Louisiana real-estate man would wish to interest himself deeply in the affairs of a religious fund-raising operation in Virginia has never been explained. According to Morris, Braud had a "tremendous dislike" for the late F. William Menge—nothing unusual there; toward the end, when Menge's estimated $9 million in scams began to see the light of day, he wasn't exactly the most popular man in Virginia.

> There are times when Jerry Falwell appears to talk about money almost as much as he talks about God.

Before Braud became chief executive officer, there had already been several interesting developments in the recent affairs of the ministry. One of Falwell's parishioners, Bill Burruss, and one of his lawyers, Tom Phillips, had made a small but tidy sum of money for themselves by selling a large tract of land on Liberty Mountain to Falwell's college. There had also been the small matter of a $245,000 "donation" made to the ministry by Maban Associates when it sold a new headquarters and shopping center to the "Gospel Hour." Falwell, perhaps seeking a rich new vein of funds to support the growing burden of debt as the ministry expanded, became stridently political, and in 1979 he teamed up with New Right strategist Paul Weyrich to found Moral Majority. (The name was Weyrich's idea.)

Falwell, because he is not a faith healer, has a cash flow problem. As long as a faith healer keeps curing all those nagging backaches, he, like a doctor, possesses a license to coin money, but Falwell and others in the evangelical business run the risk of exhausting the market with their appeals unless they vary their pitch. Selling an impending Apocalypse in the form of the Second Coming is always good for a while, provided that it isn't overworked, but if the threat is dwelt on for too long, it presently begins to dawn on some of the audience that the Messiah has been on the verge of returning since Grandpa's day, has not returned yet, and shows no sign of doing so.

Jerry Falwell's credentials as a charter member of the New Radical Right are perfectly in order, and there is little doubt that he means just what he says when he lambastes the secular humanists for their sins. But there is also little doubt that it has been a lucrative undertaking. The events immediately subsequent to Braud's arrival as chief executive officer suggest the entry of a new force.

Following Braud's arrival Falwell's chief legal adviser, a shrewd corporation lawyer named Bill McRorie, found himself out of the picture, as did Buzzy Coleman, Falwell's longtime contractor, who subsequently filed liens for $224,000 worth of unpaid work. Meanwhile, the Falwell college and seminary, the institutions' properties, had been transferred to the "Gospel Hour." Braud used this concentration of property as collateral to float some bonds. Braud also took action on the ministry's insurance coverage.

Shortly after he came aboard, Braud removed the employees of the "Gospel Hour," the college and the schools, and the church from Blue Cross and Blue Shield and bought them health coverage with something called Minister's Benefit Trust. He did so over a weekend, without informing the personnel department or George Rogers, the ministry's chief financial officer. The headquarters of Ministers Benefit Trust are in Hurst, Tex., which also happens to be the location of the trust's administrator, the Browning Corporation International, headed by Bob E. Browning.

"I looked into it as thoroughly as I look into any other company," Braud was later quoted as saying. Apparently he didn't look hard enough: Minister's Benefit Trust had been barred from doing business in the state of Florida after October 2, 1978. He was also apparently unaware that it wasn't in the habit of paying its claims. These gaps in Braud's knowledge are unusual because, according to a Texas official, Browning dealt with the ministry through Braud.

Set up in 1978 by Browning and the Baptist Bible Fellowship (the subdenomination to which Falwell belongs) to provide coverage after the collapse of a previous program, MBT was designed to protect the ministers of the BBF, a number of ministers of the United Methodist Church, eventually the Falwell group, and all of their employees. It was set up as an ERISA plan (that is, operating under the federal Employee Retirement Income Security Act of 1974), although it did not, in fact, qualify as such. Claiming to be an ERISA gave MBT certain short-term advantages, however. As Jorge Guiterrez, an attorney for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 182

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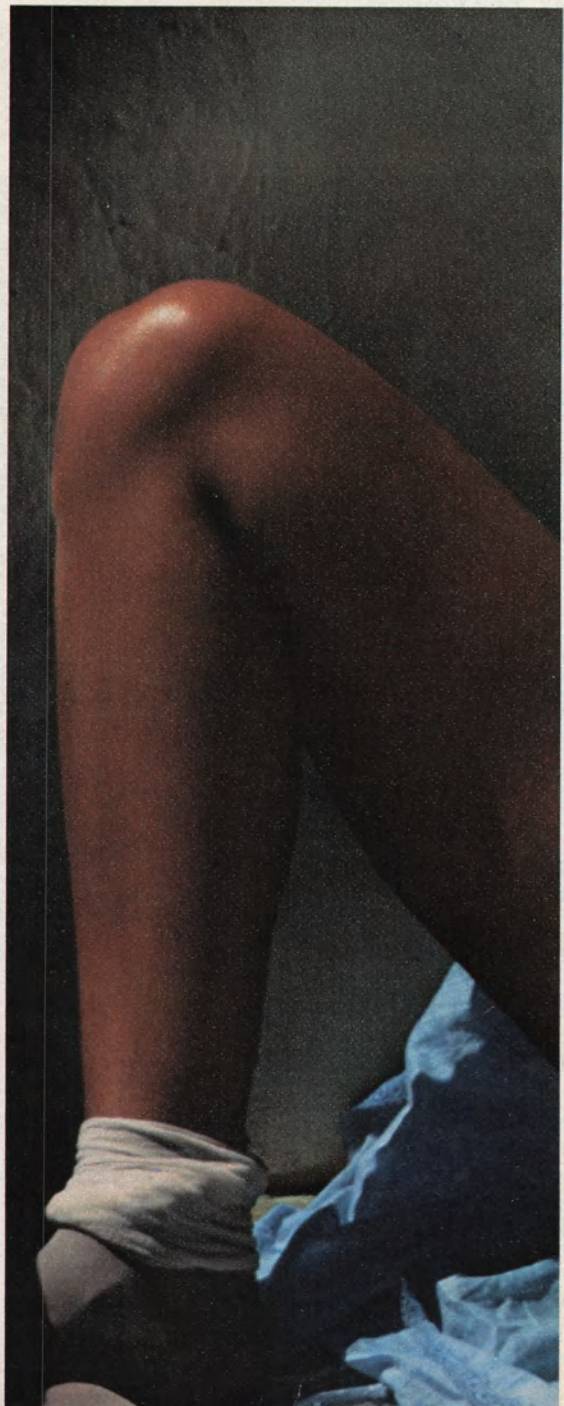
Gabrielle admits that most men would follow her anywhere—she can flirt up a storm even on a still, sunny day...

EASY DOES IT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC NEVEU

Despite her Gallic heritage, she's hardly French provincial. Gabrielle Sagan always does exactly what she wants, no matter how much her unconventional ways contradict her "sweet but *so* bourgeois" upbringing. She was taught the virtue of hard work but prefers easy living; as for those lectures she's had on prudence and thrift—well, those are lessons she'd just as soon forget. She chooses to be an impulse buyer—and an impulse lover.

When shopping for a pair of shoes or a pretty dress, one finds something nice, then takes it home to try it on, right? (Right!) Well, she reasons, the same goes for men: first impressions are important! "A girl has to trust her instincts!" She admits that most men would follow her 36-23-36-inch form just about anywhere, because–like all French originals–she can flirt up a storm even on a still, sunny day...



Gabrielle takes frequent vacations from her job waitressing at a small Paris bistro. She seeks unknown, out-of-the-way villages instead of crowded, trendy beaches where, she jokes, everyone bares their breasts but never their souls. In St. Tropez, she complains, they're so obsessed with success–she prefers the less strenuous vocation of sunbathing. Only twenty-four, she already dreams of an early retirement.

There's always marriage to a rich man, she sighs, but that option would be so...limiting. Sometimes a starving painter provides more excitement. Like the one who asked her to pose for him so that he could sell the results to the landlord in lieu of his rent. It gave her a warm feeling inside to be so helpful, she sweetly smiles. Gabrielle–a perfect angel!

Certain weekends in high summer, the Upper East Side of Manhattan takes on an oddly subtropical aspect. Sensible natives of New York's richest neighborhood have left for the shores. The tourist tribes, and their predators, are across on Madison Avenue and Fifth. Farther east, a languor prevails. The air is thick. Old newspapers flap underfoot like rank vegetation, and the macadam moves like flesh or jellied mud. It is a quiet not of peace, but of exhaustion, and sullen watchfulness.

It was to just such a Sunday in early August that Melanie Cain awoke. It was almost nine. She had slept wretchedly again and felt tired, muzzy. Beside her, Jack Tupper was still asleep. Melanie got up. She went downstairs to the kitchen and began to boil water for a cup of tea.

She still felt uneasy, even though the worst was over. This had been the last night Melanie was to spend in the duplex at 155 East Eighty-fourth Street. Before the morning was over, she would have signed a lease on a new apartment, a good thirty blocks from the ramshackle townhouse that was the center of Buddy Jacobson's world. And once, of hers.

Sometime later, Jack and Melanie would be getting out of New York. Going for a week or so to California. Outside, the low sky was heavy with warm rain. Melanie finished her tea and went upstairs for a shower.

The water was cold. She waited, but it got no warmer.

Of *course* the water was cold.

It was one more of Buddy's tricks, those irritating little games that he had been playing since she had at last left him seventeen days before. Like the way that she and Jack had been followed. Like the dire cancer to which Buddy had claimed he was succumbing as recently as last Thursday. Like the hollow hammering sounds that she and Jack had heard on Friday night, apparently coming from the roof. Like those oblongs of masking tape upon which he scrawled *I Love You* with a felt-tip pen, and which she had found sticking to her woolens and underwear. And, mostly, like the telephone calls—incessant, urgent, husky-throated, meandering. Buddy had called Jack and some of Jack's friends, offering $100,000 for Melanie's return. He called her his "wife," which puzzled both Melanie and Jack at the time, though it made a terrible sense to Melanie later.

Buddy's game. Melanie was irate. She marched out of 7C, where she had been staying with Jack, and banged on the door of 7D. Buddy's door, her former door.

Buddy appeared. He was always quick. "Hi, babe!" he said.

"Buddy, there's no hot water. Why isn't there?"

Melanie was snappish. And later, when it seemed that every moment of that long day could be examined, as though the specks of time were embedded in some crystalline medium, she was to say that his behavior had seemed unusual. His eyes were bloodshot, as though he hadn't slept. He was shaky, hyper. He made some sort of to-do about checking his own water, which was hot, and walking into 7B, which was empty this weekend and where the water was also hot. "Wait half an hour," Buddy advised Melanie. "Knock on my door and let me know."

Melanie waited. Jack slept on. She tried the tap. It was still cold. So she got dressed. She didn't put on any make-up, making up being something she had to do when modeling, and she pulled her long, dark-blond hair back into a ponytail. Then she picked up a sloppy old raincoat and knocked on Buddy's door. It was about a quarter to ten.

"Don't worry! It'll come on," Buddy told her. Eyeing her coat, he added, "Where are you going?"

"I've found an apartment," Melanie said. She felt willful but wary.

"Well, that's *good*. I guess that means you and Jack will be living together?"

"It's none of your business."

Buddy persisted. His manner, Melanie says, was at once intent and casual. "Where are you going?" he asked.

From the forthcoming book *Bad Dreams*, to be published by Macmillan. Copyright © 1981 by Anthony Haden-Guest.

The cover girl. The financial hustler. The drug smuggler. The true story of crossed paths that led to a nightmare of sexual obsession and brutal murder.

Mad Love

BY ANTHONY HADEN-GUEST

ILLUSTRATION BY BRALDT BRALDS

"I'm going down to sign a lease. But I'm not telling you where. I'm not telling you *anything*." Then she marched back to her apartment.

Buddy's game had trespassed beyond the irritating, had become alarming. So much so, in fact, that when Melanie found he knew the whereabouts of the apartment that she had planned to move into the previous week—"Mr. Jacobson called for you," the landlord's secretary had innocently told her—she had become so nervous that she had abandoned the place.

It was absurd, of course. Buddy Jacobson was in his late forties. He was five foot eight and scrawny. Jack Tupper was much younger, six foot one, and 190 pounds. He worked out zealously and jogged. Their affair, indeed, had germinated while jogging, truly a modern American romance. Melanie's mood was dark all the same. Jack had laughed off Buddy's antics. Others did not. Two weeks ago Melanie and Jack had been staying with Dorothy, Jack's sister, and her husband, Tom Myers, an FBI agent, in Puerto Rico. Dorothy had become so anxious at what she had heard that she had been telephoning from San Juan ever since.

The night before, Jack and Melanie had gone for a nightcap to R. W. Bonds, a place on Third Avenue. Dick Leslie, the owner, an old friend of Jack's, had gotten a bad feeling from what he heard and said so.

"Buddy's not tough," Jack said.

Dick had extended two fingers, a stiff, pointing gesture.

"He's tough as a gun," he had said bleakly and offered Melanie the use of a room in his own house. It was small, but it would be for only a few days. Jack and Melanie had turned Dick's offer down. It seemed to be taking Buddy Jacobson too seriously, they felt.

Melanie was collecting her bankbooks and paraphernalia when there was a knock on her door. It was Buddy.

"Melanie," Buddy said. "Something's happened. Cheryl Corey got killed. She's dead."

It was too much. Melanie suddenly remembered Buddy's saying that he had only a month left to live—that "cancer." She had to laugh. "Oh, go on, Buddy," she said and slammed the door in his face.

Melanie didn't know Cheryl Corey well. Cheryl, a twenty-year-old with curly hair, came from Cherry Hill, N.J., and had joined the model agency My Fair Lady only a few weeks earlier. The agency, named for Melanie's favorite musical, was on the ground floor of Buddy's building, and Buddy and Melanie were co-owners. Or so Melanie thought.

But there was so much Melanie had thought. Until just a few days ago, for instance, she had thought that David and Douglas Jacobson were Buddy's brothers. That was what they had said, and what he had said. Now she knew for certain that they were, in fact, his sons.

She had been aware that Jacobson had, formerly, been a power on the racetrack. But again it was only recently that, by looking up clippings at the New York Public Library, she had learned that he had been for five years the nation's principal horse trainer. It was Buddy Jacobson who had led the strike that had attempted to break the power of the New York Racing Association, which is to say the Jockey Club, but this was a period of which he spoke only seldom and reluctantly.

Melanie knew more about the property empire that Buddy had been laboring to create since leaving the racetrack, and she knew something of the great and glistening schemes that worked their way through his fertile mind, and she knew about the pressures under which he was laboring. Right now, for instance, she was aware that the disgruntled owner of one particular horse farm, who was trying to get Buddy to disgorge a quarter of a million dollars, was only one of several insistent creditors.

> Buddy had called Jack and some of Jack's friends, offering $100,000 for Melanie's return. He called her his "wife," which puzzled both Melanie and Jack at the time.

There was other information in those newspaper files. Buddy Jacobson, who had long said he was in his twenties, now admitted to being in his thirties. And he had numerous IDs—driver's licenses and such—to bear him out. The *New York Times* showed him up to be what he was: a man of forty-eight. It was a final touch, almost pitiful, when she realized that Buddy's disordered black hair and his untrimmed mustache owed their hue to the bottle of Grecian Formula he kept behind the sink.

"It's for the models," he had told her. The models. There was much that Melanie had chosen to ignore. When she and Buddy had launched My Fair Lady in 1974, she had been a rising star in the Ford agency, to be sure, appearing on the covers of such dissimilar magazines as *Seventeen, Redbook,* and *Cosmopolitan.* But at that time she was a young girl, still eighteen, a junior model. She had lived in the city just seven months, and when she spoke of home, she meant Naperville, Ill.

Four years of rumor and gossip had altered this. She had recently found it less and less possible to ignore the fact that Buddy maintained My Fair Lady in part as a handy source of sexual conquest, his little black book come to life, and that he kept it replenished with fresh young things from places less knowing than Manhattan.

Jacobson, a nondescript man in nondescript clothes, was compelling. It's no accident that the single name most often used to convey the effect of his dark, intent eyes, his insinuating talk, is that of Charles Manson. And if Melanie had spent the best part of five years in the grip of this modern Machiavelli, well, he had also enthralled innumerable other nubile young hopefuls. To say nothing of a bunch of seasoned horsemen, prosaic businessmen, doting parents, and some of the most adamant cynics in journalism. This was the man Melanie now saw with a cold eye.

Too cold an eye, really. It caused its own sort of blindness, and later Melanie was to blame herself for this. There was another side of Buddy. Alongside his contemptuous sense that he was smarter than anybody in the whole world—indeed, an absolute part of this sense—was a tremendous capacity for fantasy.

Buddy told his few confidants that he could con the world, adding that the first person you needed to con was yourself. "Buddy always said that if you lie and want people to believe it, you have to believe it first," says Melanie.

The horrid irony of Melanie's newfound cynicism was that she was again blinkered, but in a different way: she positively refused to believe that she played a part in Buddy's fantasy, Buddy's World. This last two weeks of his freakish behavior had inspired her sometimes with pity, more often with irritation or fatigue, and very occasionally with twinges of alarm, but she had entirely failed to comprehend what a heady brew might now be cooking up in the heart and head of Buddy Jacobson.

Even so, Melanie had been startled by Buddy's shouting as she slammed the door. Overt anger. It was so unlike him. Could something *really* have happened to Cheryl? Melanie recrossed the hall, looking idly around. She still saw nobody, hadn't seen anybody for days. Buddy came to the door of his apartment at once, but he was sour and cold.

"Forget it," he said. "I don't want to talk about it."

"Come on," Melanie said. She was placating. "Is it true or isn't it?" She was standing a few feet inside the apartment. Buddy said that Cheryl's roommates, two models on the fourth floor, had just called him. The police had told them that Cheryl Corey had died in a fall from a terrace. She had been with a man. "We didn't know whether it was she was on drugs, or whether it was suicide, or whether it was murder," Melanie said later. "We didn't know *anything*."

One thing Buddy did know was that he had no intention of talking to the girl's parents. "I'm not going to call them. You do it. You're better with parents," he said.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 173

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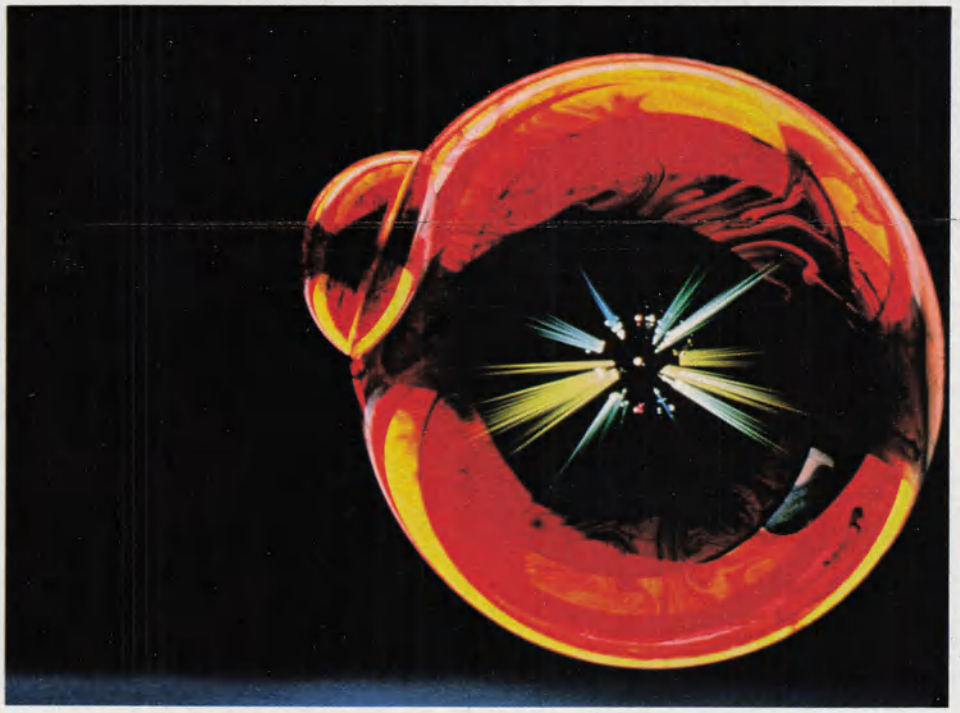

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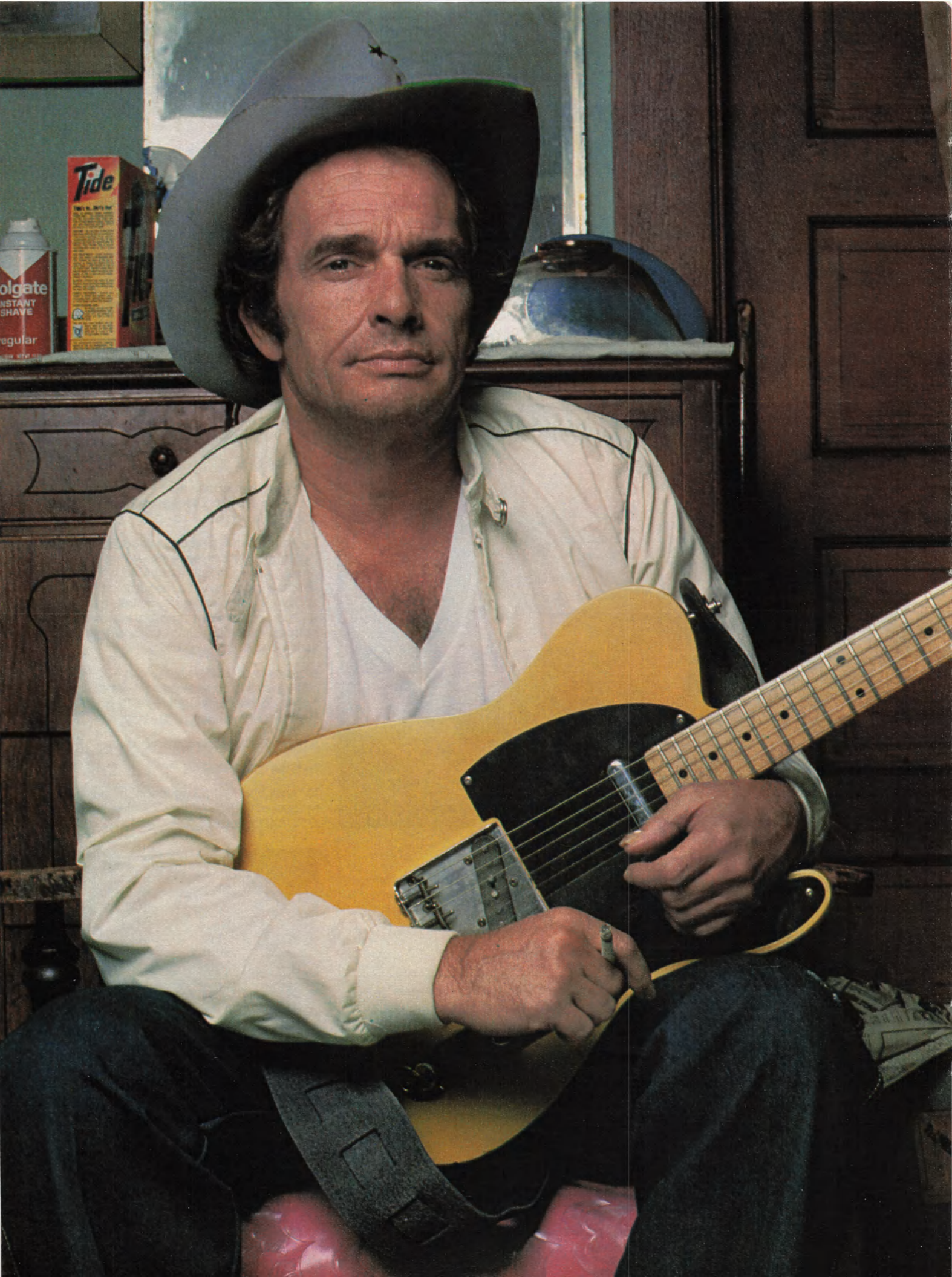
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The most popular entertainer in country music reveals his time behind bars: his broken marriage, his near escape, and the seven days in solitary that tore his life apart.

SING ME BACK HOME

BY MERLE HAGGARD
WITH PEGGY RUSSELL

Crime had finally won. Hands down, or was it hands up? I had to face the fact that I had no control over the direction I was taking.

All my friends were crooks. My family had all but given up on me because they considered me a criminal. And I was. There were no more excuses I could offer, no claims of innocence or putting the blame on somebody else. Worse yet, I didn't really want to change.

My criminal way of life was taking over. That became very clear when I teamed up with two men who were "professionals" in their field. One was an older man in his late fifties, and his specialty was cracking safes. The younger guy was in his late twenties, a burglar, plain and simple.

Just like big business, they used a local person to help coordinate their efforts. I pointed out the places of interest, and they took care of business. It was from them that I learned that crime not only paid but paid damn well. In the past my crimes had been just another kick. From Burglar and Safeman I learned it was a business.

We'd go in, look over a grocery store, which was their specialty, find out where the office was located, and what kind of safe they had. When the store was closed, Burglar and I would come back, put up a ladder, climb on the roof, where we'd cut a hole over the office for Safeman. That was called "topping the joint." Then we'd go back to their place while he went in and emptied the safe. I worked as an apprentice, you might say, and did very well for a little while. After a couple of weeks they moved on to a new place. I didn't feel much of a need

From the book *Sing Me Back Home*, published by Times Books.
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PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN SEEFF

to practice my new profession—except once. As it turned out, once was more than enough.

Micky Gorham had always been living on the edge, just like me. He was a hard-luck guy, and even when he tried to do right, it went wrong. There was even a look on his face that spelled out loser. At that time I probably had it, too.

Me and Micky had a lot to complain about that December in 1957. Everything was coming down ugly. Although we'd never been real close friends, I'd run into him one evening and he'd come by the house for a while. I remember that evening so well. There were four of us sitting around the table at my house—me, Micky, Leona, and a cheap bottle of wine. Mine and Leona's relationship wasn't any better, and it was hard to see how it could be any worse, but there were times when we could carry on a civil conversation.

"This country is in terrible shape, Micky," I said, looking at my glass.

"I know it," he agreed, "and I don't see no chance of it gettin' any better, do you?"

"Sure as hell don't."

We talked about things that were going on in the world, like the school mess down in Little Rock and old Khrushchev saying we had his damn Sputnik.

"Ain't no jobs to be had, Merle," he said then after a few more drinks. "A workin' man just can't make it no more, and that's the God's truth."

"I know it . . . I know it," I said. "An honest man might's well quit tryin'."

"I know where there's a bunch of money," I said. "It wouldn't be no trouble to get it."

Leona, as I recall, got up to see about Dana or something and even though she heard us didn't take us seriously. When we started to leave, she wasn't even sure where we were going. She just bundled up the baby and came along with us, probably as much to get out of the house as anything. Nobody looked at the clock, but we figured it to be around three in the morning.

We drove around in back of a little restaurant out on old Highway 99. By that time Leona was getting worried.

"Merle, I don't think you ought to . . . ," she began. I lifted my finger to my mouth. "Hush, woman," I said. For some reason she obeyed. I dragged my crowbar out of the trunk and staggered around to the back door. Micky was right behind me. After ripping off the screen, I began prying on the lock. The door came open.

"What are you boys doing?" I heard this voice from inside. It was one of the guys who owned the place, and he knew me real well.

"Why don't you boys come around to the front door like everybody else?"

I looked at Micky, and he looked sick. What we hadn't realized was that it wasn't 3:00 A.M. at all. Hell, it was barely ten, and the place was still open, with several customers inside. Drunk as I was, I figured right away we'd made a *slight* miscalculation. If we'd had any sense at all, we would have just laughed and walked around to the front like it was some big joke.

Like fools, we ran.

Once inside the car, I could tell Leona was scared, and to tell the truth, I was, too. As we pulled out into the street, I remembered that I still had a set of burglary tools and a check protector from one of the supermarket jobs.

And just when we didn't need them—there were the cops. They got Micky out of the car first, and both the doors were open as we sat there on the street. The headlights from the police car shining against our car made a big shadow down the street. I knew if I was gonna run, it had to be quick. With the tools and the check protector, it would not be easy to talk myself out of this deal. They had us cold.

"I'm gonna run, Leona," I said, slipping off my boots and leaning down below the door of the car. "They won't do nothin' to you. They won't put no pregnant woman and a baby in jail, but if I get caught this time, it's hard time for sure. I gotta run."

> I knew she wouldn't stay home. Still, I was both surprised and hurt when she got herself pregnant. I didn't want living proof of my wife's unfaithfulness.

Leona wasn't afraid of too many things, but I could see the fear on her face as she held on tight to Dana. I wanted to think she was concerned for me. I was touched. I wanted to tell her, but there wasn't time. Besides, it was hardly the time or place for setting anything right. I pulled the blanket back, took a quick look at Dana, then at Leona. She motioned for me to go, and I hit the pavement, running.

Over the hill and down to the railroad track. Where was a goddamned train?

It didn't take them long to pick me up. They knew me well at the Bakersfield police station. Jail, this time, took on a different complexion. This time I figured I'd be sent to Chino or Tehachapi. At least, thank God, I wouldn't have to go to Quentin or Folsom.

The man who'd been my probation officer from the Youth Authority came to see me. He said he wanted to tell me how sorry he was about my trouble and offered to help in any way he could—which he said was probably very little. He was a good man, a big, red-headed guy who really cared about what happened to the boys he worked with. As I stood there in front of him, I couldn't help thinking how I'd disappointed another nice person. I wanted to tell him how much I appreciated him coming by, but the words just choked me. All I could do was watch him walk through the door and into the main hall that led to the street. The street—outside—freedom.

I stood in front of the sergeant's desk for a few minutes, waiting for him to say something. I looked back toward the door, and it was still open. I could see the cars going by. Freedom was just a few steps away, but I couldn't move.

I was beginning to wonder if Sergeant Matlock knew I was standing there. He hadn't even said anything to me, and I'd spent so much time around the jail we knew each other pretty well. He was a good, honest cop and always seemed upset to see me back in trouble. In a little while then he got up from his desk, walked around behind me, and kinda directed me toward the door that led to the hall. I thought we were going to talk to one of the other detectives, but that wasn't the case. As I turned around, I saw the strangest look on his face. His eyes seemed almost glazed over, and he wasn't really looking at me at all. As we walked on through the main hall, I saw other officers I knew but none of them even turned around to look in my direction. I couldn't feel the sergeant's hand at my back any longer; so I just kept walking toward the door. Nobody said a word, and I didn't dare look back.

I was out the door and on the street. God as my witness, and I'm sure He was—it happened that way. The Pontiac garage was just a few blocks down from the jail. I headed in that direction. Leon Copeland worked in the paint shop. I thought he could help me get away. He took me out to a motel on Route 99 and checked me in. Then I called Leona.

I stood by the window, waiting for her to come. Outside I could see the flashing sign, "Lame Duck Motel." What a hell of a name for a motel. Then she was there, and I was holding her again—something I hadn't done for quite a while. No matter how rough the times had been for us, there was still *that* feeling between us. For most of the day we were together. We talked, argued a little, and made love a lot. This time I can call it that. Mostly with us it was just sex. This time it was more.

Even though it hurt like hell to leave, I was almost happy with the strange, uneasy truce we'd reached. We both knew I couldn't stay in one place too long; so we said good-bye as quick as we could.

I honestly don't remember how I got out to Flora and George Newton's house in Lamont. Lamont, which was about twenty-five miles out of Bakersfield, was one of our family gathering places. It was where we had those after-church picnics, the holiday get-togethers, and all the to-dos that I hated and bitched about. Yet there I was, back at the old gathering place like I was tying to relive it all before I had to go away.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 210

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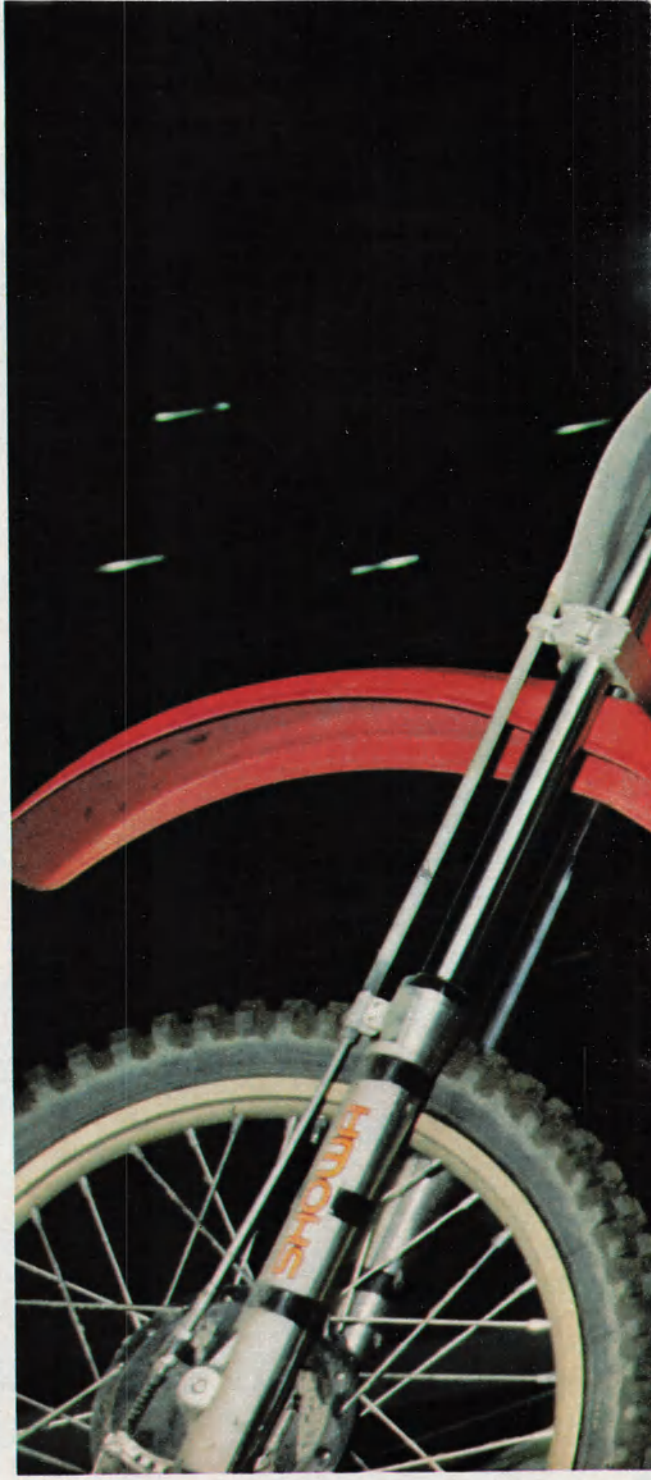


Dave Hawkins

(Above) Motocross, imported from Europe, is a kind of mechanized Little League that has swept across the country in the last decade, picking up tens of thousands of participants. No other form of motorcycle racing is so rough, so demanding on the body. Broken collarbones, ribs, ankles, and wrists are inevitable. Twenty-two-year-old Danny LaPorte (far right, opposite) earns about $150,000 a year. But after a race, he says, "it may take two days before you want to do anything." Warren Reid (right) is a top pro racer on the Kawasaki Racing Team.

Billy Click

It's rough, dirty, and dangerous, and thousands of kids are risking their necks in racing to the top.

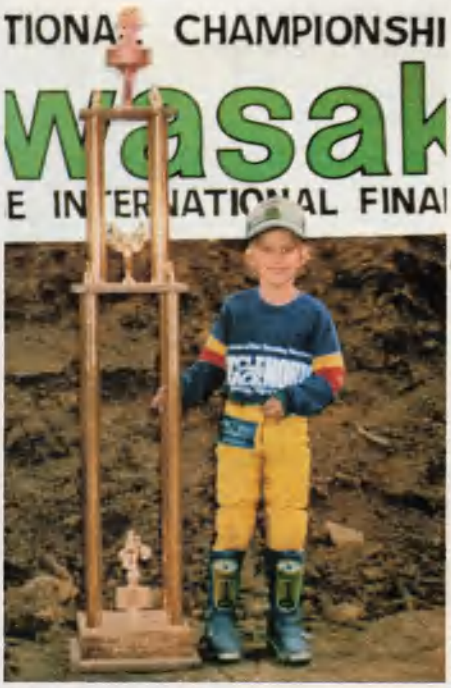
MOTOCROSS MADNESS

BY JOSEPH B. TREASTER

The Astrodome is roaring. Down on the dirt-covered stadium floor, a pack of rakish motorcycles with knobby tires and high fenders bound through a sweeping turn toward the steeplechase jumps. The bikes float like butterflies and then dive into the corners so fiercely that their handlebars skim the ground. The riders are banging knees and elbows, flexing like accordions.

Dwayne Hollingsworth has been running tenth. But now he is moving up, sweeping wide and fast through the broad end-zone curve, keeping the throttle open as he hits the low jumps and passing riders there, too. Sweat is stinging his eyes, and his throat is aching for

Billy Click



Billy Click

Kathy Holman (left), at seventeen one of the few girls to hold a professional racing license. (Right) Colin Edwards, six years old, Pee Wee Class winner.

water. He has lost track of the laps. He can't see the leader, and he doesn't know how far behind he is. His arms and legs feel like deadweights. But now he is grinning. The checkered flag is flashing in front of him, and the race is over.

Dwayne Hollingsworth is nine years old. He has been racing dirt bikes for more than a year. Like other boys his age, he likes comic books and ice cream sundaes and playing Tarzan down at the swimming hole. But every afternoon after school he is out on his backyard track, practicing for the weekend races.

As Dwayne rocketed around the Astrodome course, his eyes always froze on a big man in a battered black cowboy hat, jumping straight up and down at the edge of one of the tight turns. The man whipped the hot stadium air with a dirty bath towel, punched the sky with a fist, and howled rebel yells like some wounded goat. "Eeeeeeeeyaaahooooooooooo!" the man cried. "Go, boy! I said, 'Go! Get on!' " It was Dwayne's dad, Elton Hollingsworth, thirty-one years old, a bricklayer from Warren, Tex., who only wishes that he had had the chance to race motorcycles when he was a boy.

Coming off the track in his big globe-shaped fiberglass helmet and padded nylon jersey, Dwayne didn't even wave to his father. He just twisted the throttle on his Suzuki, sped up the exit ramp, and shot across the darkened parking lot to the family pickup truck and his mother. Elton Hollingsworth trotted after the boy.

Dwayne was not even off the tiny motorcycle before his father was swarming over him with big, muscular arms. "Son, Son," he said, struggling to catch his breath after the run. "Son, I'm so proud of you. Your first 'dome.' "

Dwayne's ears were still ringing from the high-pitched screams of the engines, and he looked dazed. "I didn't even know what was going on," he said.

His mother, Ruth Hollingsworth, a small woman with dark brown hair, squeezed him tight. "You're a doll, darling," she crooned. "You're so good. Oh, man, I didn't know you were so good."

Dwayne Hollingsworth still looked spacy: "Neither did I."

"I'm sorry I whipped you last night," she said. Then she turned to me: "I whipped him last night because he wouldn't go to bed."

Dwayne and his mother and dad are part of a kind of mechanized Little League that has swept across the country in the last decade, picking up tens of thousands of participants—some as young as three and four years old, many in their teens—nearly all with their eyes on the professional ranks, where a handful of young men in their late teens and early twenties are earning more than $100,000 a year, driving Porsches and Ferraris, and living in rambling homes packed with electronic toys.

The sport, imported from Europe, is called Motocross. No other form of motorcycle racing is so rough, so demanding on the body. At the Astrodome in Houston, there were thirteen jumps, eleven turns, and only one straight on the half-mile track long enough for the racers to draw an easy breath. And they were turning laps in just under a minute. Riders came off the track with sweat running down their arms and faces. Out on the longer, outdoor courses, they get off the bikes with legs so rubbery they can barely walk. Riders lose as much as five pounds in a day of racing. The jumps and the bumpy straights hammer them so hard that their kidneys sometimes bleed. Deaths are rare, but broken collarbones, ribs, ankles, wrists, and all kinds of sprains are inevitable for the fast movers.

Before Dwayne and the other amateurs took to the track, there had been two nights of professional racing. The pros had made it look easy. No flailing arms and legs. No bikes veering and bobbing out of control. No Kamikaze crashes. They might as well have been on rails. They dipped, swung back to vertical, dipped again, straightened, and sailed off the jumps. Rider and bike were one; their motions, smooth and flowing as fine ballet.

The pros did not get that way overnight. Most of them have been racing three, four, five times a week since grammar school.

Danny LaPorte, for instance, got his first motorcycle when he was ten years old and started racing when he was eleven. Now, at twenty-two, he is one of the leading factory-sponsored riders. With his salary, race purses, and advertising fees from the makers of boots, goggles, helmets, and other equipment, he earns in the neighborhood of $150,000 a year.

Danny's father, a general contractor in Yucca, Calif., introduced his little boy to trail riding so that he'd have someone to ride with. But he wasn't like most fathers. When Danny started "going good," he tried to talk him out of a career in racing. He lost the battle. But he got Danny to promise he'd eventually go to college.

Danny, trim and yellow haired, has the all-American good looks of a Tab Hunter, perfect casting for one of those Sandra Dee bobby-soxer movies. He'd be the star halfback at City High School. She'd be a cheerleader. He doesn't smoke, hardly ever takes a drink, and wouldn't think of taking a hit of grass or coke. He doesn't cuss in public either. He never had a silver-studded black-leather jacket, and he doesn't ride motorcycles on the street at all. He goes to the grocery store in a Mercedes coupé or in a BMW sedan or, some-

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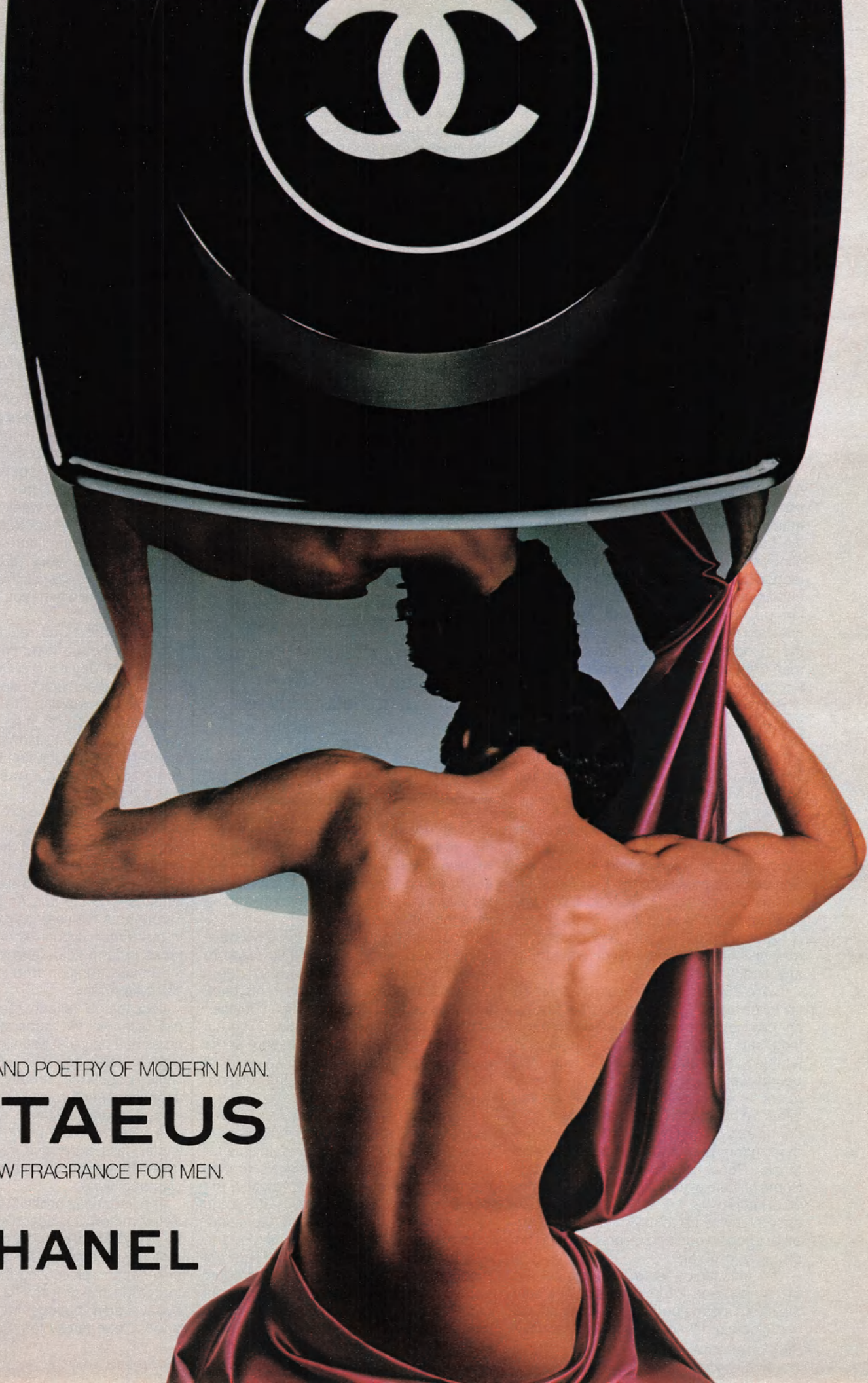

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times, in his four-wheel-drive Ford pickup.

Like the other motocross riders, Danny sees himself as an athlete. The main difference between him and, say, a top soccer player, is that besides keeping in condition and knowing the right moves on the field, he's got to cope with 200 pounds of machinery and a very finely tuned engine. He's got to know about tire combinations, gear ratios, suspension variations, and what to do when he's getting "air time" off a jump and the back wheel starts looping up over his head like the hind legs of a crazed bronco.

"It's hard for people to understand how demanding motocross is," Danny said one evening in Houston as he hoisted his bike up on a metal stand in a cool cement cavern, under the grandstands, which had been turned into a pit area. "You're standing up, using your legs and arms all the time," he went on. He'd just come off the track, and his breath was still coming in gasps.

The pits were becoming as lively as an Asian marketplace. Mechanics were pushing bikes to the starting line. Team managers huddled with engineers from the factories in Japan, making notes on clipboards, nodding. Riders paced stiff-legged in their fiberglass boots, jostled one another, laughed at nothing in particular, buckled and unbuckled their belts, checked their bootsnaps. In front of one of the roped-off factory-team enclosures, a man from an accessory house was passing out fresh goggles.

Danny sipped water from a little paper cup and wiped sweat and grime off his face. "Your body is always tense and tight," he said. "So many times you feel like stopping, but you can't. It's not just brute strength.

"The real thing is the endurance factor. It took me a year and a half before I could race forty-five minutes without being so tired I thought I was going to collapse. Sometimes my legs burned so much I'd pull into the pits. I couldn't stand it. I'd have to make some excuse."

"After a race," he said very quietly, "it may take two days before you want to do anything."

Twice a week Danny runs from three to six miles over hilly countryside. Nearly every day he skips rope and works through long sets of push-ups and sit-ups and jumping jacks and repetitions with fifty-pound weights. He also puts in several hours a week of hard practice on his bikes. At his winter home in Ketchum, Idaho, he skis almost every day. Many of the other riders play a lot of racquetball and tennis. Good for the reflexes, they say. Some of them water-ski for hours. One pro who injured his knees now rides a ten-speed bicycle up to fifty miles a day. Another chops wood and clears brush on his property in Texas.

The mechanics were cranking up the bikes now, and the revving engines sent the riders' hearts pumping. A track official in a black-and-white-striped shirt, a walkie-talkie in one hand, dodged past Danny.

"Motocross isn't really fatal, like a lot of sports," Danny said, shuffling onto the dirt to take his bike from his mechanic. "We have fewer deaths than football or soccer. You don't get the high-speed splats that you have in car racing or in some kinds of motorcycle racing. We're not tumbling downhill like skiers. And we're so well protected. We've got all kinds of padding on us and the best helmets they can design. You can skid on your head, and it's not that dangerous. I crash a lot of times at sixty miles an hour and get right up. Dirt's real nice to crash in."

Marty Tripes, a hefty six-footer with long, curly dark hair and a Fu Manchu mustache, is one of the most graceful racers on the national circuit. He is not one of the most consistent winners. But when he's switched on, he's a beauty to watch, smooth as Jack Daniels. No fighting the bike through the corners, banging down like a bucket of bricks off the jumps. He says he doesn't tire as easily as the others; so he doesn't have to train as hard. He also drinks what he likes, which is everything from daiquiris to straight tequila. He draws the line at drugs, though, and he says the others do, too.

> Riders lose as much as five pounds in a day of racing. The jumps and the bumpy straights hammer them so hard their kidneys sometimes bleed.

"Four years ago some of the guys were using speed, and some of them used to smoke before they went out to ride," Marty said, plopping down with his back against a cement wall in the pits. "But they don't do it anymore," he said. "There's too much money involved. I'm sure some riders do a little coke once in a while, a little smoke. But not during the season. There's too much at stake."

For most of the professionals and a good many of the amateurs, motocross is what there is of life. They have no time for anything else. The professionals are on the road most of the year. (Actually, the riders fly, and the mechanics drive the vans carrying the bikes and the spare parts.) Most of the pros are single, and very few have regular girl friends. They get mobbed after races by a genre of groupie known as the "pit tootsie," but there's not much time for romance between the drop of the checkered flag and wheels-up in the jet that's taking them back home.

They see a lot of airports and motels and racetracks, and that's about it. In the pits at Houston, Warren Reid, a twenty-one-year-old baby-faced blond, slouched in a plastic-strap lawn chair next to his green Kawasaki factory racer. Taped atop the gas tank of the bike was a laminated magazine picture of a naked woman, positioned so that she smiled up at him as he hunched over the bike in a race. "We play golf, watch TV, and race," Warren said. "There's not that much time, and I really don't have any ambition to do anything else."

By the time motocross racers reach their mid-twenties, their minds and bodies begin rebelling against the repeated beatings. They start slowing down, and they have to start thinking about getting out. Many dream of going on to Grand Prix cars, where some drivers are still winning in their forties. So far, though, no one from motocross has made that leap. None of them like thinking about the day when they'll finally hang it up.

"It could be next week," Warren said. "It could be five years from now. I'll keep at it until I lose my interest in going fast. You just lose your drive for taking chances. There's a risk involved. And you get to the point where you're not willing to take the risk."

Greg Arnette quit racing a few years ago. Now he's a mechanic for a factory team. "One day it just hit me," he said as he changed a shock absorber.

"I'm on the starting line. There are forty guys out there with me. The gate goes down, and I'm just sitting there. The other guys are down in the first turn. I'd lost my aggressiveness. That was it for me. That was the end."

Before Houston the pros had raced at the Kingdome in Seattle, the Oakland Coliseum in California, and the Atlanta Stadium. Later they would be at the Silverdome in Pontiac, Mich., the Superdome in New Orleans, and the Los Angeles Coliseum. Throughout the year they would compete in more than twenty other championship races in farm fields and in special parks that have sprung up around the country for trail bike riders.

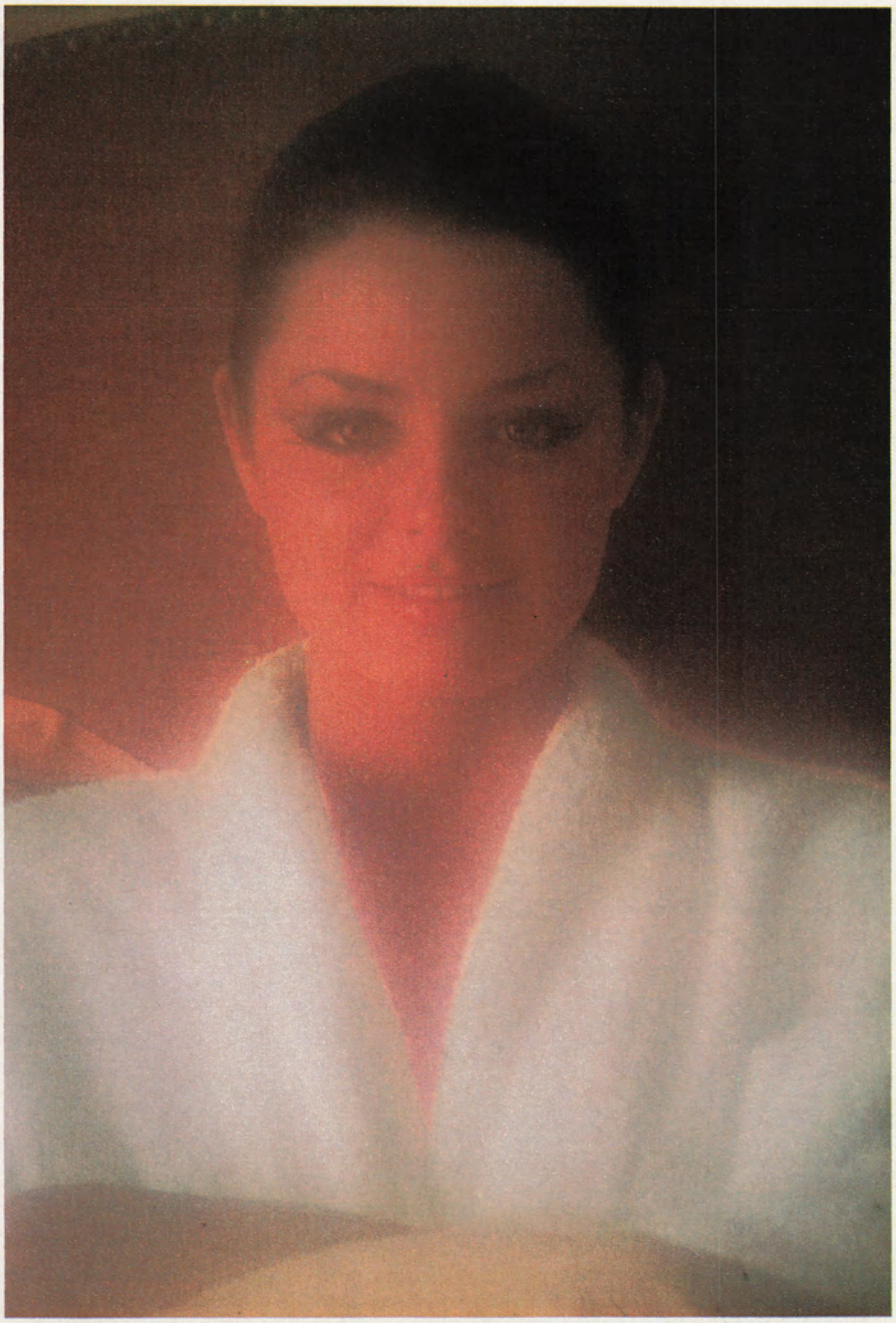
Less than a decade ago, there were no dirt bikes in the superstadiums. Motocross had only just been introduced in the United States and was beginning to gain limited popularity. Already, though, the big Japanese motorcycle manufacturers—Honda, Yamaha, Suzuki, and Kawasaki—had invaded the American market with lighter, less expensive, relatively trouble-free, high-performance bikes. A revolution was beginning.

The Japanese broke the traditional pattern of motorcycle advertising in this country. They did not restrict their campaigns to motorcycle enthusiasts but went for the mainstream, promoting the image of motorcycling in jacket and tie and suggesting two-wheeled outings in the woods as good, clean family fun. For many, moto-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 204

SHEILA

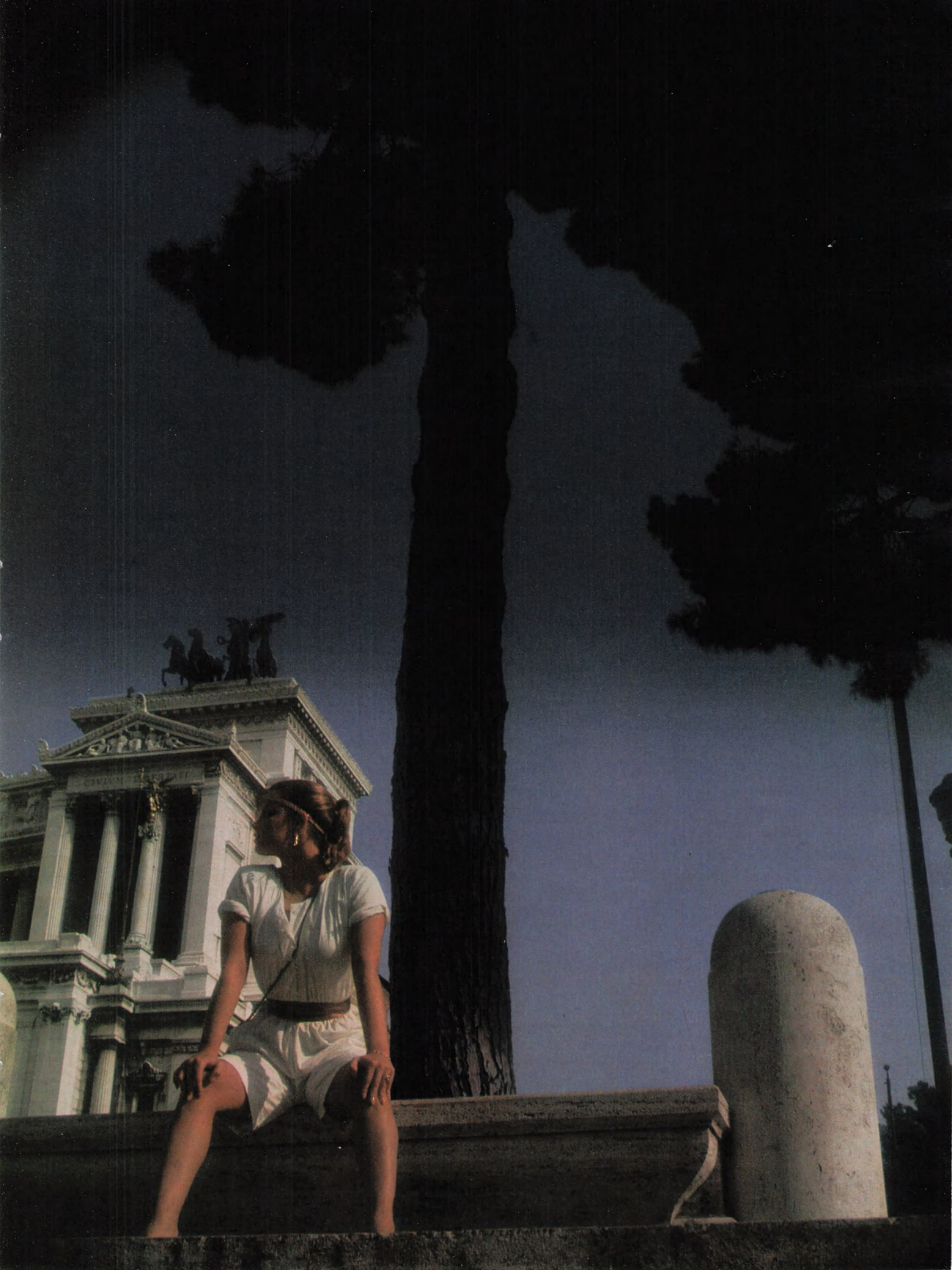
"When I meet someone special and the chemistry is right, I'm not against a little private experimenting."

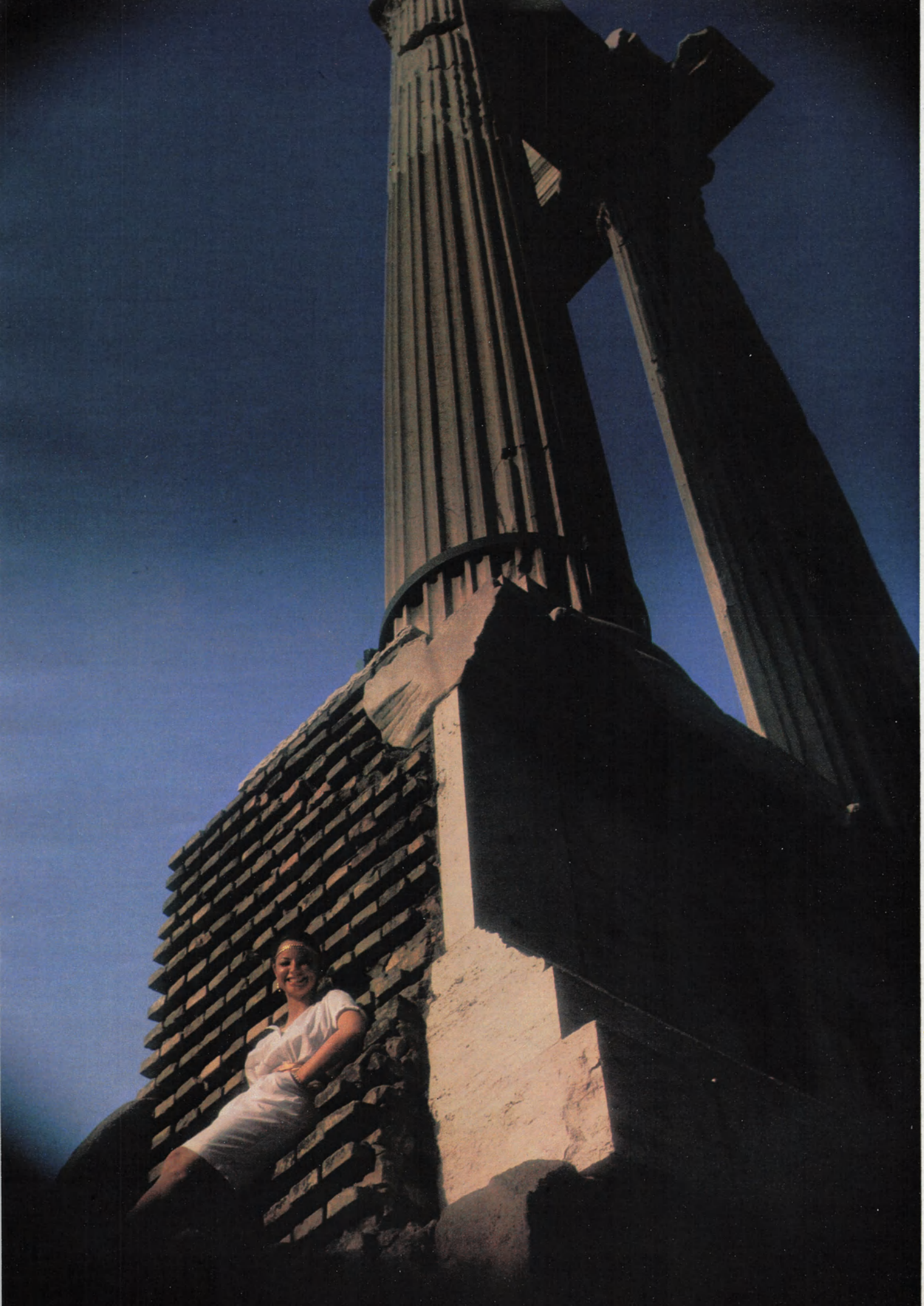


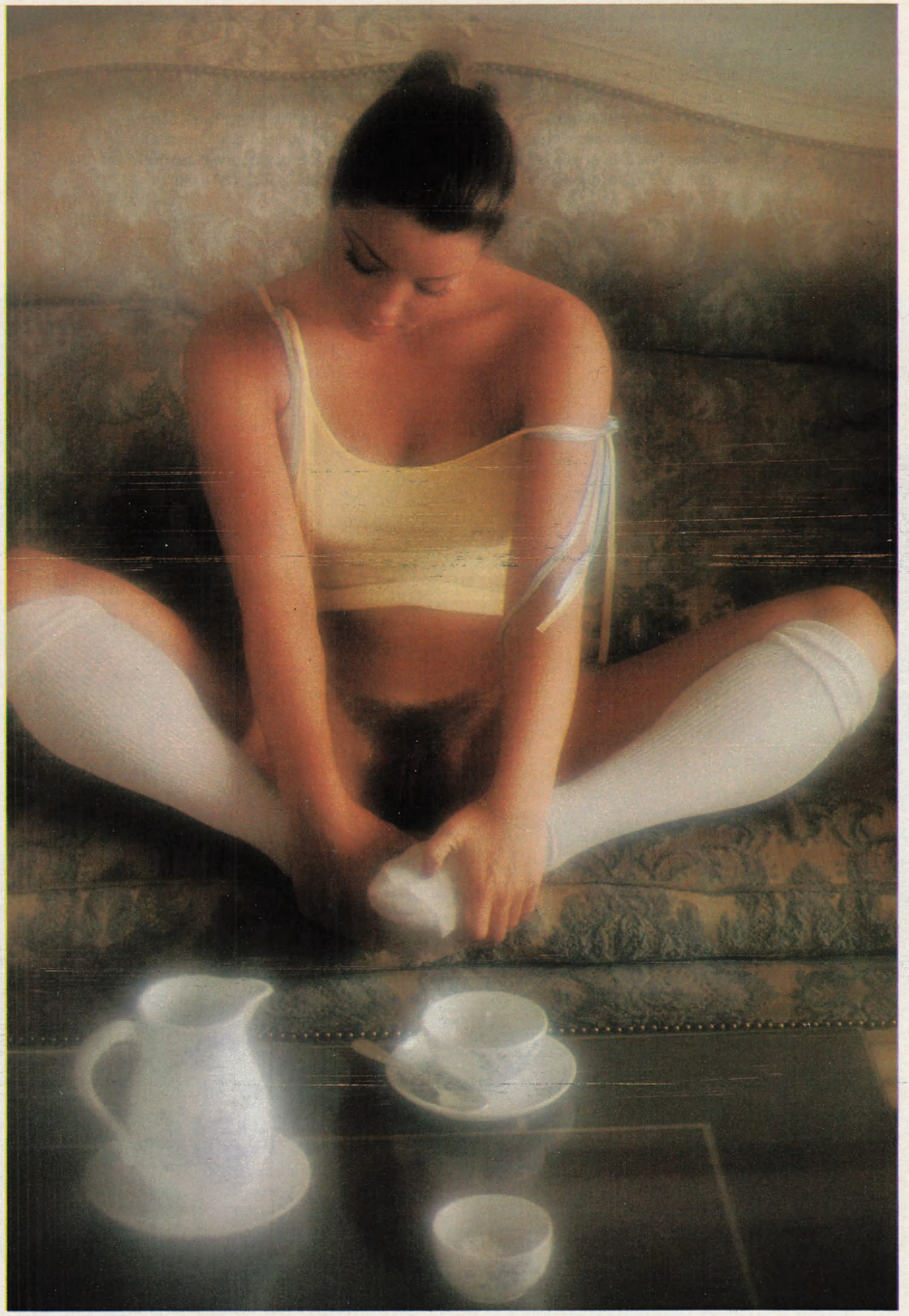
LIGHT IN THE PIAZZA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

When December Pet of the Month Sheila Kennedy embarked on her first trip to Europe, her enchantment was returned in full measure—wherever she went, horns honked, heads turned, and propositions fluttered through the air like confetti. Fitting that the Piazza Venezia, as seen here, is located deep in the heart of Rome, since that's where Sheila was ensconced just as deeply by the time she said her last *arrivederci*.

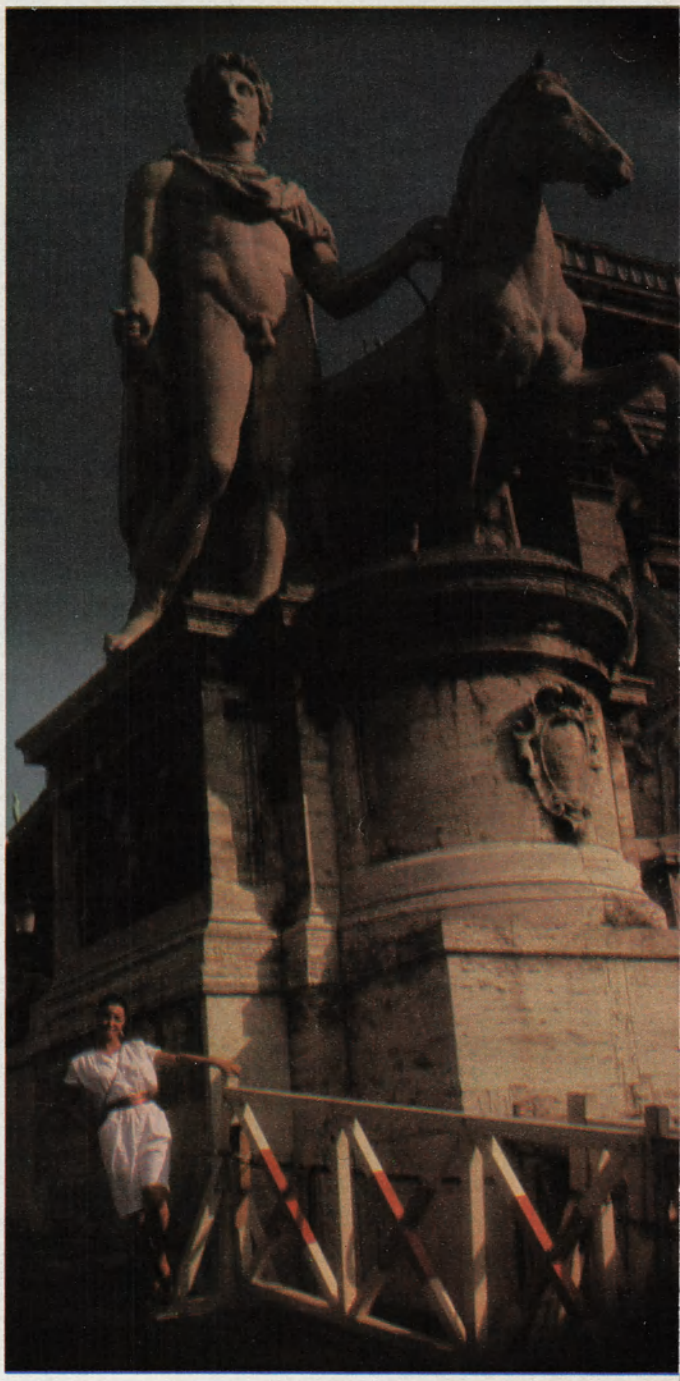


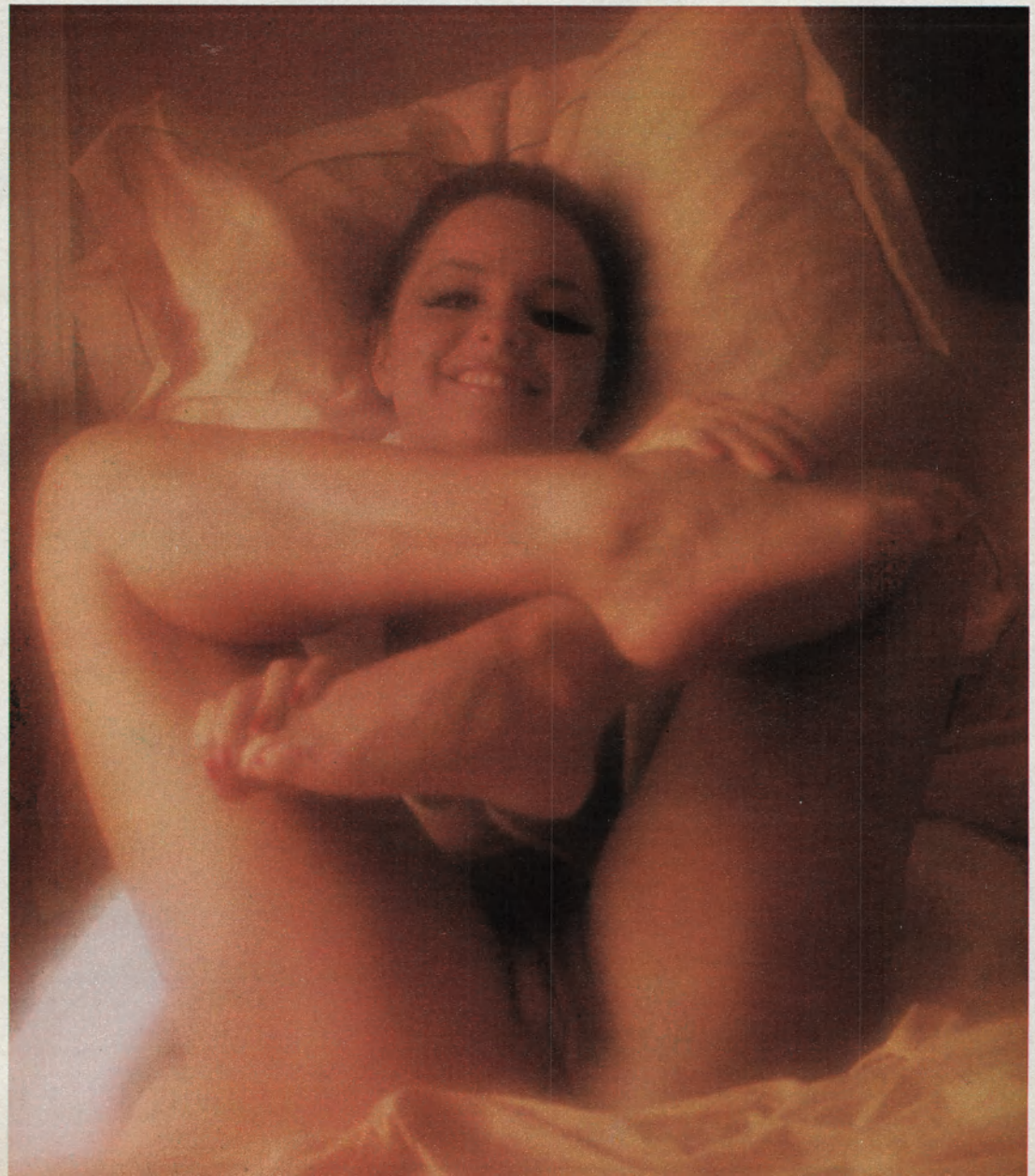


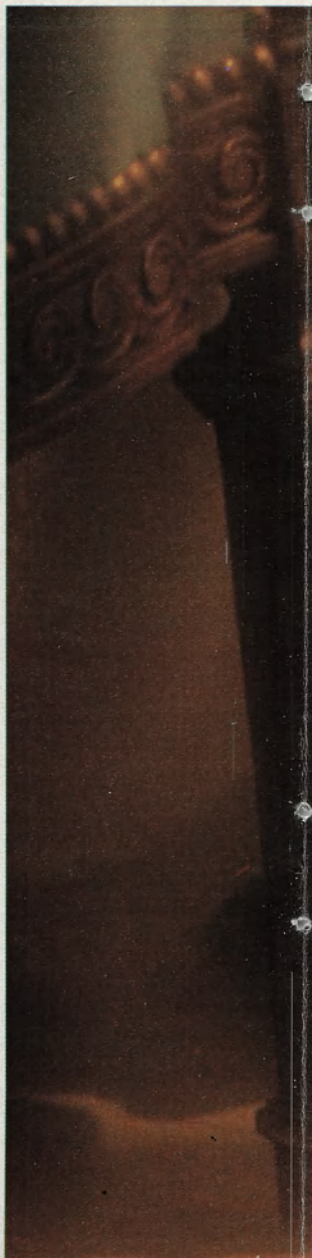


"It's like a Christmas present–seeing Europe and being seen in *Penthouse*," says this effervescent eighteen-year-old, whose Botticelli face also graced our October 1981 cover. Sheila modestly fails to add that when Bob Guccione took these photographs, he recognized in her the expressive face, sumptuous 35-22-35-inch figure, and charismatic presence that are the prerequisites of stardom.

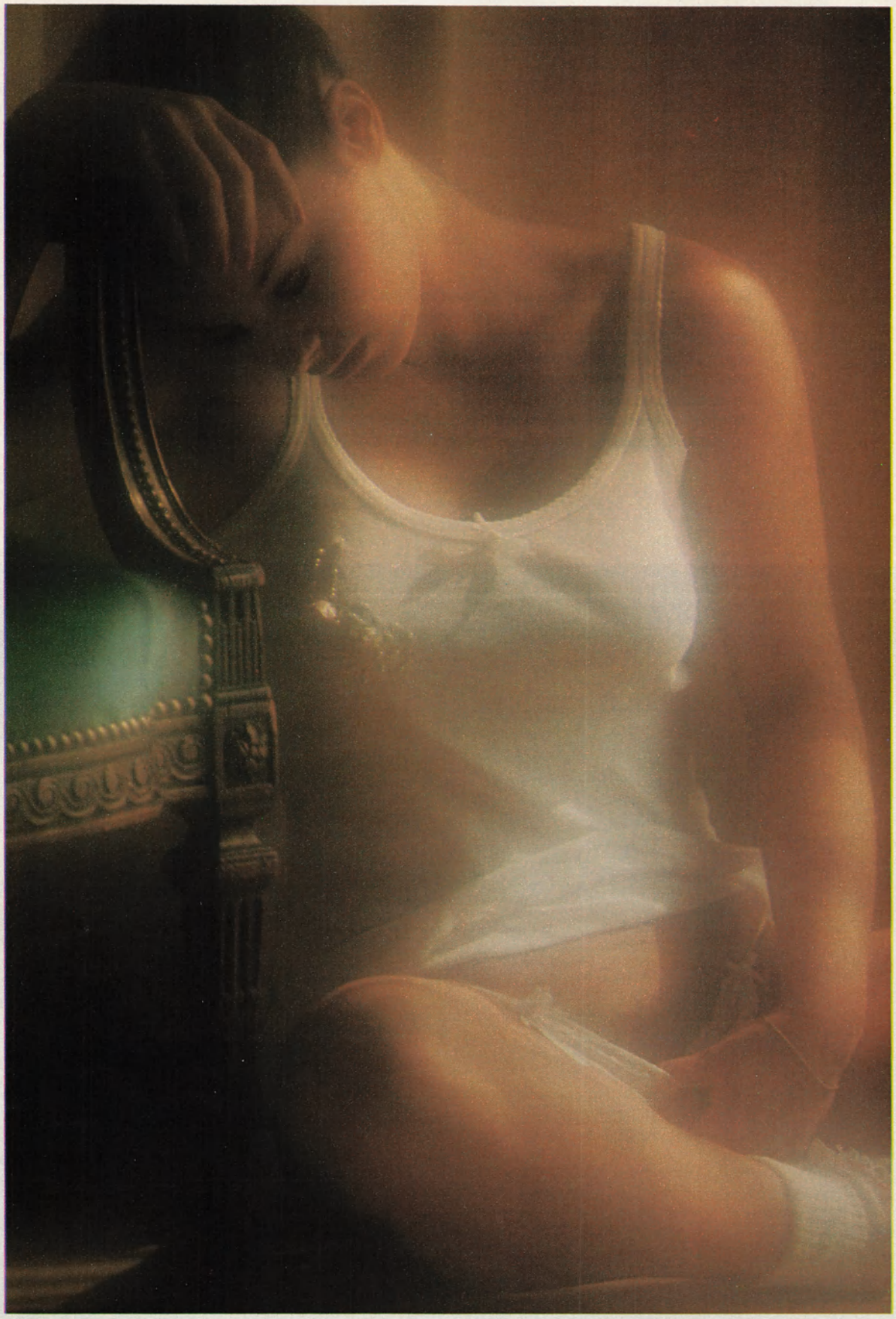
Naturally, Sheila hopes his insight really can predict her future, but as she quickly points out, "I'm hardly a teenage idol right now—more of an idle teenager!" Still, even the mighty stone statues of the Campidoglio seem to soften a little in her presence. Sheila's outlook on life is equally soft-edged. "I was brought up in rural Tennessee, where you had to trust your neighbors—and your instincts—in order to survive. So my attitude is to be trusting and open unless I see smoke or feel fire or smell a rat!"



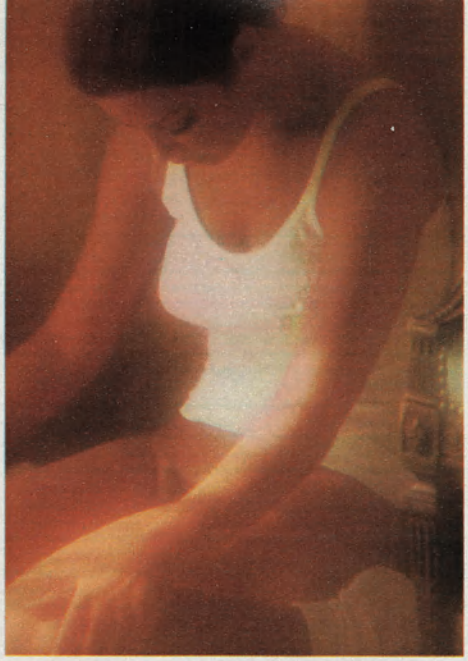




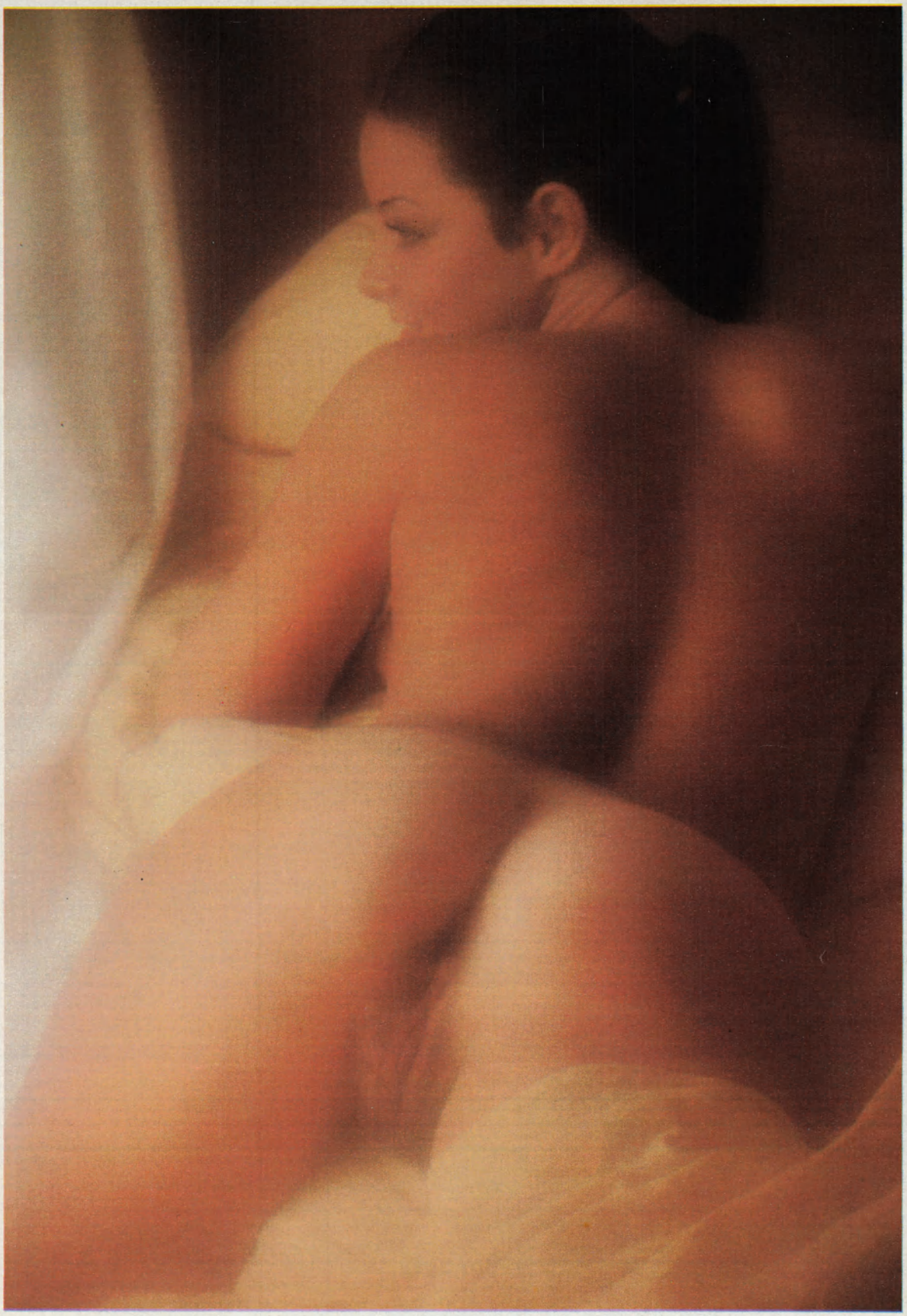
Sheila also knows that having a well-rounded figure doesn't guarantee an equally well rounded career. "Recently, I've started studying under an acting coach, which is really a blast. You get to cut up, show off, make believe, and call it work!" But her favorite form of recreation has more to do with pleasure than with business. "Once a week every week, I come down with a severe case of Saturday night fever. I get flushed all over, nearly black out, and next thing I know, I'm on the floor of the nearest discotheque, dancing with every John Travolta in the place. It's a lot more fun than my jazz or ballet classes, because it's completely free-form and I don't have to dance alone."



"I'm from a very close-knit family, and I really love spending lots of time with them whenever I possibly can." Does she ever like being alone with just *one* special person, we inquire as objectively as possible. "Well . . . when I meet someone *really* special and the chemistry is *really* right, I'm not against a little private experimenting."



More seriously, Sheila admits that her innocent streak has shaped her expectations of love. "I know it's hopelessly romantic, but I really feel that someday I'll meet a man who's so right for me nothing will ever go wrong for us, that we'll stay together forever. But for now I'm too involved just learning and growing. I haven't got the time for a grand passion. In lots of ways," our baby-faced beauty admits, "I'm still a little naive . . ."



"I just feel very grateful that, so far, my trust in people has been rewarded. Now that *Penthouse* has taken me under its wing, I feel more confident. With this kind of support, I can learn to fly high and handsome all by myself . . ." Our spirits soar at the thought.

MISS SHEILA KENNEDY/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

During the past year several important issues affecting Vietnam veterans have received positive attention.

Though initially opposed by the Reagan administration, the Operation Outreach Vet Center program has been reaffirmed by Congress and will be expanded by approximately 50 percent through the addition of forty-one new centers. These centers have proven their worth in meeting many Vietnam veterans' rehabilitative needs. The centers' "storefront" nonofficial environment has been most effective in overcoming Vietnam veterans' antagonisms to seeking help from the Veterans Administration. An expanded Vet Center program provides the best means to reach those vets and their families whose psychological problems can be resolved through compassionate and careful counseling. In addition, the Vet Centers have focused attention on the need for the VA to provide Vietnam veterans with treatment for more serious problems within its own mental-health resources.

Many Vietnam veterans suffer from serious psychological problems related to their wartime service, problems that are beyond the capacity of the Vet Center program's resources. This need requires that the VA's hospital system significantly upgrade its treatment of Vietnam veterans' serious mental-health disorders. These disorders cannot be solved by the VA's continuing to "push pills" or relegating Vietnam veterans to a "loony bin." What is called for is a major VA commitment to mental-health care. To this end, Sen. Larry Pressler (Rep.-S.D.) has introduced the Vietnam Veterans Delayed Re-Entry, Psychological Readjustment, and Vocational Rehabilitation Assistance Act of 1981. If passed, this legislation will give the VA the necessary resources and authority to complement the work done by the Vet Centers.

There has been some progress in the Agent Orange controversy. First, under the no-nonsense proddings of VA Administrator Robert Nimmo, the VA hospital system now provides a greatly improved Agent Orange medical examination for Vietnam veterans who may have been exposed to the herbicide. Nimmo has also broadened the scope of the VA's inquiry into Agent Orange to include possible effects from *all* the herbicides used in Vietnam and from certain medicines, such as antimalarial drugs. Finally, without much fanfare—or media attention—President Reagan, upon Nimmo's request, has raised consideration of the Agent Orange question from that of an "Inter-Agency Working Group" to the Cabinet Council level. This assures that the Agent Orange problem will not, as in the Carter administration, be put in the White House's "circular file." We are encouraged that Nimmo's actions indicate a new willingness by the White House and the VA to approach the Agent Orange question with the seriousness it demands.

Finally, this past year has produced a greater recognition of the "delayed-stress syndrome" that has affected a large number of Vietnam veterans. Since 1980, when "posttraumatic stress disorder" (or delayed stress) became part of the American Psychiatric Association's *Diagnostic and Statistics Manual,* it has been an uphill battle to gain acceptance of this medical and scientific finding. Fortunately, the delayed-stress syndrome today is no longer only a theory. It is a mental-emotional syndrome that requires some further study to determine its best form of treatment. Many miscarriages of justice have occurred in cases of Vietnam veterans who committed acts of violence while under the influence of delayed stress. While not all acts of violence or crimes committed by Vietnam veterans can be justified legally or otherwise by delayed-stress "flashbacks," it can now be determined when and how a Vietnam veteran is afflicted by delayed stress.

> The delayed-stress syndrome is now recognized by science. It is no longer regarded as a sinister force and a personal weakness.

We still have a great deal to learn about this syndrome. We are encouraged by the commitment of the VA, private doctors, and university hospital researchers to continued study of delayed stress. Delayed stress has become legitimate. It is no longer regarded as a sinister force and a personal weakness.

While these areas of encouragement do not signify final "victory," they provide all Americans with hope for a solution to the problems that have beset Vietnam veterans and their families. As 1981 comes to a close, it appears that Vietnam veterans have finally gained public and governmental recognition that their problems are real and not the fantasies of "losers."—*William R. Corson*

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BY ERNEST VOLKMAN

The author, a former national correspondent for *Newsday* and the Washington Post News Service, is currently a free-lance writer who has written widely on military affairs. A contributing editor of *Penthouse*, he served in the U.S. Army from 1966 until 1969.

THE CONTINUED BETRAYAL OF THE VIETNAM VETERAN

In 1973 the Veterans Administration, in the sort of belated discovery that has endeared it to American military veterans everywhere, came to the realization that the troubles of the soldiers returning from Southeast Asia might be different from those of other veterans.

This was the VA equivalent of rediscovering the wheel, for if the agency had bothered to listen to its Vietnam veterans, it would have learned that basic fact long before the bureaucracy certified as governmental truth what everybody already knew. That was bad enough, but consider what happened subsequent to this conclusion: it took the government eight years before it could get a think tank to produce a study, recently released, showing that, yes, a lot of Vietnam veterans have problems.

Presumably, like the national conscience, the study got sidetracked or delayed at the printer. How else can one explain why the government grudgingly managed to scrape together the sum of $2 million and then spend eight years to conclude that at least one-quarter of the nation's 3 million Vietnam veterans still suffer from crippling stress as a result of their war experiences? The rest of the study is hardly a revelation: 24 percent of Vietnam veterans who saw heavy combat were later arrested for criminal offenses; there is a "strong correlation" between combat experience and heavy drinking and drug use; black Vietnam veterans have a 22 percent unemployment rate; and an abnormally large percentage of soldiers who served in Vietnam are plagued by "Vietnam syndrome," or "delayed stress reaction."

If all this sounds familiar, it should, for such sociology has been a staple of popular journalism for years now. (It is also an increasingly popular staple of pulp drama, where psychotic Vietnam vets now appear with the regularity once reserved for black-hatted bad guys in Westerns.) Given that public awareness, at least, can we reasonably expect that at long last there will be some sort of national resurgence to straighten out the problems of so many Vietnam veterans?

No, and for evidence consider the government's first move when it was struck with this authentic cause for urgency: David Stockman, the director of the White House Office of Management and Budget, discovered that among the outrageous indulgences lurking within the federal budget was a $12 million appropriation designed to establish psychological and counseling centers throughout the country for Vietnam veterans. Considering that an estimated 700,000 Vietnam veterans suffer from stress problems incurred because of service in Southeast Asia, it is difficult to imagine what Stockman and his cohorts considered so unreasonable about spending a grand total of less than $20 per veteran to help treat those problems.

No massive public outcry has greeted this slashing, and only a few of our citizens have noted some of the ironic circumstances surrounding this cost cutting. Its progenitor, Stockman, has decided that the veterans who fought and suffered in such horrors as Hué in 1968 are undeserving of any help for the problems they are undergoing as a direct result of those experiences. It should be noted that Stockman occupied those deadly hours studying history in Michigan under a draft defer-

> "The Veterans Administration's record with respect to the Vietnam veteran has been a disgrace, its malfeasances ranging from dumping wounded vets into rodent- and insect-infested wards to an educational-benefits program that would be laughable if it weren't so tragic."

ment, and his degree represents something of a certificate denoting the winner (as opposed to the loser).

For the Vietnam veterans are losers—losers in the most tragic sense imaginable in America. They were the suckers, the ones who lost a loaded dice game in which the winners were the members of the comfortable classes who could afford years of schooling and thus win draft deferments. Fundamentally, the Viet vets had lost the game long before it began, for they exist in a society which has decided that brains, in such forms as graduate degrees in history from the University of Michigan, are the most desirable commodities and that only suckers do the dirty work—such as slogging through rice paddies. Combat, we seem to have decided, is a dirty business fit for morons. And once the cannon fodder have performed that task, it is convenient to forget about them.

I know of no historical precedent for what this country has done to the men we have perceived as being too stupid to have avoided the onerous burden of fighting and dying for their country. Possibly, the sad story of what happened to the German Army veterans after World War I might offer a parallel, but in that case the Nazis ultimately convinced their countrymen that the Jews were responsible for everything, including the plight of the kaiser's veterans.

Our tragedy is that we have Vietnam veterans lost within their own generation, regarded by too many of their fellow Americans as unfortunate (and stupid) losers in a game we have been playing since the end of the Korean War. That game, primarily, is one of the middle class's more odious contributions to much of our current malaise: the conviction that fighting for one's country has nothing to do with the middle class, and that its children would have to be pretty stupid (or rash) to wear a uniform. The game is to make sure that the burden is shared only by representatives of the lower classes, who are not good for much else, anyway.

This is the real reason for this nation's terrible blindness and deafness to its duty to the combat soldiers in its midst. The popular cliché, which says that America has turned its back on the Vietnam veteran because he fought in an unpopular war, is false, as are most of the other popular clichés about Vietnam. (Certainly, there was no more unpopular war than the American Civil War; yet its veterans, regardless of which side they fought on, experienced nothing like the outright indifference that the Vietnam veterans experience.)

The problems with the Veterans Administration are reflections of this deeper malaise. That organization now spends about $20 billion a year and is responsible for nearly 30 million living military veterans. The VA's record with respect to the Vietnam veteran has been a disgrace, its malfeasances ranging from dumping wounded vets into rodent- and insect-infested wards to an educational-benefits program that would be laughable if it weren't so tragic. In that connection the study mentioned earlier in this article noted that only 20 percent of the men who served in Vietnam achieved a college degree afterward and that only 7 percent of the black Vietnam veterans have finished college. True, but those statistics have little to do with "post-Vietnam stress," as the study suggests; they have much more to do with the fact that the current GI Bill pays just a flat monthly sum, which has effectively prevented all but relatively wealthy Vietnam veterans from attending private institutions. (Moreover, the current GI Bill causes real hardships for men with families, since tuition takes such a large bite out of the VA check, leaving little money for actual living expenses.)

Again, this mess has been spawned by a societal attitude, reflected in such horrors as the 1966 GI Bill, which Lyndon Johnson reluctantly signed into law and only then after he realized that it would peg benefits in terms of absolute dollars lower in value than they had been after the Korean War. There was a widespread feeling—which persists to this day—that the billions spent on benefits for the Vietnam veterans were wasted, since those veterans were from society's dregs.

For much the same reason, the VA has been the battleground of some petty, ward-heeling politics. Max Cleland, the crippled Vietnam veteran appointed by President Carter as administrator of the VA, turned out to be something of a disappointment, mainly because of his to-get-along-go-along attitude toward Congress and the White House. In the process, of course, the Vietnam veterans got the short end. While I respect Cleland's political ambitions—he wants to be governor of Georgia and has openly talked of a possible attempt at the White House—I'm somewhat appalled that he used his VA job to advance those ambitions.

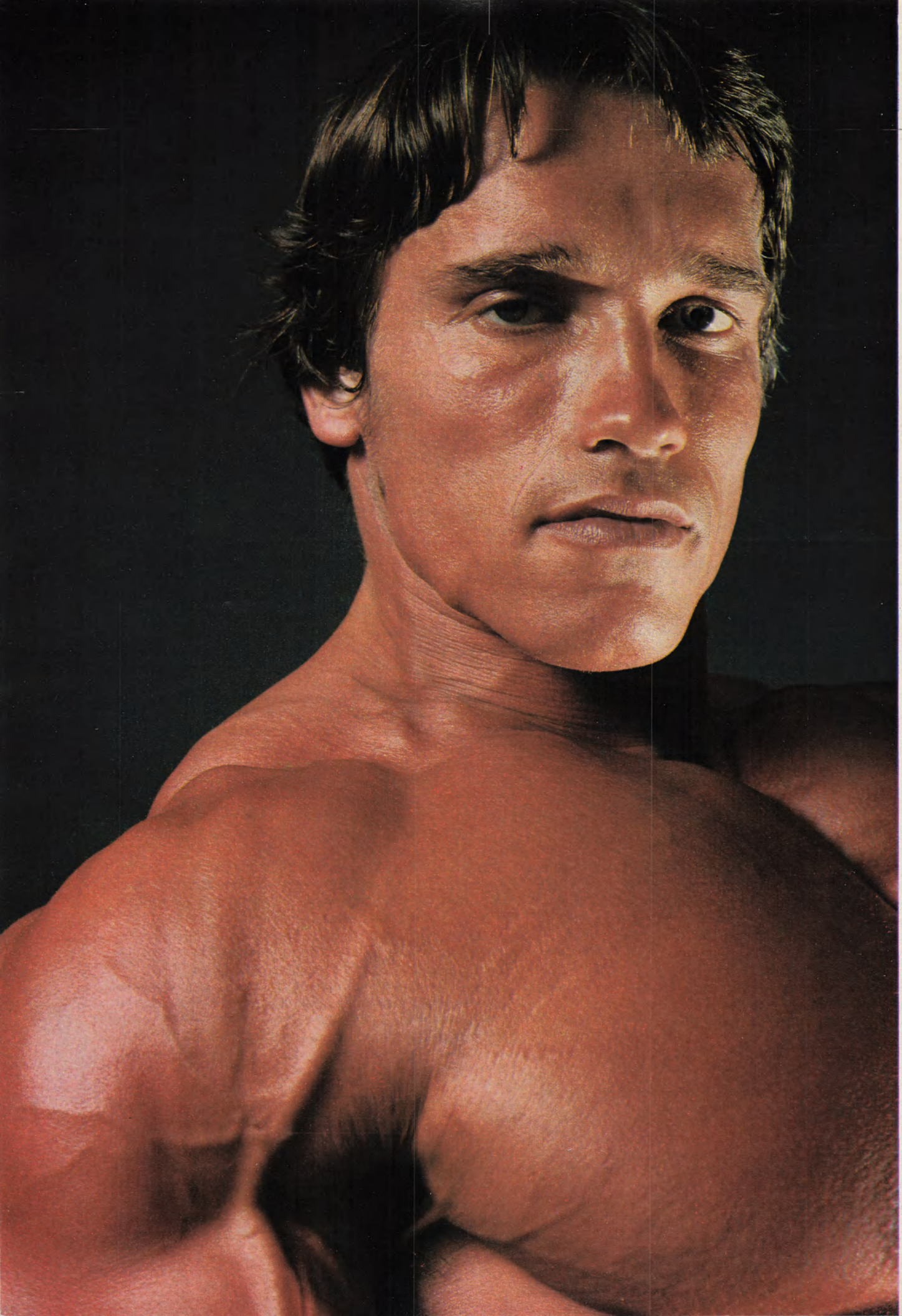
Still, to be fair to Cleland, the politics surrounding his appointment and tenure at the VA pale in significance when compared with the sort of political maneuvering that later surrounded the appointment of his successor: for months congressional delegations from New York and Ohio squabbled over just which political hack would be appointed the new VA administrator. The squabbling revealed exactly what Congress thinks of the VA and its responsibilities to the veterans. That is to say, not much, since Congress's regard for this important job is on a par politically with its concern about the identity of the new water commissioner for Chicago.

Meanwhile, several thousand victims of Agent Orange are being told that their medical problems (and the birth defects of their children) are figments of their imaginations, several hundred thousand veterans with psychological problems are being told to find help elsewhere, thousands of veterans can forget about a college education, and many others find that nobody is listening when they want to get help.

Life is unfair, President Kennedy once reminded the middle class when they raised hell about their sons being called to military duty for the Berlin Crisis. However, for Vietnam veterans, it's more than unfair: it's a national disgrace. It is extraordinary how even well-meaning people can get that fact wrong, exemplified by such absurdities as commentaries suggesting that Vietnam veterans resent not having lavish homecoming parades like those provided the American hostages in Iran; or the equally bizarre notion that more Vietnam veterans have committed suicide than have died in combat during the war.

No, they did not commit suicide; they live and work and function all around us. They may have been badly screwed by their countrymen, but they're still here, waiting and remembering.

And someday, they'll remind us all just how much they resent the rest of us.



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER

Anybody who had the potential of being heroic has been killed. . . . The last decade was a very antiheroic time, and America suffered because of it. Now people are looking for heroes again.

Two giant villains, their muscles taut under bearskins and burnished armor, were beating Conan, the barbarian, to a blue pulp. Blood streamed from his mouth and nose, from the wound in his arm, and from his crushed feet. Picking their vanquished plaything up like a broken doll, the giants half-dragged and half-hurled him into a stone fountain. As he lay in the shallow water, breathing heavily and crying out defiantly for revenge, the giants closed in for the kill.

"Cut!" yelled John Milius, the bearish writer-director of Dino De Laurentiis's film *Conan*, which was shot in Spain last winter and spring. The camera crew changed position while a makeup man dabbed Conan's wounds with stage blood. Dissatisfied, Milius snatched the blood bottle from the startled technician's grasp and squirted it liberally over much of Conan's body, letting red drops discolor the fountain water.

"Thanks, John," said Arnold Schwarzenegger, his teeth chattering and his body shivering in the unheated fountain. As the only actor in the world with the heroic build and physical stamina needed to portray Robert E. Howard's mythical barbarian, Schwarzenegger had already been battered and hurled a half-dozen times that afternoon and in the previous weeks of filming had been assaulted by a forty-foot hydraulic snake, had acted seminude in a snowstorm, fallen from a four-story tower, and nearly been killed in one of the picture's two dozen sword fights. "Hey, John," he continued through clenched teeth, "you want special effects to make up another gallon of blood for this shot?"

Milius gave one of his frequent Cheshire cat grins and emptied the bottle over the actor's shoulder-length wig. Turning to former football star Ben Davidson, who plays one of the giants, Milius pointed at Schwarzenegger and ordered softly, "Terminate with extreme prejudice."

Although shooting began at 8:30 that morning, the actors continued to play out the confrontation between good and evil until darkness enshrouded the set twelve hours later. Finally, Schwarzenegger was allowed to wash off the blood and remove his makeup and soaking-wet costume. Not that the thirteen-time world body-building champion-turned-actor was going to gripe. "You have to psych yourself into the right frame of mind to get through days like this," he said, sitting in his tiny trailer dressing room, which was perched on the edge of a cliff of a Spanish mountain. "I just visualize myself as a gladiator, like in the old Roman days. Back then all you had was your water, a chunk of meat, and a cold place to battle it out, like Conan is doing in this film. So when everyone here complains about the rain, the snowstorms, the cold, and the long working hours, it doesn't register in my brain as being torture or hard labor. I was through worse as a child, growing up under Russian occupation in Austria after the Second World War. Then we endured hardships like not having food or personal freedom as a matter of survival. Now I'm getting paid for it."

Ever since winning his first body-building contest at the age of eighteen, Schwarzenegger, now thirty-four, has planned and executed his life's game plan with the consummate skill of a chess master. From 1970 to 1976 he won every competition he entered, gradually expanding his interests and proficiencies to include a thriving physical-fitness mail-order business, frequent appearances on the lecture circuit, the writing of three best-selling books, and an impressive acting debut in the film *Stay Hungry*.

Interviewer James Delson met with "The Austrian Oak" while *Conan* was being filmed in Spain. Talking over a two-week period there and again last summer in Santa Monica, Calif., where Schwarzenegger resides, Delson was impressed by the athlete-actor's style, openness, and willingness to give of himself despite physical injury (a strained knee ligament in Spain) and exhaustion (the final conversations were crammed into a marathon thirty-hour session, with only a six-hour sleep break at the halfway mark).

Besides writing his fourth book, managing his business affairs, and pondering the fate of *Conan*, due out from Universal Pictures next year, Schwarzenegger spends most of his time with girl friend Maria Shriver, daughter of Sargent Shriver, who is Arnold's political opposite. In the interview that follows, the ex-body builder waxes philosophical on politics (he is conservative), personal freedom (he would limit it for the good of the country), religion (he is Catholic), gun control (he is opposed), freedom of the press (he thinks it's dangerous), the fifty-five-mile speed limit (he is violently opposed), his acting (he wants to be the next Burt Reynolds), heroes (from FDR to Reagan) and a number of unusual aspects of body building (homosexuality, groupies, psychological warfare during competition, women's involvement, and money's ruinous influence).

For a man who has pushed his body to its physical limits, the use of steroids in sports seemed a natural starting point for the conversation.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

Photograph by Annie Leibovitz/Contact

Penthouse: Have you had much personal contact with the use of steroids in body building?

Schwarzenegger: There hasn't been an athletic event where they haven't been used.

Penthouse: What do steroids do?

Schwarzenegger: They're supposed to make you gain weight, but even the people who have been doing research on them don't know. There's a big debate over their use. People wonder if it is a psychological drug, or if it makes your body retain more water and therefore makes you heavier. Basically, if you take steroids, you get hungrier and thirstier. So what puts on the weight is putting more food and water in your system. They're not too good in body building, because even though they're helpful in gaining size, body builders take diarrhetics to lose the extra water the day before a competition.

Penthouse: Have you used steroids?

Schwarzenegger: Yes, on and off from 1970 to 1975, for the single two-month period before the annual World Championship.

Penthouse: It's been suggested that they adversely affect muscle tissue.

Schwarzenegger: The muscle tissue is the one that retains water. The muscle tissue, the fat tissue, everything blows up. It has almost the same effect as when a woman takes birth control pills. She gets bloated and feels the water retention in her system.

Penthouse: What are their side effects?

Schwarzenegger: If people take twenty a day instead of three or four, thinking the extra pills will make them five times as big, they get headaches, their hair falls out, and they can ultimately suffer kidney failure. People with the worst side effects admitted that they had been taking steroids for years instead of just six weeks, as they had been told to do.

Penthouse: Are steroids considered prescription drugs?

Schwarzenegger: Yeah. Sports doctors prescribe them. But they're available on the black market as well.

Penthouse: Have you heard of cases where people suffered temporary sterility?

Schwarzenegger: I've heard of them, yeah, but I don't know of any specific cases.

Penthouse: Were you surprised when an athlete was recently stripped of his world record because he had used steroids to obtain it?

Schwarzenegger: Yes, because I wasn't aware that stricter controls were being imposed in sports over steroid use. Before now there were tests for other drugs, like speed, but until recently there was no way of detecting steroids. I hope this type of testing is continued so the use of drugs by athletes will be completely eradicated.

Penthouse: Before you did *Stay Hungry*, the director, Bob Rafelson, said he wanted you to lose forty pounds. You took it off in a very short time span and gained it right back to appear in *Pumping Iron*. This is similar to what Robert De Niro did for *Raging Bull*. Is this healthy?

Schwarzenegger: First of all, you have to realize that you can gain weight in different ways. There is muscular weight and fat weight. With any person who goes up forty pounds—like from a slim De Niro body to a heavyset body—in a short period of time, only five or ten pounds can be muscle. The rest is fat. That's dangerous. It throws your metabolism and your heart off. So what De Niro did was to feed his muscle cells fat to gain the weight. That means the muscle cells will never disappear again, in his whole life: they shrink if you deprive them of fatty goods, but they're ready to expand again very quickly. So he has to be on a strict diet all his life. It was tough, what he did. He's a guy who really gets into his character, but he's probably not aware of what he did. In my case, I never expanded my fat cells, only my muscle cells. When I lost forty pounds for *Stay Hungry*, I took much less protein, which made my muscle cells shrink. Then, when I fed them well again, they did the same as fat cells will do, that is, exploded again back to normal size.

> I was propositioned at competitions by men and women who wanted to have sex with me. I used to be approached much, much more . . . Maybe they can't relate to me any more.

Penthouse: When you were an adolescent, you loved to go to those Italian sword-and-sandal movies. What made them your favorites?

Schwarzenegger: When you're a teenager, you look for something inspirational to motivate you. Since I had begun my body-building training, I went to see anything that had to do with physical strength and heroic characters. They were corny, but they were great for us, because we could check out Steve Reeves's triceps, how his latissimus looked when he was throwing the javelin, and how Reg Parks's calves looked when he walked up the steps.

Penthouse: One of the things that *Conan* and the recent crop of adventure films offer the youth audience is a new generation of heroes.

Schwarzenegger: Kids will always need somebody to look up to and be inspired by, other than their fathers. But in the ten years that I've been in the United States, anybody who had the potential of being heroic has been killed by people or by the media. The last decade was a very antiheroic time, and America suffered because of it. But now people are looking for heroes again.

Penthouse: Who are your heroes?

Schwarzenegger: I'm not an idolizer of heroes. The more you idolize people, the less you make of yourself. But there are people I greatly admire, people who have done a lot with their lives and have had a great influence on society. Ronald Reagan came from an acting background to become president through persistence, willpower, and continuous learning. Franklin Roosevelt convinced, motivated, and changed a nation. He got the country going again. It was the same with Jack Kennedy. He stimulated the economy and had a refreshing impact on the country. I also admire Adam Smith and Milton Friedman, whose influence in economics helped keep the free-enterprise system and the supply side of economics alive. Then, of course, there's Mother Teresa, who has given her life to help thousands of people in ghettos all over the world.

Penthouse: You were brought up as a Roman Catholic. Do you still go to church regularly?

Schwarzenegger: I'm not into a traditional pattern of going to church every Sunday. But when I think about it, I go.

Penthouse: Do you still pray?

Schwarzenegger: Sometimes, yes.

Penthouse: Did you ever do it in connection with competition?

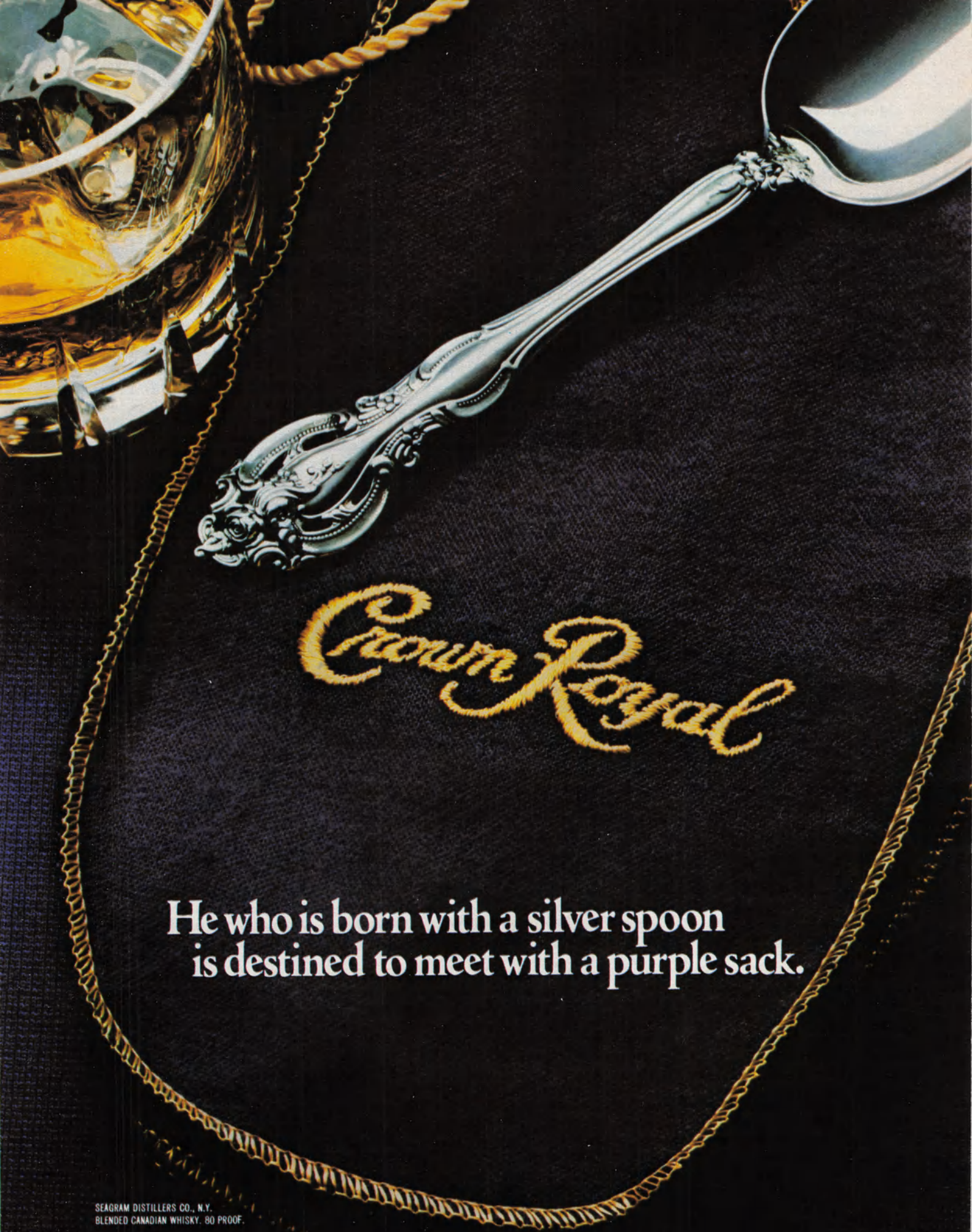
Schwarzenegger: No. God couldn't care less about my winning the Mr. Olympia contest. It has to be something bigger than that! Compared to the real problems of the world—hunger, natural disasters, wars, illness, and misery—the Mr. Olympia contest is nothing. It's just when you're posing on stage that it's very important. When I do pray, I rarely ask for things. I just thank God for all the good things that have happened to me.

Penthouse: Can you recall the first time you walked into a body-building gym?

Schwarzenegger: Very clearly. I had never seen men huffing and puffing with weights before. They wore very little, unlike in other sports, where you always have a training suit on. And they were watching themselves in the mirror while they exercised, which I found very strange at the time. There was enormous pain in their faces, which was a shock. And the quietness in the gymnasium was also strange, unlike in team sports, where everybody yells and screams all the time and teases each other. The men moved out of each other's way, like lions. They walked around in big circles, and nobody bumped into each other. It was very dark, with water dripping down the wall, freezing cold, like a bunker.

Penthouse: The body builders you first trained with introduced you to sex?

Schwarzenegger: They said that women were really just there to have sex with, and



He who is born with a silver spoon
is destined to meet with a purple sack.

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at fifteen I believed them. On Sundays they went to train out at a lake near town, taking their weights and some female companions. These men were established athletes in Austria, and the women treated them like kings. They liked guys who had good builds, and it was a very pleasurable scene altogether. Nobody knew who belonged to whom; it was just a bunch of girls going with a bunch of guys. It was very free and open, without any morals, especially about sex. At first I had hangups, because I was very young, but that was removed very quickly when I saw what was going on around me. It wasn't until years later that I realized I could relate to women on a variety of levels, from platonic friendship to serious relationships, which the athletes I trained with told me was the wrong thing to do if I was serious about my training to win the championships. But I was introduced to sex in the right way; so I didn't develop any hangups about it like some young men do.

Penthouse: Has your size ever put any women off?

Schwarzenegger: I once walked into the ocean in Venice, Calif., and started talking to a young woman, and she turned around and looked at me, and her eyes opened wide, like she was in shock. With the combination of my accent and my body, it freaked her out so much that she ran out of the water, screaming, "You look like Dracula!"

Penthouse: Were you always attracted to the same type of woman?

Schwarzenegger: I never looked for what other people considered the most gorgeous woman. Sometimes a "six" for somebody else was a "ten" for me. I want a woman who has a lot of joy and is always with it, someone brighter than I am, faster, and someone that I can learn from. Someone I can travel with and find stimulating. It's a package of me and her together, complementing each other.

Penthouse: Is that what you've found with your girl friend, Maria Shriver?

Schwarzenegger: She is the ultimate of what I have been looking for.

Penthouse: How did you meet her?

Schwarzenegger: In 1977 Ethel [Kennedy] invited me to participate in the Robert F. Kennedy Pro-Celebrity Tennis Tournament in New York. At the party the night before the tournament, Maria's mother, Eunice [Kennedy Shriver] introduced us. Maria was so stunning I couldn't take my eyes off her all night. And the next day the tournament was only secondary in my mind, compared to her. I spent all day trying to be with her, hardly thinking about the tennis.

Penthouse: Does her family approve of the two of you going together?

Schwarzenegger: We never had any problems with that.

Penthouse: Do you get along well with her father, Sargent Shriver?

Schwarzenegger: Extremely well. Her father is one of the smartest persons I've ever met. He is so well educated, so well read, with so much information stored up in his mind. He just inhales books. It's interesting to see the two different types of upbringings, the one I had and the one Maria and her brothers had.

Penthouse: Are you involved in a relationship that couldn't happen in Europe? Over there would someone from a small village be mixing with the aristocracy?

Schwarzenegger: It could happen there as well. You see, in Austria titles are the most important thing. So if you should win a title like being the number-one car racer or the number-one skier, you will most likely end up sitting at the dinner table with the president of Austria. But the Shriver family doesn't pay much attention to titles. In the past Maria has probably brought home boyfriends with no titles or anything, and they were well received by the family. They're just a very open-minded, liberal family.

Penthouse: Were you uncomfortable the first time Maria took you home?

> They're thinking about letting Sirhan Sirhan out of prison soon. The whole system sucks. For a guy like that, the punishment should be immediate death.

Schwarzenegger: I felt like I was going into the unknown. She invited me, but I didn't know if it was all right with the family. But when I got there, I felt welcomed.

Penthouse: You're not used to doing things over which you have no control.

Schwarzenegger: That's true, but that sort of experience makes me grow. Going to Hyannisport with Maria was a wonderful experience. We had two great days of waterskiing, tennis, and just getting to know people. Rose Kennedy was great. She speaks perfect German; so we spent the whole weekend talking to each other in my native tongue. We went for several long walks together and talked about Austria at length. The odd thing was that she knew everything about my country. Music, art, opera, books, even history! I was on my toes every second with her, and I found that the whole family was that way. They all participate in discussions around the dinner table on every conceivable subject, with Sargent as the encyclopedia to answer any questions nobody else gets.

Penthouse: Do you and Maria clash over your differing political views?

Schwarzenegger: We have a great time with her being a liberal Democrat and me basically being a conservative Republican, though I have some liberal ideas as well. We have a humorous, spicy relationship where we discuss things, respecting each other's views. If she goes to a fundraiser for Teddy Kennedy or is doing other things that I would not do myself, I help her out and she does the same for me.

Penthouse: Have your political ideas and ideals changed since you moved to America?

Schwarzenegger: I was always to the right; so Austria was too socialistic for me, although that system works pretty well in a small country, and Bruno Kreisky has always done a good job. But Austria was limited for me, because if you wanted to go into business, government regulations got in the way and their taxes take too big a chunk of the profits. That's why I looked forward to going to America. Here you still keep a big chunk of your profits and only pay a fair share of taxes. That's a good conservative Republican viewpoint: less regulations, less taxes, more freedom for the individual businessman.

Penthouse: When you were growing up, did you have fantasies about America?

Schwarzenegger: The things I read were always about this big, wealthy country, with a lot of energy, big factories, rich people, and big cars. Everything was big, big, big! That made me want to come here. I had no patience for the little cars in Europe or the little houses with their little gardens. I wanted everything to be huge. And, actually, when I think about it, everything has been almost better than I expected. America *is* the land of opportunity, where anybody can make it.

Penthouse: What was the biggest problem you had in adjusting to life in the United States?

Schwarzenegger: I just couldn't handle getting used to the low speed limit. I'm used to driving fast and love fast cars. It's such a waste to drive like a grandfather. That's one of the things I will never forgive Nixon for doing, imposing the nationwide fifty-five-mile speed limit, regardless of whether you're driving 300 miles out in Nevada without a turn in the road.

Penthouse: You must be pleased that America's political pendulum has swung sharply to the right again.

Schwarzenegger: The Adam Smith theory of "the invisible hand" is finally in again, with government control relaxing and with being able to operate freely. Strong central government control worked well to get us out of the depression, but now it stifles growth. Socialism has spread too fast in America, with the Democrats being in all the time. And when people are pushed too much, they go in the opposite extreme in reaction. It's up to the people in control to make their ideas work effectively. But if they can't, then of course the power will shift back again. That's the way it always goes.

Penthouse: What are your feelings regarding freedom of the press?

Schwarzenegger: Sometimes it gets car-

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ried away at the expense of the country. I'm very sensitive about this, because when I lived in Germany I occasionally listened to the East German radio. They don't quote their own journalists; they only quote American and Western journalists and use your material against you. Like how money corrupts people, how the American political system doesn't work, and how Watergate was covered up and how Nixon was involved. So when I came to America and saw the bad things that were written about the politicians, the system, and the country, I got very sensitive about it. Because I know where these stories are going to end up after the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times*. If there's a problem within a political system, I feel it should be solved in the same way as a problem within a marriage: in the privacy of your own four walls. You don't go out and tell all your neighbors and the press and everybody. Internal problems should be solved internally and not be blown out of proportion.

Penthouse: But Watergate would not have been exposed had it not been for two investigative journalists.

Schwarzenegger: Well, I question that. Eventually everything would have come out.

Penthouse: But the fact that it led back to the president of the United States, despite consistent denials of any wrongdoings from the White House, stressed the importance of investigative work.

Schwarzenegger: To me it was more important that the situation was resolved through political institutions. There was a prosecutor and a Senate Watergate investigative committee.

Penthouse: And Archibald Cox was tossed out when he dug too deep.

Schwarzenegger: The press couldn't stop Cox from being fired. He was fired, and that was the end of it. And the coverage of the Watergate hearings was overdone. And the country didn't profit from it. All I could imagine was the Russians videotaping the whole thing for their own propaganda purposes.

Penthouse: Do you believe in capital punishment?

Schwarzenegger: All the crime that is committed in America, including assassination attempts, leads back to the basic fact that we have too liberal a legal system. I mean, they're thinking about letting Sirhan Sirhan out of prison soon. Can you imagine the guy who killed Robert Kennedy running around the streets? The whole system sucks. For a guy like that, the punishment should be immediate death. It's the most valid system to prevent someone from committing the same crime again. Intellectuals try to justify the present system by saying that many criminals are influenced by poor home environments and bad upbringing, but so what? The bottom line is that a cold-blooded killer does not fit into society. He has shown it. He has killed people. So therefore he cannot be part of society. I'm not alone in my feelings. Many states have already reinstated capital punishment, having been convinced that no other threat works as effectively.

Penthouse: During part of the time you lived in Munich, around 1968, you were a bully and got into a lot of fights. Was this just for fun?

Schwarzenegger: Sure. I was nineteen or twenty and was into testing myself through fights, especially when I had trained and felt good and strong. I felt I was the king wherever I went. Munich is a wonderful place for being into that sort of immature behavior, because people are drunk there a lot. People start fights all the time in beer halls; then two minutes later you are drinking together as if nothing had happened. There was no thinking involved; I just trained four hours a day, ate like an animal, and acted like a gladiator. My self-image at the time was to be huge and strong and live like an animal. No one wanted to kill anyone, though chairs were thrown around half of the time, where you could have been killed. But the major weapon was the beer mug. People sat there holding their mugs and arguing, and you knew that they were holding them for a reason. There was a certain way of sitting at a table so you wouldn't get a beer mug in the face.

> I thought all these girls backstage just worked there, oiling guys up. Believe me, there was a time when I was that naive!

Penthouse: When did this fighting stop?

Schwarzenegger: In America, because I realized I was a guest here. I tried to act differently, thinking about things and avoiding fights, acquiring a better image. I grew up.

Penthouse: Did you ever lose a fight?

Schwarzenegger: No.

Penthouse: Is that because you were bigger or because you outfought them?

Schwarzenegger: Outfought them or stopped the possibility of a fight beforehand. A lot of times people get intimidated by size; so even if you were the one who started the fight, all of a sudden they realized what they were up against and said, "Hey, buddy, how about a beer?"

Penthouse: Have people tried to pick fights with you in the U.S.?

Schwarzenegger: Never. I rarely see bar fights here. I think people are more peaceful than in Europe. The only thing you have to watch out for here are people on drugs. Even then, they don't fight. They get carried away with guns, shooting people down without thinking about it.

Penthouse: Does this mean you favor gun control?

Schwarzenegger: No. Because that forbids law-abiding citizens from owning guns but doesn't stop the criminals, who can always buy them on the black market. Also, there have never been valid statistics to prove that gun control has worked. There are gun-control laws in Austria and Germany, but more people have guns there than you can imagine. You can get them everywhere on the black market. Gun control isn't the answer. Stiffer punishments are the answer.

Penthouse: When you first entered competition, were there large cash prizes given in body building?

Schwarzenegger: When I first won the Mr. Olympia contest in 1970, the Super Bowl of body building, they only gave $1,000, and six years later, when I won in South Africa for the sixth time, the prize had only gone up to $1,500. It was then that I decided I would stop competing and produce the Mr. Olympia contest myself, figuring out a formula that would allow much heavier cash prizes, up to $50,000. I involved sponsors, sold advertising space, raised the admission price, and sold tickets to the prejudging. In all the different competitions, worldwide, over $200,000 is now given, compared to just $1,500 only six years ago.

Penthouse: Has the increase in prize money changed the sport?

Schwarzenegger: Yes, though I wasn't aware that that would be the case. It corrupted and screwed up the sport a little bit. As a result, body building is now suffering the same symptoms every sport does that turns professional. It's caused conflicts, jealousies, and a loss of the camaraderie that used to be there when we trained. It used to be just you out there. Now it's you and your potential income for the next year. As soon as big money is involved, like in the baseball strike, people forget about the fans and the sport and only think about the financial gains. But I think body building will survive this stage and normalize in five years, with a financial system worked out where body builders will be able to relax about the money.

Penthouse: How many body builders make a living out of the sport?

Schwarzenegger: There are only fifteen or twenty professionals who make a living solely from body building. This is compared to the hundreds of thousands who are training three or four hours a day with the goal of competing in the competitions.

Penthouse: How important are the psychological-warfare aspects of body-building competition?

Schwarzenegger: After having your body in perfect condition, it's the most important thing, although most competitors don't use it well.

Penthouse: How did you used to psych

CONTINUED ON PAGE 228

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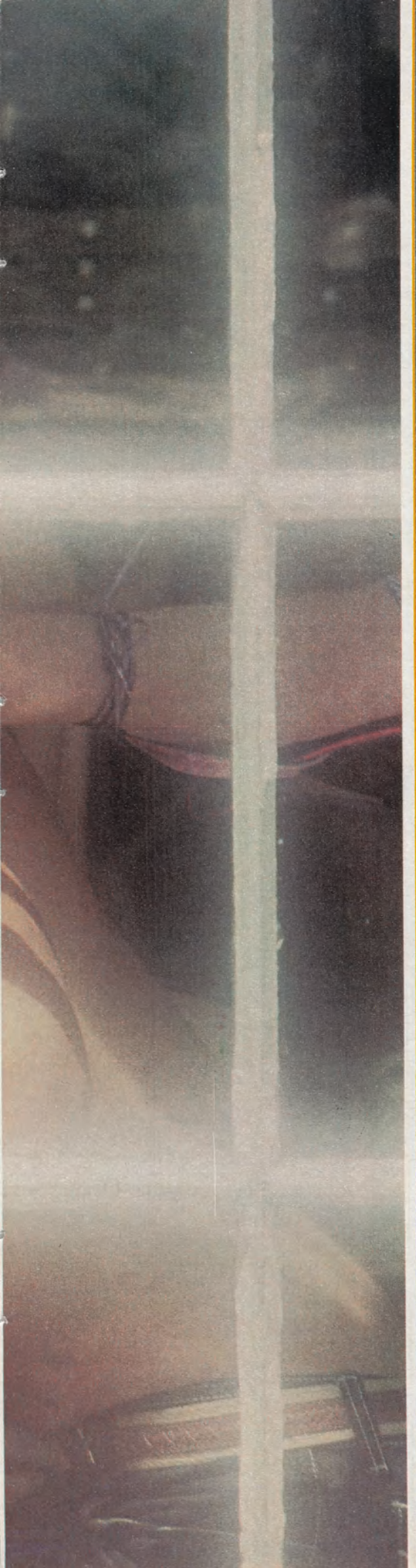
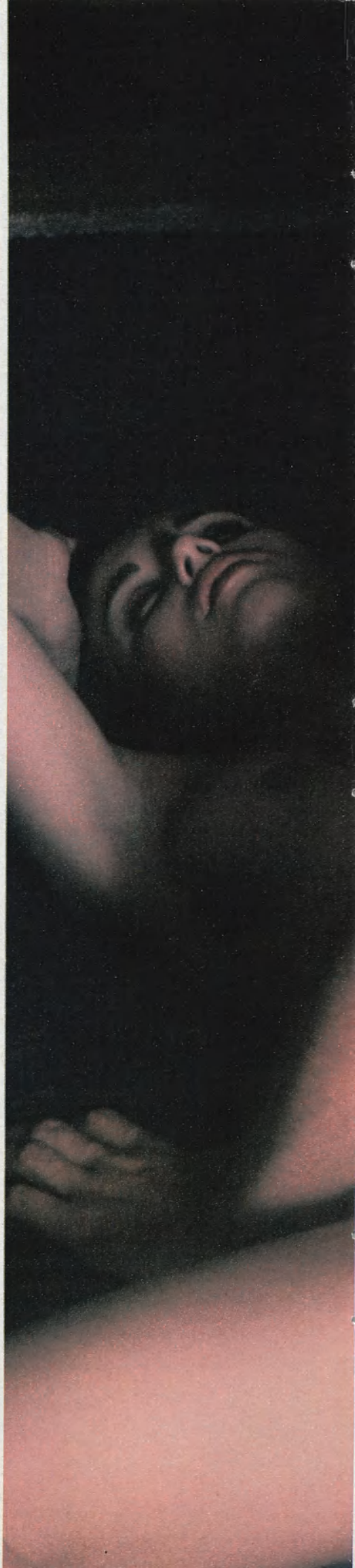
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SCHOEN

And always he was there for her, ready–eager to satisfy her needs and quench his desire . . . Other times he'd find her waiting by the window and quickly strip away her silken fortress. Her heavy breasts would swell with his bruising pressure, reward his fingers with the feel of her quickened heartbeat . . .



Kissing her downy neck, he'd revel in her
sweet perfume; she in the musky
odor of his perspiration. He pulled her down
beside him, his long, slow
explorations forcing new discoveries upon her . . .



With parted lips, she silently
opened herself to roughly
worded commands
unheard save in the intimacy
of their marriage. At
times her own slender fingers
would serve as his
eager accomplice, probing
her pulsating depths,
causing her juices to flow like
a spring untapped . . .
In response to his grasping
caresses, her globes
of breast and buttock would
provide a cushion for his
comfort, intensifying her own . . .

When alone, her afternoons seemed endless;
with him, the sun seemed to
sail across the sky with cruel, undaunted speed;
lengthening shadows would
contribute to the magic and the mystery
of their rapture, preparing
them for the night and the days to come . . .

A CHRISTMAS CAROL, BOBBI, DEE, CHERYL AND LISA

his Christmas put PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE under the tree of a special friend and make beautiful music together all year round.

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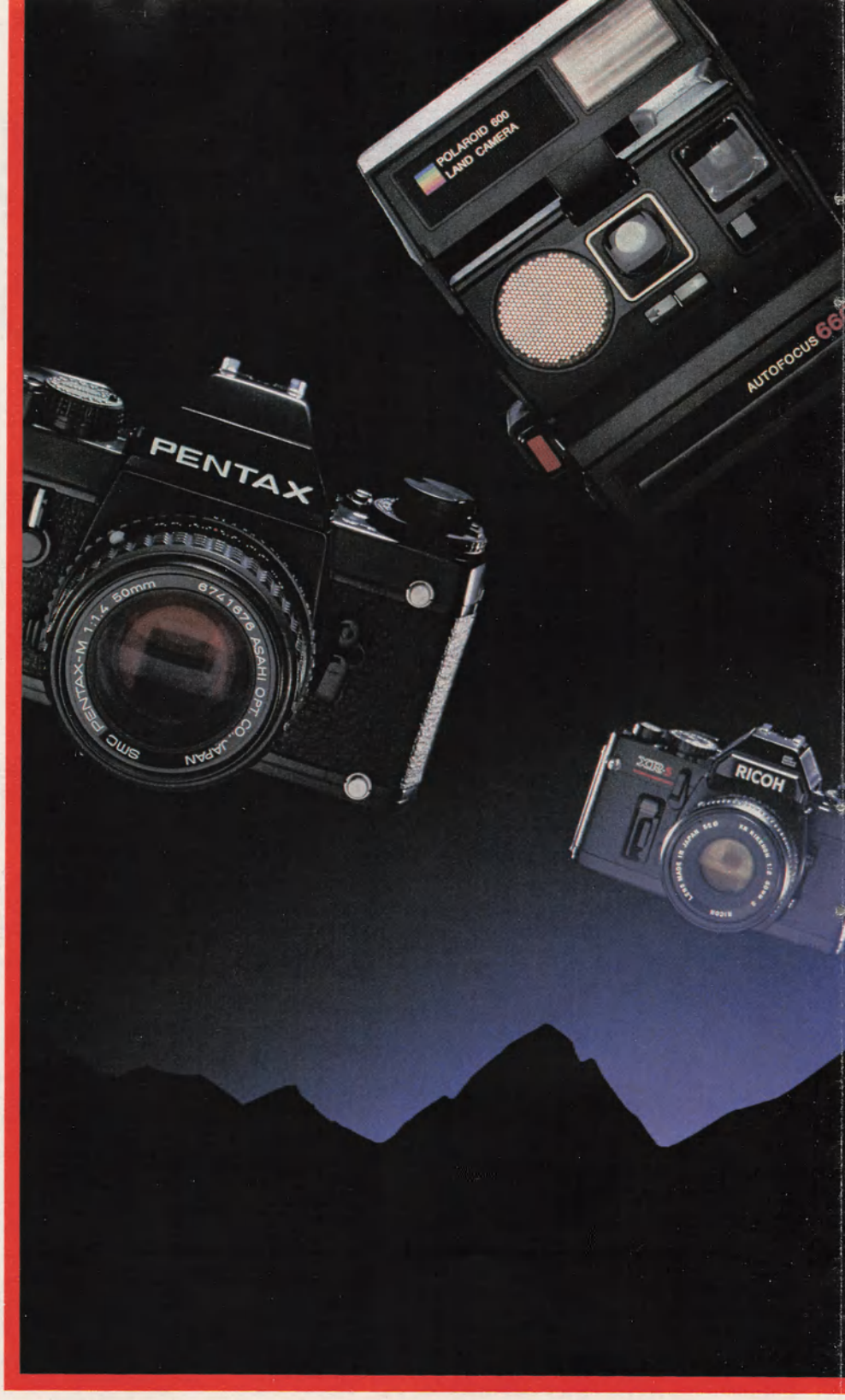


With the newest cameras doing most of the work, you can concentrate on taking great pictures.

HOT SHOTS

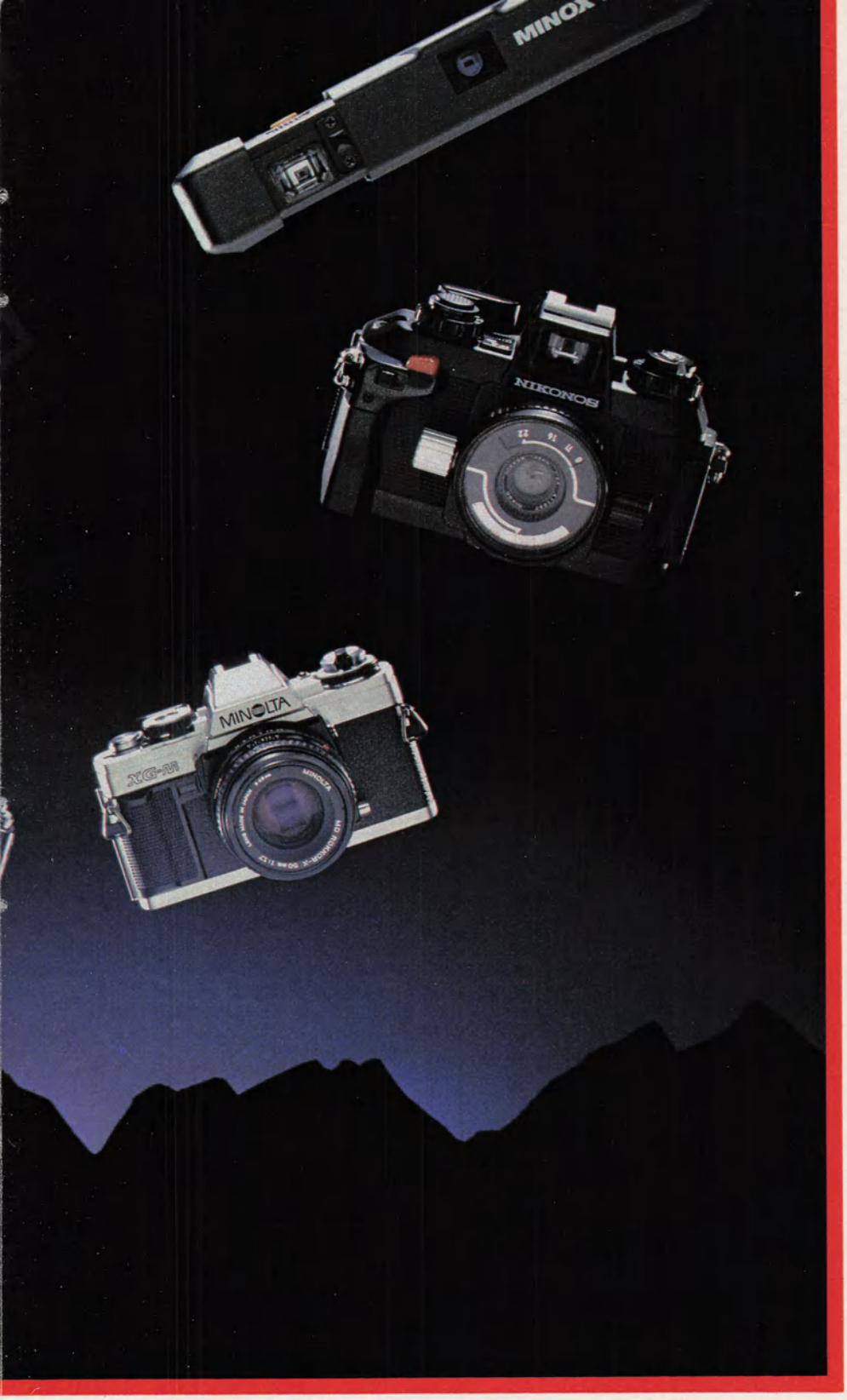
BY MICHAEL BALLAI

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE KRONGARD

No matter how much or little you want or need in a camera, the latest equipment combines enough electronic and optical wizardry to suit any taste without compromising picture quality. Not only do the following cameras deliver fine pictures, but they also do that and more with greater ease, efficiency, and reliability than cameras of a few years ago.

Nowhere is this trend more evident than in the immensely popular 35 mm SLR (single-lens reflex). The SLR's automatic exposure and its ability to accept different lenses and accessories make it an easy-to-operate camera that can do most anything. Now you can buy an SLR that will, if you wish, actually set everything—f-stop, shutter speed, flash sync, even focus—but also permit you to set all the controls manually.

A notable example is the AE-1 Program from Canon. It will set the shutter speed or both f-stop and shutter speed, but it also allows you to run the exposure controls yourself. Several Canon flash units couple with the camera to automatically set the correct flash sync speed. The extensive array of Canon lenses includes an auto-focusing zoom lens. With one of its three motorized film-advance attachments (including a new slimmed-down auto-winder), the Canon AE-1 Program with auto-focus zoom is a remarkably facile and fast machine. If you like to do your own focusing, you'll appreciate the interchangeable focusing screens this camera accepts. This same versatile screen feature is also available on Canon's new, professionally modular F-1. It has nine different exposure-metering options, which combine either automation of lens opening or shutter speed selection (or manual control of both), and one of three different meter-sensitivity patterns, from full-screen to tiny spot readings. If you



(Top Left, Clockwise) The Polaroid 660 has a Sonar auto-focus system ($95). Weighing just two ounces, the Minox EC is tinier than earlier models. It comes with flash and film ($216). For underwater photography the Nikonos IV-A from Nikon has integral grip and oversized controls ($419) and 35 mm f/2.5 lens ($176.50). The new Minolta XG-M will accept a compact motor drive ($488 with 50 mm f/1.7 lens); optional motor drive ($250). The world's first solar-powered 35 mm SLR is Ricoh's XR-S ($550 with 50 mm f/1.4 lens). The sophisticated Pentax LX has integrated direct metering ($980 with 50 mm f/1.4 lens).

don't care for any technicalities, Canon has also introduced the Super Sure Shot, a 35 mm camera that automatically sets focus and exposure, has a built-in motor that advances and rewinds film and tackles dim light with a fast f/1.9 lens and built-in pop-up flash. Designated the AF35ML, it has a prefocus control that lets the photographer decide what should be in sharper focus.

Pentax's modular LX has integrated direct metering instead of the multi-mode automation offered by the Canon F-1. The LX time-setting automatic metering reads off the film plane during the exposure and automatically compensates for light changes. It works with exposures as long as 125 seconds or with the short-duration flash exposures of some special Pentax electronic flash units. An extensive selection of Pentax lenses, from a 15 mm superwide to a 2000 mm mirror telephoto, is available. The very compact Pentax MV also uses these lenses, and if you don't need or want the sophistication of the LX, this model provides an affordable entrée to a good system. In the viewfinder of the MV, you will find a traffic-light array of red, green, and yellow LEDs (light-emitting diodes). Merely adjust the lens opening until the green light is on and then take the picture.

Minolta's two new 35 mm cameras use the aperture-priority automation found on these Pentaxes. Minolta's XG-M is a 35 mm SLR that combines ease with manual metering control plus automatic override options. Two features—a very bright screen and an optional motor drive (or winder)—place it in direct competition with the Canon AE-1 Program. Deciding between these two cameras might be very difficult indeed, since both cover the widest range of use imaginable. It's a matter of choosing between the more contempla-

tive aperture-priority automation of Minolta or the action-oriented shutter-priority automation of Canon. Minolta's CLE is a highly compact state-of-the-art rangefinder camera that accepts interchangeable lenses and a dedicated flash that mounts on the camera's flash shoe. This scaled-down, quiet-operating (no SLR mirror clunk) outfit is ideal for traveling photographers.

The Yashica FX-D is a very affordable aperture-priority automatic 35 mm SLR that borrows the sophistication of quartz shutter timing from its more costly Contax brothers, but access to the fine Yashica and superb Zeiss lenses is reason enough to check it out. The Yashica FX-D and the Konica FC-1 are essentially the same as the more expensive cameras except that they don't come with a built-in motor. The Konica FL-1 is one of the few shutter-priority SLR's available in the moderate-price range. Konica offers a particularly novel option for the FC-1—a shutter release designed for lefties.

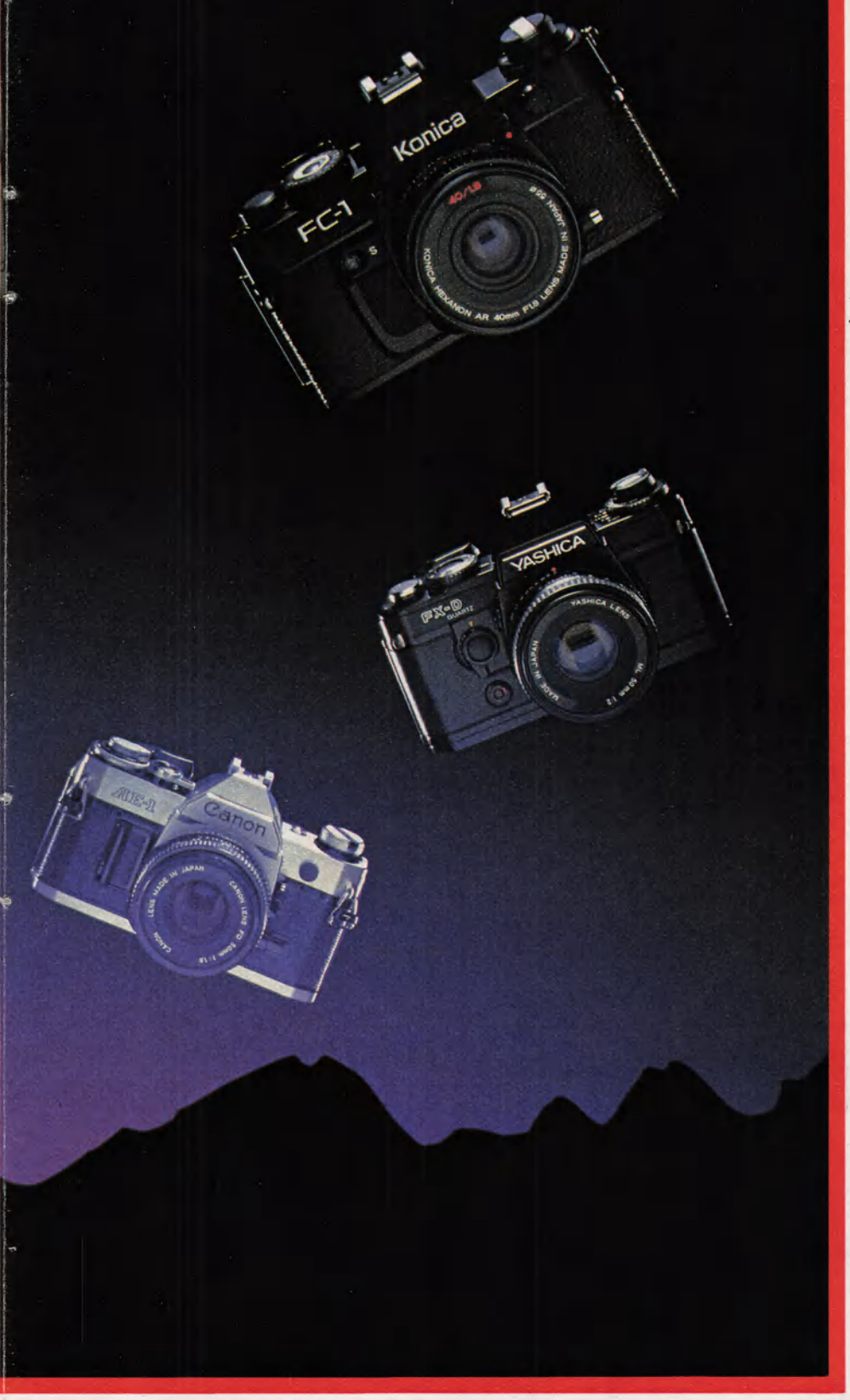
Three rather special SLRs have just surfaced. Ricoh's XR-S has the distinction of being the world's first solar-powered SLR. Two panels on the top of the XR-S charge internal batteries to run the camera's electrical system. This full-featured SLR has all the usual accessories, but particularly interesting is its use of an energy-efficient LCD (liquid-crystal display) bar that moves like a needle along a shutter-speed scale in the viewfinder. Mamiya's ZE-X uses its more conventional energy source (batteries) in a very clever way. The brainy ZE-X's forte is that it is multi-moded, like other highly automated SLRs, but it can also "cross over" to another mode if the picture situation warrants it. The ZE-X's crossover mode uses an advanced logic capability that works as a failsafe system to ensure good pictures.

Olympus, which was the first manufacturer to offer smaller SLRs, offers a modified version of its economical OM-10. Called the OM-10 Quartz, it has a quartz clock/calendar with LCD display affixed to the camera back. This clock will imprint the time or date on your pictures until the year 2009. As a camera, the OM-10 can accept many equally compact Zuiko lenses, and the direct film plane meter (another Olympus first) ensures accurate exposures.

Another off-the-film meter user is the Nikonos IV-A, a nonreflex 35 mm camera whose primary function is underwater photography. Totally upgraded and redesigned from a previous Nikonos camera, this amphibious camera (which can be used to a depth of 160 feet) is impervious to hazards that normally would destroy conventional machines. Outdoor sportsmen who encounter rough environments might find this machine particularly useful. An integral grip and oversized controls facilitate handling when it's wet or used with gloves. Several lenses and numerous attachments are available for the Nikonos, including a new energy-saving, auto-exposure flash called the SB-101.

Chinon's anniversary edition of the Bellami would be unobtrusive if it weren't for its good looks. This compact 8.8-ounce 35 mm camera has red brushed suede covering its glossy black exterior. The Bellami features complete exposure automation and comes with a matching flash unit. It's essentially a snapshot camera with a slightly wide-angle lens, but it can take a fine picture when you don't want to carry a bigger camera.

One of the smallest cameras is the



(Top Left, Clockwise) The Olympus OM-10 Quartz uses a quartz clock/calendar to imprint date and time of picture onto the shot ($490 with 50 mm f/1.8 lens). Kodak's Colorburst 350 has a built-in electronic flash ($96.50). Konica's FC-1 offers automatic or full manual control ($414 with 40 mm f/1.8 lens). From Yashica, the FX-D 35 mm SLR with quartz shutter timing ($444 with 50 mm f/1.2 lens). The Canon AE-1 Program can be set automatically or manually ($320) with 50 mm f/1.8 lens ($130). The Anniversary Edition 35 mm Bellami from Chinon features complete exposure automation ($192). (All prices suggested retail.)

Minox EC. It takes special Minox film and is so small that it can fit into a cigarette pack. The EC comes with a flashcube adapter, and although it is hardly more than a very tiny box camera, the EC is a capable performer that won't get in the way.

Instant cameras from both Polaroid and Kodak are showing increasing reliance on flash for both indoor and outdoor work. Polaroid developed an entire system around the use of a flash called the 600 system. The ASA 600 color-print film (the world's fastest), based on the SX-70 process, is used in the 660, which has Polaroid's unique Sonar auto-focus system. An internal metering system works with the camera's electronic flash to balance the amount of flash-to-ambient light for pleasingly natural results. The Kodak Colorburst 250 and its new brother, the Colorburst 350 (which offers closer focusing capability), have built-in electronic flash and metering, too.

Accessories for 35 mm SLRs haven't changed too much recently, except that independent manufacturers are busy at work trying to provide economical alternatives to OEM (original equipment manufacturer) accessory gear. One notable breakthrough has come in the form of dedicated flash units, which work in varying degrees of sophistication with the camera's internal electronics (depending on the camera) to simplify flash sync and exposure. Sunpak's 422D and Vivitar's 3500 are good examples of this type of flash. The Sunpak represents the basic auto-exposure flash, while the Vivitar offers a variety of sophisticated options, including a remote sensor designed for close-up photography. Lenses are continuing to follow the trend toward smaller, lighter, and more versatile optics. Soligor's 80–200 mm f/4.5 Zoom + Macro is a close-focusing zoom lens that weighs just over a pound and is four and a half inches long. Sigma has a 600 mm f/8 CAT (an optical mirror system) that also focuses close, and this powerful telephoto isn't much bigger than a moderate telephoto in the 135 mm category. Other interesting optics include the Tamron 28–50 mm f/3.5–4.5 zoom and CPC's 35–100 mm f/3.5 zoom. Short-focal-length zooms (between 24 mm and 50 mm) and wide-angle-to-moderate-telephoto zooms with close focusing are becoming so popular these days that people find them a convenient substitute for normal lenses.

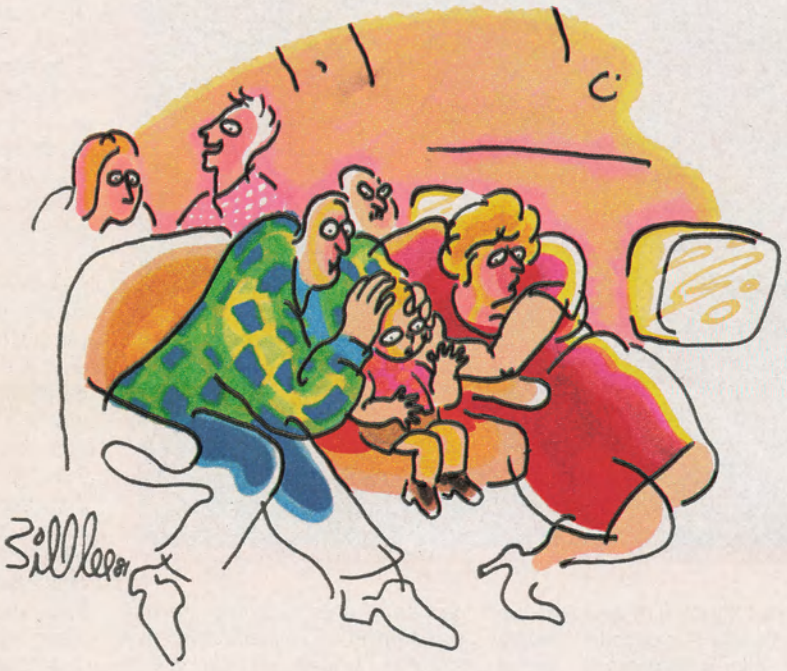
Smaller, lighter, easier, and more versatile aptly describes the new camera gear. Decide what type of camera best suits your needs, and then, armed with this updated information, go forth and shoot. O+

For more information on merchandise featured here, see page 238

In a veritable tour de force of indecision the Supreme Court of the (almost) United States of America has been attempting to determine (are you ready for this?) the definition of *death*. Heart failure? Head failure? They've not yet figured it out. I suppose in the final analysis, they'll opt for the same (non) decision they came to in determining the meaning of "pornography." They'll simply let each individual community come up with its own "standards" fixing the proper time of expiration. In other words, if you're dead in New York, you could conceivably be alive in Cleveland. As a responsible citizen (wife, kid, mortgage, etc....), I feel a certain moral obligation to aid those men and a Ms. in their hour of need. My own personal judgment, of course, is based on *material*, rather than physical, conditions. Career-wise, each one of us is capable of dying *professionally*, in the "marketplace," and that's as good a determination of death as I can think of. With that thought in mind, I present...

SATIRE BY BILL LEE

PENTHOUSE DEFINES DEATH



AIRLINE PILOT
You're dead when the stewardess says, "Put it in all the way, honey," and the cabin microphone switch is *on*.

FAMOUS ACTOR
Remember that porn film you made at the very beginning of your career, the one with the sheep and the 400-pound blond with leather diapers and a bullwhip? Well, you're dead when it's running regularly, at 2:00 a.m. on cable TV.

POLITICIAN
You're dead when your pregnant secretary interrupts a press conference to tell you her water just broke.

FASHION MODEL
...when the "grain" in your last photo set turns out to be acne.

ACTRESS
...when you've gone to bed with forty- seven movie producers and the only "part" you get is dangling from the lower half of their bodies.

ATHLETE
...if the fine print in your multi-million-dollar contract says you do floors and windows also.

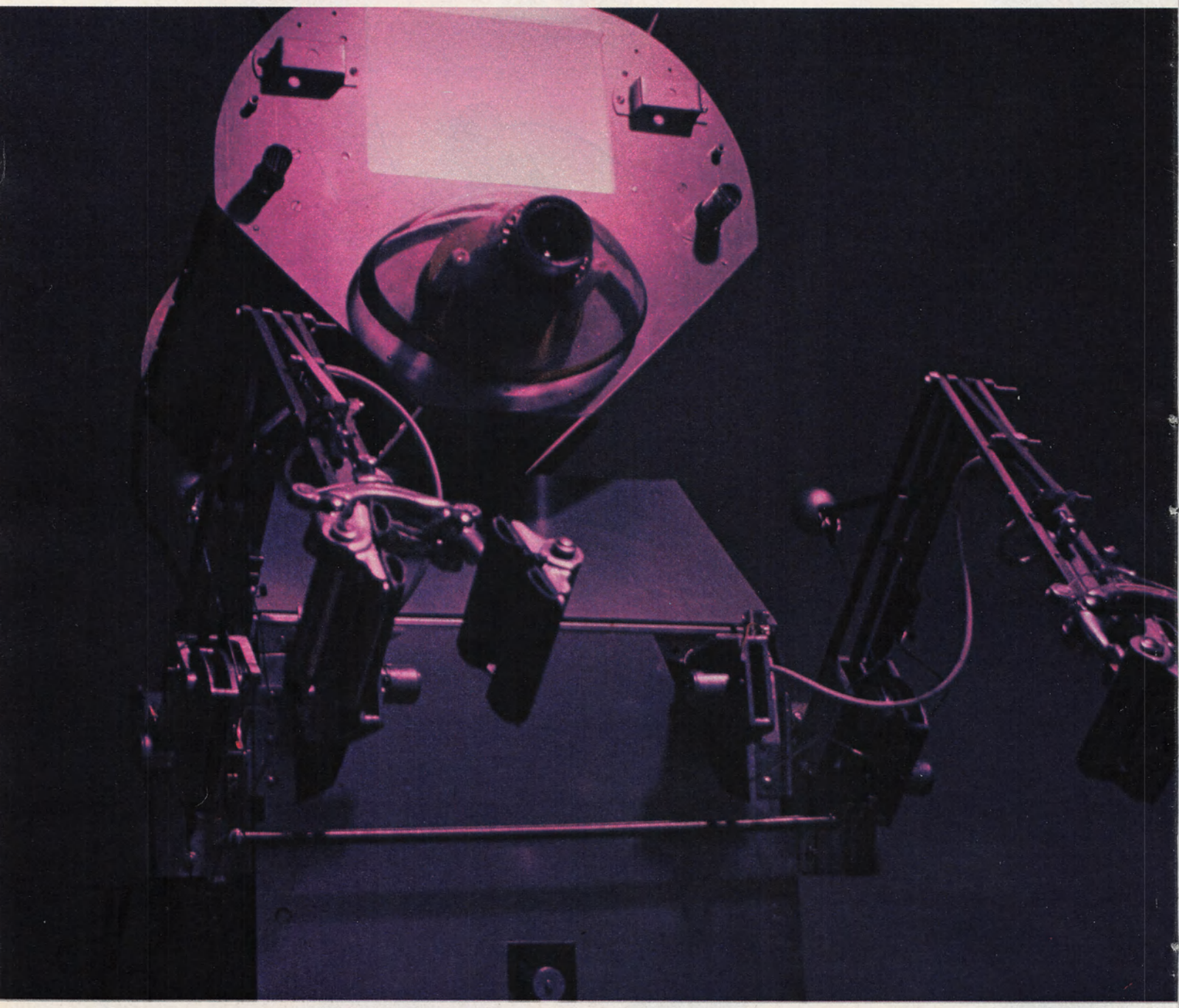
SEX COUNSELOR
...when your own wife sues you for malpractice.

FILM PRODUCER
You're *really* dead when you give Michael Cimino $50 million to direct a TV commercial.

REAL ESTATE AGENT
...when the elderly widow strikes oil on that swamp you sold her.

AUTHOR
You're dead when the things you publish start to appear on the Moral Majority's "recommended" list.

NIGHTCLUB COMIC
Death comes when your hecklers start to get bigger laughs than you do.

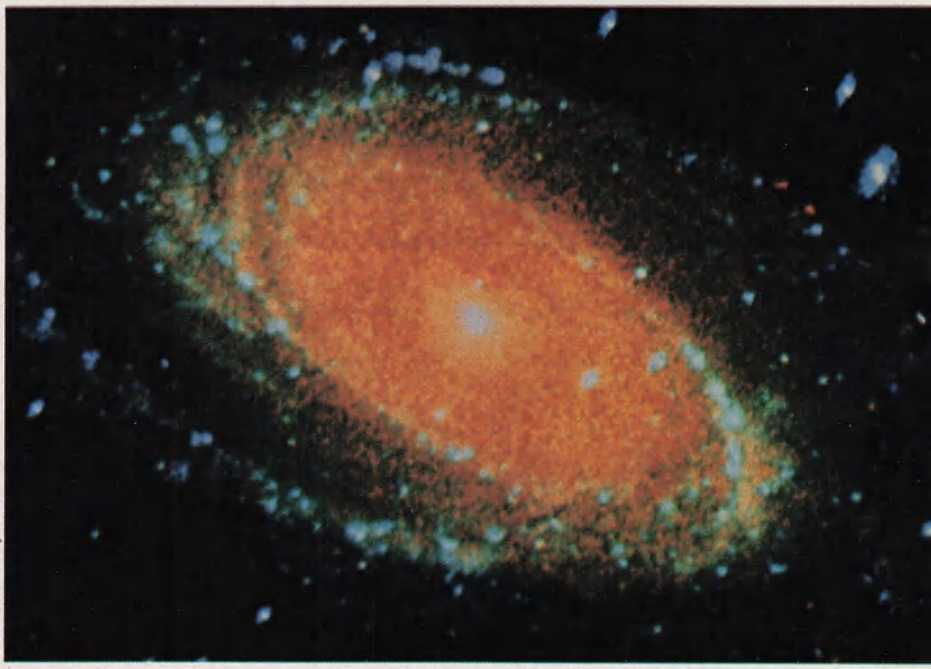


Today's most successful and revolutionary science magazine is bringing the future to national television.

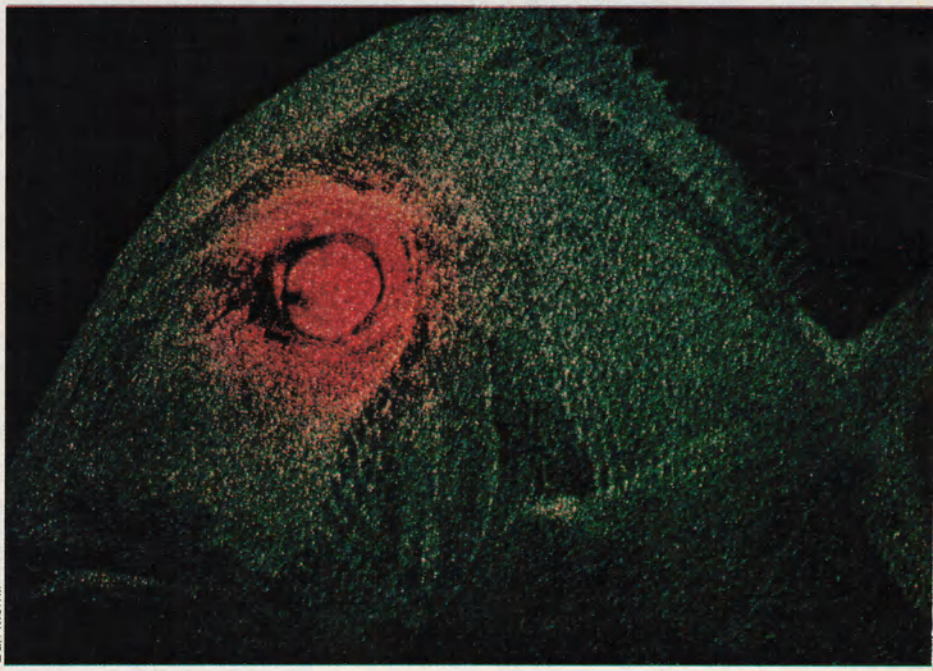
OMNI'S NEW FRONTIER

BY ROBERT WEIL

Dan McCoy



Hale Observatory



Dan Morrill

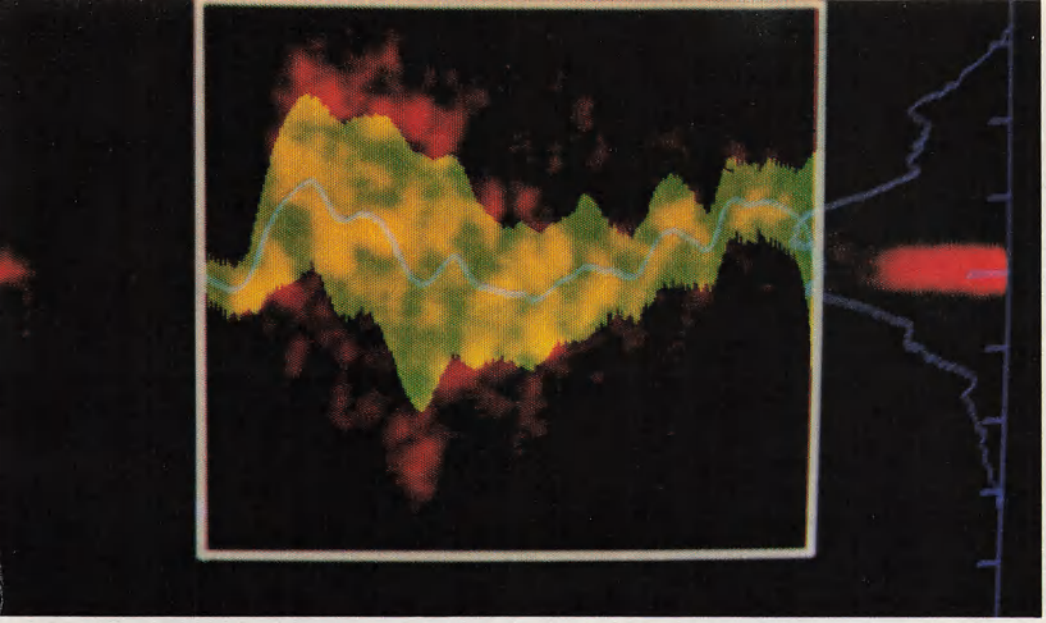
It began as a magazine in 1978, a bold publishing venture with a revolutionary format—presenting science as entertainment, providing its readers with a spectacular vision of the future, and reporting the latest news in technology, space, and medicine. While skeptics initially wondered whether a science magazine could attract a mass national audience, *Omni* very quickly emerged as the trailblazer in its field, today reaching 5 million monthly readers and still growing.

Omni is now on national television. Produced as a series of 26 half-hour shows, "Omni: The New Frontier" debuted in syndication on September 14. Its impact should be no less revolutionary, as its revelatory content and grand visual look promise to make it one of the most striking and influential series ever to air in America.

"Existing science series are documentary shows that deal with images of today. We want our show to convey the awe and entertainment that are part of tomorrow," says Bob Guccione, publisher of *Omni* magazine and creator of the show.

Presenting each story in a dramatic format, the series will show how science permanently changes our world, providing new solutions to food, energy, and medical problems. "It will be a show that will extend the technological vision be-

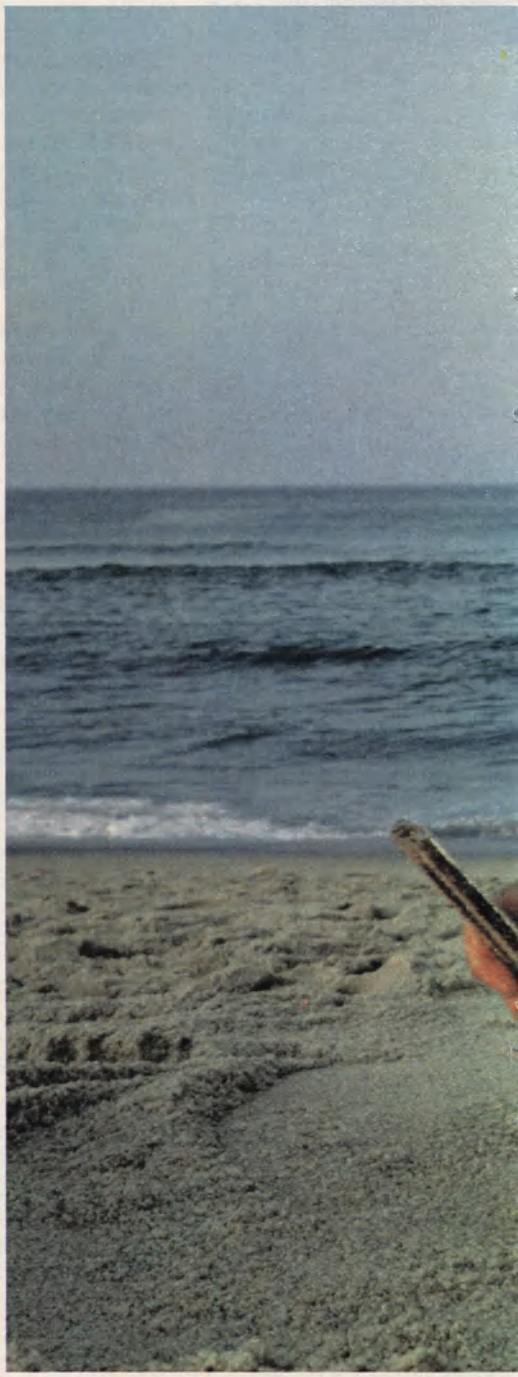
From the complex world of high technology to the visual splendor of underwater life, "Omni: The New Frontier" will report the breaking stories of our day. Pictured at far left is Omnivac. Endowed with artificial intelligence, it is one of the most sophisticated robots in existence. Galaxy images and exotic deep-sea creatures reveal the mysteries of nature.



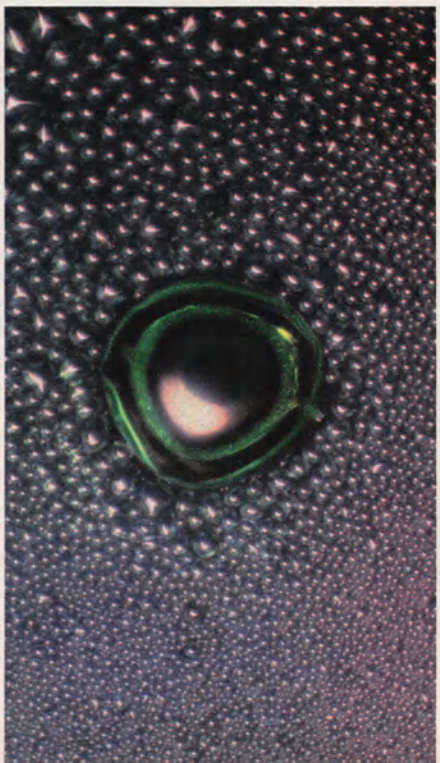
Dan McCoy

Steve Hunt

Dan McCoy



The art of prominent photographers will enhance "Omni: The New Frontier." Roman Vishniac, one of whose micrographs is pictured at right, will be featured in a segment of the new series. Other images will capture technological breakthroughs, such as the video display of laser fusion (Top Left), or will reveal the beauty of nature, as in the dragonfly pictured in flight (Top Right). Witnessed above is a plane designed by Burt Rutan, a modern-day pioneer in the aviation field who has taken aircraft design back to the basics. And Malcolm Wells (Far Right), architect for a futuristic underground housing community, designs castles in the sand.



Roman Vishniac

gun by Edison and Ford," states *Omni* President Kathy Keeton.

To create a television program of this magnitude, Guccione conducted an exhaustive search to find the most talented, visually attuned minds in America. Producers Vivian Moss and John Savage, best known for their execution of "The Body Human," the Emmy Award–winning series on the CBS network, bring to the new series a strong background in science and a flair for creating dramatic film reportage that are very highly regarded throughout the entire television industry.

To adapt the unique graphic design of *Omni* for television was a task in itself. Guccione journeyed to Rome in February to enlist the services of Academy Award–winning set designer Danilo Donati, already familiar to *Penthouse* readers for his artistic direction of *Caligula*. Donati's elaborate setting for "Omni: The New Frontier" is stunningly futuristic but at the same time pays homage to man's past.

Finally, to host the show, Guccione signed world–renowned British actor and author Peter Ustinov—whose dramatic screen presence guides viewers through such intricate stories as genetic engineering and space colonization.

The dramatic intensity and scientific diversity of this $3 million program are vividly illustrated by the creation of Omnivac, a robot, endowed with artificial intelligence, that appeared in one of the first programs. Invented and programmed by Carl Frederick, a theoretical physicist and computer-linguistics genius, the "Omni" robot has already been widely hailed for its technological sophistication.

For one thing, it boasts a phenomenal linguistic aptitude. Inventor Frederick has programmed Omnivac with a language that simulates human speech patterns, and has given it the ability to use *three* different voices, one of which is Bob Guccione's. With a vocabulary of 850 words, this is one of the most advanced robotic voices yet to be designed. Omnivac not only can respond to a wide variety of questions but also on request will draw a picture of itself, crack bad jokes, and answer multiplication problems.

Another of the first segments on "Omni: The New Frontier" featured Burt Rutan, a pioneer aviation designer. Taking aircraft design back to the basics, Rutan has produced safer and cheaper planes with wings at the front and back of the fuselage, instead of at the plane's center. The

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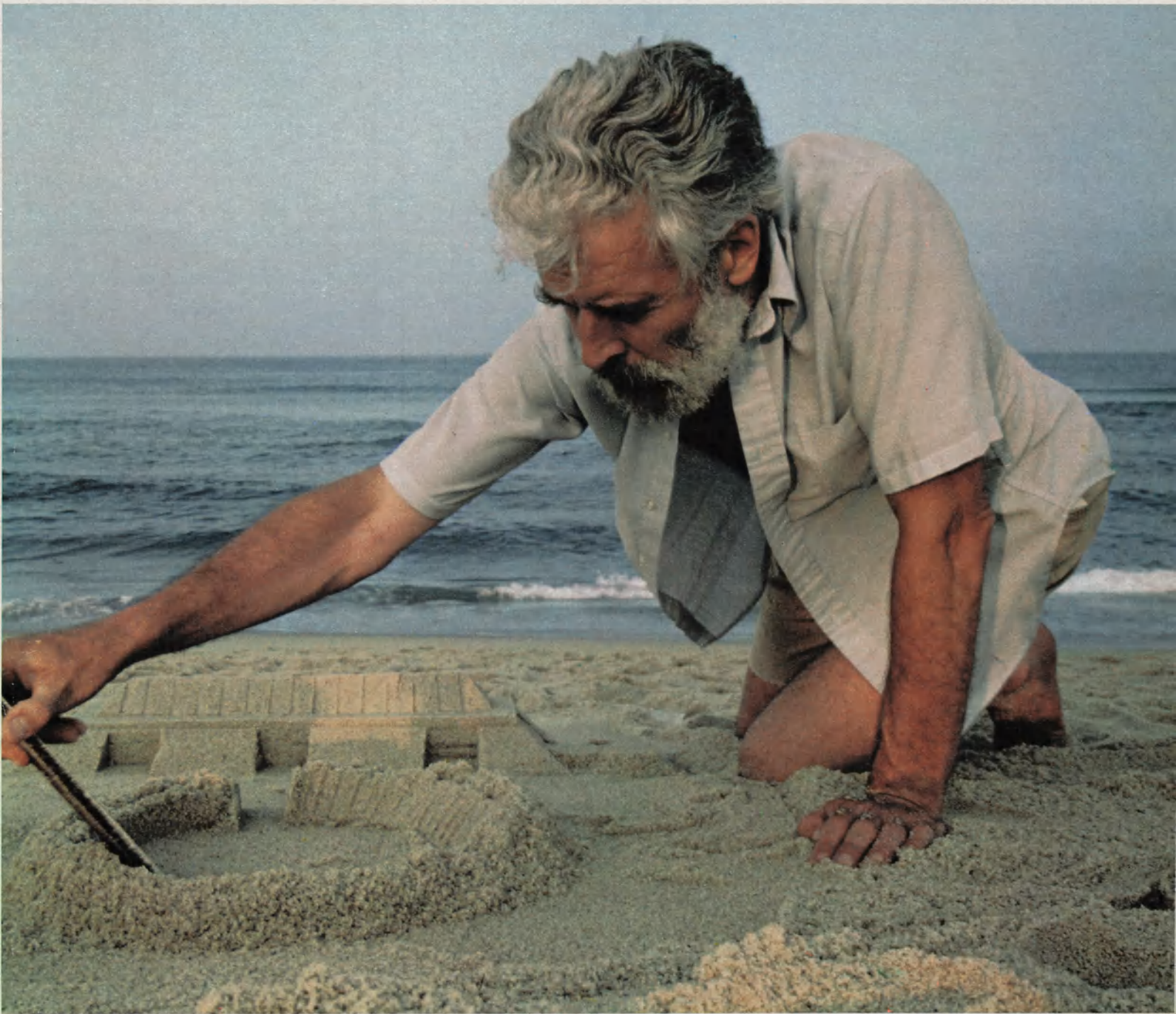
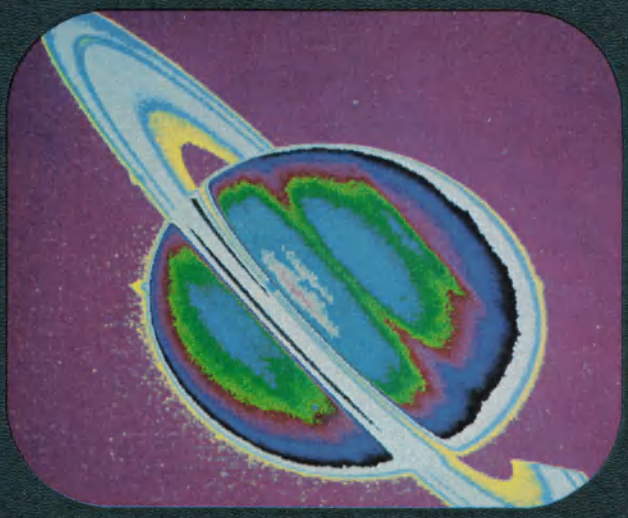


"STUNNING!"
"MARVELOUS!"
"A LANDMARK!"
"FANTASTIC!"
"DAZZLING!"
"A BREAKTHROUGH!"
"BEST THING ON TELEVISION!"
"GOSH!"



PEOPLE WHO HAVE SEEN OMNI: THE NEW FRONTIER CAN'T SAY ENOUGH ABOUT IT. WHAT DO YOU SAY?

OMNI: THE NEW FRONTIER.

A WEEKLY TELEVISION SERIES THAT WILL ASTOUND YOU.

CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS FOR TIME AND STATION.

MAD LOVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

Melanie stalked out and went down to the fourth floor to talk with Cheryl's roommates. They said they would go down to the precinct house themselves. Accordingly, Melanie left to sign her lease. It was twenty past ten. Jack Tupper had about an hour to live.

Melanie's real-estate agent, Georgiana Ioli, worked out of an office at 245 East Fifty-second Street; at first she wanted Melanie to wait until noon.

"I don't want to wait," Melanie said.

All right, Ioli said with resignation and busied herself with the lease, which was to be for a year. So visibly nervous was Melanie that Ioli couldn't stop herself from asking why. Melanie told her about Cheryl Corey, and it turned out that Ioli had heard a news report on the radio. The report had said that the death was an accident. An accident. Melanie was relieved. At least, she thought, it wasn't suicide. Or murder.

The lease taken care of, Melanie left the agent's office and decided she should call Buddy right away. He would be worried, and there were details to be discussed. She thought, for instance, that it would be proper to send flowers. She popped into a corner booth and dialed 861-1700.

"Yeah?" said a voice.

The speaker sounded short of breath, and she wondered if she had the right number.

"Who is this? Is this the Jacobson residence?"

"Yeah? *Yeah?*"

The voice was high, panicky.

"Douglas?" asked Melanie. Douglas, Jacobson's younger son, was then seventeen. "Douglas? What's the matter?"

"This isn't Douglas. This is Buddy."

His voice was a strangled whinny. Melanie was taken aback but carried on.

"I want to tell you what happened to Cheryl—"

"I can't talk to you; I can't talk to you. I've got to go."

"What are you *talking* about?" she demanded, outraged.

"I'm on the other line," Buddy barked and hung up.

Melanie was still simmering as she took a cab up Third Avenue, got off at the corner, and ran toward the building through the rain. On the way, she saw Douglas. He was running in her direction and had a plastic garbage bag over his shoulder. She assumed that he was going to put the bag into the green dumpster outside SPB 84. This was something Buddy often did, and SPB 84, an outlet of the art auction dowager Sotheby Parke Bernet, seemed indifferent. Melanie smiled and waved as she passed Buddy's younger son. She had no quarrel with Douglas. She walked into the building and pressed the elevator button.

The elevator wouldn't come. The light showed it was stuck on the seventh floor, her floor; so she climbed the stairs. There are two sets of fire stairs leading from the sixth to the seventh floor. The first stairway she tried was blocked, the heavy steel upstairs door being firmly shut. "Boy!" she thought to herself. "That's a real fire hazard."

She tried the second stairway, and what she found upstairs was even odder. Two boxes of bricks were jammed against the door, the small window was covered with a piece of cloth, and a two-by-four was propped underneath the doorknob. This was the first moment that Melanie felt, like something crawling on the skin, small prickles of doubt. Somebody wanted to keep somebody out. Or in. She moved the bricks, dislodged the two-by-four, and let herself into the hall, and pounded on the door of 7D.

He didn't answer.

She put her ear to the door. People were whispering. She knocked and knocked. More whispering and a creaky shuffling, as though something were being dragged across the floor. Furniture, perhaps, Melanie decided.

"Buddy!" Melanie began to shout. "Buddy! Open the door. I know you're in there. Open the door. I'm leaving, and I have to tell you what happened to Cheryl Corey."

Even the whispering now stopped, and Melanie heard somebody running up the apartment's indoor stairs, as though headed for the bathroom, and now Melanie had a theory as to what was going on. Buddy was with a girl. That would account for the shortness of breath. It was all some sort of game. She smelled something, a familiar aroma, hanging around the doorway, and didn't bother to think about *that.* But a thought quivered, trembling just out of reach.

She left the door, and just then she saw one of the foreign workmen that Buddy had doing construction on the Park East. He was a short young man with black hair, wearing work clothes and heavy-duty gloves. Melanie did not wonder right then what he was doing so accoutered on a Sunday or, for that matter, what he was doing at East Eighty-fourth Street. She believed his name was Tony—she later found it to be Salvatore Prainito—but she knew his grasp of English was less than total. She tried talking to him all the same.

"Are you going into Buddy's?"

Prainito just looked at her.

"You knock on the door," Melanie said. "Maybe he'll answer it for you. Because I have to tell him something."

Prainito approached the door, gave Melanie a long look, retreated, and sped down the stairs. Melanie walked past the elevator—now working, she noticed—and let herself into 7C.

The place was quiet. It was about noon. Melanie called upstairs, but there was no answer. She decided to let Jack sleep, made herself a cup of coffee, dawdled a few minutes, then went downstairs to face

OMNI: THE NEW FRONTIER
STATION LISTINGS

WRGB/NBC	Albany/Schenectady
KLKK/IND	Albuquerque/ Farmington
WBAL/CBS	Baltimore
WBMG/CBS	Birmingham
WCVB/ABC	Boston
WLS/ABC	Chicago
WCPO/CBS	Cincinnati
WKYC/NBC	Cleveland
KRDO/ABC	Colorado Springs
KOMU/NBC	Columbia/ Jefferson City
WFAA/ABC	Dallas/Fort Worth
WXYZ/ABC	Detroit
KVIQ/ABC	Eureka
WFFT/IND	Fort Wayne
KJCT/ABC	Grand Junction
WOTV/NBC	Grand Rapids
WLRE/IND	Green Bay
WGHP/ABC	Greensboro/ High Point/ Winston-Salem
WCTI/ABC	Greenville/New Bern
WLYH/ABC	Harrisburg/ Lancaster
WVIT/NBC	Hartford
KPRC/NBC	Houston
WRTV/ABC	Indianapolis
WJKS/NBC	Jacksonville
WJAC/NBC	Johnstown/Altoona
KMBC/ABC	Kansas City
KADN/IND	Lafayette
KVVU/IND	Las Vegas
KABC/ABC	Los Angeles
WLVY/ABC	Louisville
WITI/CBS	Milwaukee
KMSP/IND	Minneapolis
WABC/ABC	New York
WAVY/NBC	Norfolk/Portsmouth
KETV/ABC	Omaha
WOFL/IND	Orlando/ Daytona Beach
KMIR/ABC	Palm Springs
WEEK/NBC	Peoria
KYW/NBC	Philadelphia
KPHO/IND	Phoenix
WTAE/ABC	Pittsburgh
KPTV/IND	Portland
WJAR/NBC	Providence
WDDD/IND	Paducah
WPTF/NBC	Raleigh/Durham
WROC/NBC	Rochester
WQRF/IND	Rockford
KOVR/ABC	Sacramento
KPLR/IND	St. Louis
KUTV/NBC	Salt Lake City
KFMB/CBS	San Diego
KGO/ABC	San Francisco
KCOY/CBS	Santa Barbara/ Santa Maria
KING/NBC	Seattle
WTOG/IND	Tampa
WWTV/CBS	Traverse City/Cadillac
KVOA/NBC	Tucson
KGCT/IND	Tulsa
WRC/NBC	Washington, D.C.
KTVH/CBS	Wichita/Hutchinson
WKBN/CBS	Youngstown

Kelly and Beth on the fourth floor. They called up Cheryl's mother, and then they talked to each other.

"It was strange," Melanie said later, "I'm going, 'Yeah . . . yeah . . . It's funny, you never know when you're going to die.' And here I am saying that, you know, and I've never experienced death before. I've never known anyone to die."

Melanie left 4C and ran into another My Fair Lady model, Gail Moore. She invited Melanie in, and they talked about Cheryl. Soon Melanie was telling Gail that she was leaving 155 East Eighty-fourth Street. Buddy had been threatening her, she said. He was getting to be weird. She was worried and couldn't wait to get out of the building. She also told Gail that she was marrying Jack Tupper. Gail wondered a bit at the speed of it all but said that she was very happy for Melanie.

Melanie left Gail's apartment and rang for the elevator. It was now about a quarter to one. The elevator doors opened, and there was Douglas Jacobson, with an armful of garbage bags. Melanie stamped in. She was furious.

"Where's your father? I've been looking all over for him."

"He's upstairs, I guess," said Douglas.

He was flustered and scuttled out of the elevator on the fifth floor.

Melanie went on up, and the elevator doors opened onto a surprising scene. The hallway rug was splotched and smeared with white paint. And Buddy was on his hands and knees right in front of her, apparently trying to clean up the mess. Also, he was nervous, more nervous than Melanie had ever seen him.

But though Melanie saw the scene, she somehow wasn't taking it in. Cheryl Corey's death blotted it out. "Buddy, you heartless bastard!" she screamed, following him as he hopped around on that ugly plaid rug. Again she asked why he hadn't answered the door.

"What?" Buddy said. "What are you talking about? I wasn't in the apartment. I was over at the hospital."

"I talked to you on the phone, Buddy. You said you were on the other line. You don't *have* two lines over at the hospital."

Buddy veered off the subject. "Somebody spilled paint on my rug," he said. He made it sound accusing.

"Well, Buddy, I sure didn't do it. I don't play your childish games. One of your workers was up here before."

"*What?* There's no workers up here today." Buddy stood up and walked toward his apartment. The door to 7D was open, and Melanie followed Buddy right in. The place was a bigger mess than the hall. The mirror beside the door was broken, and Douglas was sweeping up the pieces. The diminutive Italian she had seen earlier was standing next to the fire, which, despite this gaspingly hot day, was roaring. The cushions that had been on the sofa when Buddy had told her not to worry about the hot water were tumbled on the floor. And the rug—a piece which Buddy had, typically, sheared from the roll that embellished the hall—was nowhere to be seen.

Melanie stood slowly taking in the picture while she yammered away. Buddy had begun vacuuming, but he came suddenly alive as Melanie crossed the room, intending to sort out any mail that might be waiting for her on the butcher-block table.

"Get out of here!" he yelled. "Get out!"

He was pulling her toward the door, and Melanie was struck by the oddity of it all—that Buddy, who had spent weeks trying to lure her back into the apartment, should now be tossing her out. "What's going on here?" she asked. "What is this, Buddy? Spring cleaning?"

Buddy shoved Melanie out of the door, snarling, "I don't want you to come into this apartment ever again. *Ever.*"

Ten minutes to one. Melanie walked into 7C and went straight upstairs to the bedroom, wanting to tell Jack everything. A problem: Jack Tupper wasn't there.

This was already jarring. The morning jaunt downtown had been their first time apart in a couple of weeks. Jack wasn't fearful for himself, but he was too wary to allow Buddy easy access to Melanie. Might he have gone outside to telephone? There was no phone in Tupper's apartment. Melanie looked around. Jack's diary was there, and his brown leatherette address book, secured by a rubber band, lay alongside his gold Mark Cross pen and a pile of change. The possibility that he was telephoning dimmed.

> Melanie found it less and less possible to ignore the fact that Buddy maintained My Fair Lady agency as a handy source of sexual conquest, his little black book come to life.

A natural explanation came to her. Jack was jogging. If something had happened, he would surely have left some sort of note. It made sense. Relieved, Melanie switched on the TV and sat down, realizing she felt deathly tired.

It was a quarter to two when she awoke, and Jack was still not home. And it was now that she began to feel concerned. Outside rain fell in brown and blinding sheets. It was cooler, true, but Jack wouldn't still be *jogging*. She trotted back upstairs. Sure enough, there were his sneakers, next to his zip-up boots. She looked around. Everything was in place. His razor was out in the bathroom, alongside his toothpaste and his preferred aftershave, Eau Sauvage.

The obscure thought that had nudged at her earlier came suddenly into sharp focus: the smell she had noticed in Buddy's doorway. It was Eau Sauvage.

Buddy never used after-shave.

She thrust the thought aside and grappled with the basics. "He just wasn't there. So it was weird," she said later. "I just couldn't think where he was . . . where he could have gone."

Within the Jacobson apartment Melanie heard a mechanical thrum, the kind of purr a floor sander makes. For all her pounding and shouting, nobody came to the door; so she walked back into her apartment and waited restlessly until another sound, closer at hand, pulled her to the door. She opened it a space. Buddy and Douglas Jacobson were tearing up the paint-spattered carpeting in the hall.

They were demolishing the rug in front of her eyes. "Hurry up, Douglas!" Buddy was muttering, "Hurry Up, Douglas!" as they cut it into fragments and tossed them into garbage bags. Buddy was always a fast worker, compulsively, sloppily fast, but this was unreal, like an animated cartoon. Douglas scurried out of the apartment with other, bloated garbage bags, and father and son went down in the elevator at last.

Melanie crept out of her apartment to examine the pale undercarpeting. Just where the thickest of the pools of white paint had been were two large stains. To her eye, they seemed reddish, and they were moist. There were red speckles at the bottom of a fire door, some spattered over with white paint. Six inches from the brass runner on the bottom was a tuft of what looked like hair: *her* color hair, which was *Jack's* color hair. A smeary palm print was on the elevator door.

Melanie preferred to leave her fears unformulated. "I felt that . . . I'm exhausted; my mind is running away with me," she said later. "Jack's out; he's going to come back. I just want to get out of one fifty-five East Eighty-fourth Street and never come back there again."

She returned downstairs. In doorways people were hiding out from the downpour. Melanie's eye fell on the dumpster outside Sotheby Parke Bernet, a metal oblong painted military green but scrawled with initials and the names of rock bands. Melanie walked toward it, through the rain; forbidden thoughts were churning. Jack had been in a fight, was dead, cut up. But she looked up before she had walked far, and there was Buddy, hanging over the seventh-story balcony of 155 East Eighty-fourth Street, staring at her. She didn't dare go look; they'd get her when she walked back into the building. She decided to call her friend Mel Harris. Cool, rational Mel. It was 2:15 P.M.

Melanie went back up to the seventh floor to collect her change. It took a while to find, several minutes. Then she knocked on Buddy's door once again, but she expected no reaction and got none;

so she returned downstairs.

The green dumpster was gone.

Melanie looked around. Nobody was watching from the terrace, but doubt was hardening into suspicion. It was shortly before three that Melanie had what was to be her last more-or-less-normal conversation with Buddy Jacobson, and its normality was less rather than more. Buddy walked out of the building, nervous and shaking. He saw Melanie, stopped, and jumped back.

Melanie was mad. "Where's Jack? Where is he, Buddy? If you did anything, you're going to be in *so much trouble.*"

"What?" Buddy said. "Are you kidding? I don't know, baby. I haven't seen him all morning. I avoid Jack like the fucking plague."

In one hand Buddy was carrying some kind of power tool with protruding blades, and in the other he had a bunch of keys, and he had his hands knotted so tight that the veins were like telephone cords, and he was shaking, shaking.

"Where's Jack?" she insisted. "You know where he is. What have you done?"

"I haven't seen him all day," said Buddy. "I'm afraid of Jack. He's a big guy." He added, "Well, it's three o'clock, and now I'm going over to the building."

The building was, of course, the Park East, a block and a half away, on Eighty-third, between Lexington and Park avenues. This was the defunct private hospital, which Buddy had bought for $850,000 and change in June, and which he was converting into co-ops.

"I don't care where you're going," she said. "I don't *care.*"

"I'll talk to you in three days. Don't forget you have that commercial on Tuesday." That shampoo commercial! It was almost normal Buddy talk.

Melanie's temper snapped. *"Where's Jack?"* she screamed.

"Melanie, I don't know what you're talking about. Are you crazy?" Buddy grabbed Melanie by the arm.

"Come on," he said. "I've got to talk to you. I've got to tell you something. Let's go out for coffee."

Melanie tried to pull away, and there was Buddy pulling at her arm; this was more like the old Buddy, harassing her, wearing her away. In this brief but critical moment Buddy Jacobson failed to bend Melanie Cain to his powerful will, let go, shrugged, walked to the corner, and was gone. And that was the last Melanie saw of him that day.

Louis Carattini was driving his wife, Estella, and their three children through the northeast Bronx. With a practiced hand—Carattini pilots a bus through New York City—he came off the New England Thruway at the Bartow Avenue exit and headed home, which is to say, Co-op City.

The landscape that confronts the traveler here is, even for the Bronx, this most dilapidated of New York boroughs, not one to make the heart sing. The blunt, dun-

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Pappy McCoy, Railroad Surveyor, Chicago & Ouray Railroad.

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colored towers of Co-op City have the air of being surprised in a dingy present, rising from a large waste terrain, scarred with ruins and pimpled with illegal garbage dumps. It was at the end of the ramp that the Carattinis spotted what looked like a couple of perfectly good tricycles.

Two men were standing close by. One was about twenty feet from the Carattinis, beside the tricycles, and the other was about thirty-five feet from their car. He was bending over, wiping his hands on some leaves, and he was staring at the Carattinis. Nobody else was in sight.

Carattini turned left on Baychester and slowed down. Mrs. Carattini was now close to the man who was standing beside the tricycles. He was fondling them as though he was contemplating taking them, but he had turned around as their car approached, and now she saw only his back. This struck the Carattinis as peculiar.

The other man was now about eighteen feet away. He was still staring at her. It was because of that fixed, compelling stare that she was later able to identify him as Buddy Jacobson. The Carattinis dawdled a few seconds, but it seemed they weren't getting the tricycles; so they drove on toward the traffic light that stands where Bartow meets Baychester Avenue. A yellow Cadillac was parked on Baychester.

The children were complaining in the backseat about the abandoned playthings, and then Estella Carattini turned around. The men were running toward the Cadillac, and Buddy Jacobson, as she later found him to be, got into the driver's seat. The Cadillac stopped behind them at the light. The other man ducked, but Buddy remained clearly visible.

Carattini waited there alongside the Mobil gas station, while the Caddy glided by. When it was about fifty feet in front, the Carattinis saw a third head bob up in the backseat and as quickly disappear. Their misgivings firmed up. Something abnormal was afoot. Louis Carattini, struck by the coincidence that the Cadillac's number, 777-GHF, so closely resembled his own, 781-GHF, scribbled it onto a map.

The tricycles obviously weren't in the yellow car; so Carattini turned around. A plume of greasy black smoke was weaving itself into the drizzly texture of the sullen sky as he got out. The source of the smoke, he now saw, was a box lying there in the wasteland. A man-sized box. Oh-oh. Abandoning the tricycles, he got back in the car and drove his family to what he knew to be the closest firehouse to the burning box and to Co-op City, namely, the Asch Loop Station.

After talking to the firemen, Louis Carattini drove back to the Mobil station and parked, to see what would transpire, and did not take the tricycles, for all the children's complaining.

At nine-thirty that morning, when Melanie Cain was still waiting for the hot water and Jack Tupper was still asleep, Dennis Smith had walked past 155 East Eighty-fourth Street. Dennis Smith, who lives on Eighty-fourth between Park and Lexington avenues, is a writer. Two of his books—*Report from Engine Company 82* and *Glitter and Ash*—have earned places on the best-seller lists. Dennis Smith is also a fireman. He was on his way to the bus stop at Third and Eighty-sixth Street, where he was catching the Co-op Express to work; Smith was currently assigned to the station at Asch Loop.

"A civilian came in and reported a rubbish fire a couple of blocks away," Smith says. It was four twenty-five. Smith was one of the ten firemen who took off in a couple of fire trucks under the command of Lt. Ray Cosenza. It sounded like just one more of the hundreds of reported rubbish conflagrations: "What we call a nothing fire," Smith says.

The firemen clambered onto the mound beside the road. The smoke was gushing from a wooden crate, which lay in a gully, down in the trash-laden landscape.

> Buddy Jacobson was compelling. It's no accident that the single name most often used to convey the effect of his dark, intent eyes is that of Charles Manson.

A routine job, Cosenza thought. He ordered up the smallest hose on the truck, the booster line, and they played it on the burning heap. He walked over and quickly signaled that the water be shut off. From the crate's burned-out bottom protruded a blackened leg.

The nothing was a something after all. Cosenza walked across to the Carattinis' car. Carattini told him about the yellow Caddy and the shifty doings and handed him the paper with the license number.

The cops were called. Cosenza began to look for whatever it was that had been used to fuel the blaze—the "accelerant" is what firemen call it—since a match just won't do, not on a wet day. Quickly he came up with a couple of wine jars—gallon jugs. Both were now empty and reeked of gasoline. And they were just lying there. Careless.

The police arrived, which is to say officers Maxwell and Pinero. The sight that awaited them was ugly. The box was padlocked, but the firemen forced the two hasps. "The head was all matted," Dennis Smith says. "You couldn't tell what color he was, white or black or Puerto Rican."

"Oh, gee!" one fireman said. "It looks like a Mafia hit."

"No way," another scoffed. "What's the point of burning the body? That's dumb."

It was now getting near five o'clock.

Hector Feliciano's patrol car was only half a dozen blocks away from the expressway when the alarm came through. Feliciano, who was driving, was at the 138th Street exit just before ten past five and immediately saw the wanted car. It was waiting, in a law-abiding fashion, at a red light. Ahead of it lay the Willis Avenue Bridge and Manhattan. So Hector Feliciano made the siren bray, spun the light on his roof, leaped into a U-turn, and motioned the flashy automobile over to the shoulder of the road.

Buddy was out of the car first and started walking over. Feliciano met him, leaving Dennis Fitzpatrick, his backup, sitting in the patrol car.

"Officer, what's wrong?" Buddy asked. "What did I do wrong?"

"You haven't done anything wrong," Feliciano said, carefully polite. "Can I see your license and registration?"

Buddy said he didn't have any papers with him. Feliciano asked where he was going. Buddy said he was thinking of buying the car, and he had been trying it out. He had been driving it around in circles and had lost himself in the Bronx.

Who was the car's owner? It was somebody who did construction work for him, Buddy said. And with the air of one wringing his memory, he said that it was something like Salvatore Painito, Peraino? The man was waiting for him, back home at East Eighty-fourth Street.

"Put out a ten-fifteen call," Feliciano told Fitzpatrick. "Find out if the car is stolen." There were, he now saw, dark stains on Buddy Jacobson's trousers, just below the knees. They were darker than the darkness of the jeans. The rain had washed the stains, but without washing them away. It was sort of a spatter effect. The color was reddish.

Melanie knew Ivor Shaw better than she knew most of Jack's friends. They had dined together as recently as Friday. Shaw has sleek, dark hair, pale eyes, and bland features. His conversation is winning, always teetering on the edge of special confidences, and brimful of rare information. Shaw, indeed, seems the perfect clubman—affable and dressed, according to the time of year, as though en route to the Hamptons, Palm Beach, Europe, or the Caribbean.

It was at Melanie's insistence that Shaw arrived at East Eighty-fourth Street. Melanie told him some of the goings-on. It was about ten to six when they went upstairs. He looked at the spots on the undermatting. They were still moist, and they certainly looked like blood. He tried to look judicious, allaying Melanie's fears, and examined the tuft of hair. He looked

ORK
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around Melanie and Jack's apartment. Ivor Shaw didn't like the situation at all.

This was not lost on Melanie. "He didn't want to make too much effort to find out where Buddy was," she said later. Shaw concurs. "I got quite nervous about staying in the building."

Outside, he and Melanie hovered a moment. "We should go to the police," Shaw said.

"All right," Melanie agreed. "C'mon. Let's go."

"We-e-ell, I don't know, y'know," Shaw vacillated. "Jack's still only a missing person. If we report it now, they're not going to do anything. You have to wait twenty-four hours."

Shaw's reluctance to scoot down to the precinct house hadn't wholly to do with official procedures regarding missing persons. Shaw, the conservative whom nobody took too seriously, the affable man-about-town with a harmless appetite for the demimonde, was, in fact, a man in good standing with the Drug Enforcement Administration. It wasn't of Shaw's own choosing, exactly—there had been a peccadillo concerning cocaine—but Ivor Shaw was a government agent.

He was working, in point of fact, with the DEA. For several years now the DEA had been building a case against a wild and colorful group. The group had a specialty. They abhorred heroin. They were not Mob. They were Irish and Anglo-Irish, usually with a cop lodged somewhere close in the family tree, and a crowd of others, and what they specialized in was smuggling marijuana and hashish.

In the past few years the preferred route for the dope had been through JFK Airport. They ran JFK the way a conductor runs a symphony orchestra, except for the times they ran it the way the Marx Brothers did in *A Night at the Opera*. They were, for this reason, sometimes known as the Airport Gang, though the Feds had taken to calling them the Donald Brown Organization and now, with their schoolboy penchant for the exotic, were referring to it by the name of one of the airport gang's more recent dummy corporations; it had become the Astro-Electric Affair.

And the past couple of days had furnished information of the most gripping interest to those closely involved. Those lumbering, long-awaited indictments were coming down at last.

Sixteen people were to be indicted. Five dozen others were named as "unindicted coconspirators." This was the list upon which Jack Tupper's name was eventually to appear.

Ivor Shaw dialed a federal U.S. attorney's home number. Jack Tupper was a stand-up guy, Shaw's buddy, but also, Shaw had him under surveillance. This seemed no incongruity in the rococo world Shaw's imagination inhabited.

The Fed answered. Shaw told him of Tupper's disappearance and his suspicions and rejoined Melanie, beneath the awning of Nicola's, which stands just opposite 155 East Eighty-fourth Street. The rain was beginning to fall again. Shaw's tweed jacket felt damp; there was a spatter pattern on his fine Italian shoes.

There is a routine to police matters. Back at the Fortieth Precinct in the Bronx, the two suspects, Jacobson and his companion in the car, Salvatore Giamo, were taken into the dayroom, and their handcuffs were removed. They were asked for their valuables. Buddy Jacobson was carrying $933.41, and this was vouchered by Officer Fitzpatrick.

More cops arrived. It was about 6:00 P.M. Ronald Marsenison, a detective with a tan, a natty suit, and a resonant voice, informed Buddy that he was under arrest and that the charge was murder. He read him all the Miranda warnings and asked if he understood his rights.

Buddy Jacobson said yes and added that he did want an attorney, but first he would have to call his accountant. A Cadillac, nearly a thousand in cash, and now an accountant—it was clear that this caper wasn't just one more Bronx dump job.

> There were red speckles at the bottom of a fire door. A smeary palm print was on the elevator door. And there was a tuft of what looked like hair: *Jack's* color hair.

Marsenison asked Jacobson and Giamo to give up their clothes. They were given blankets, and Marsenison separated the clothes into two piles. He felt and smelled them, finding them pungent with sweat and smoke and gasoline fumes. Both sets of clothing were stained and spotted with what Marsenison assumed to be blood.

Soon Detective Sullivan arrived. Bill Sullivan is a veteran, with a meaty face and an expression of permanently weary knowingness. His manner is phlegmatic. Sullivan, who had come to take charge of the Jacobson investigation, signed vouchers for the two piles of clothing. At a quarter of seven, Buddy Jacobson was walked out to a patrol car. The skies had opened, and there was a steady downpour. The air was cooler. The drive to the nearby Forty-third Precinct customarily takes about ten minutes. Buddy unexpectedly spoke.

"Can anybody tell me what is going on?" he asked.

"Suppose you tell us," said a cop.

Carefully Buddy Jacobson explained. An employee had come to his apartment, not once, but often, suggesting that Buddy buy his car. Buddy hadn't wanted to, but the guy had insisted.

Jacobson had amiably agreed that he would take the Cadillac out for a test drive, at the least. Giamo just happened to have been sitting there, a passenger; Buddy didn't even know his name. So he had taken the yellow Cadillac, and the car had felt good; so he had driven on and on. In the Bronx he had lost himself on a parkway. He had stopped once and gotten out for a leak, then continued on his way. Which had taken him to the 138th Street exit, off the Bruckner Expressway.

And now this. His voice was soft, compelling, wondrously plausible.

They reached the Forty-third Precinct at about seven o'clock.

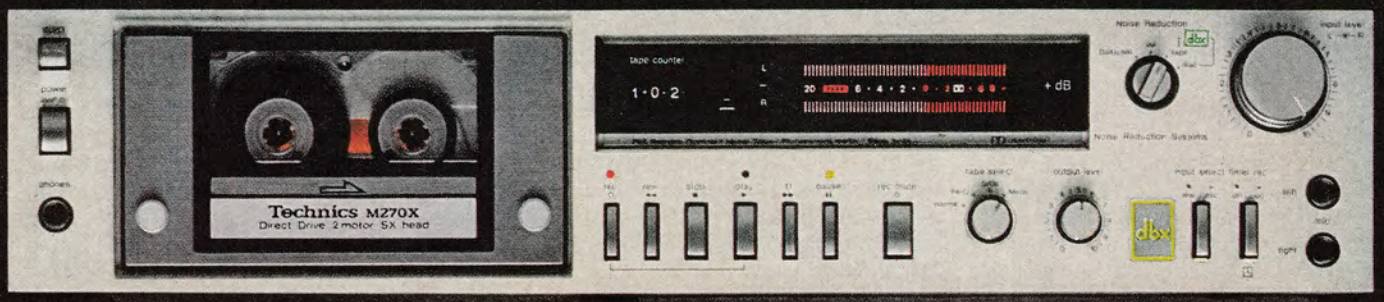
It was almost six hours later when Melanie arrived at the Forty-third Precinct. She looked around impersonally: the lobby, with the Coke machines; the groups of chairs, where a few people were slumped; and a couple of men in uniform, standing behind a desk. The desk must be where they book the prisoners, she thought. And just to the right of the desk, she saw a small window. The window, perhaps eighteen inches wide by two feet high, is guarded by both bars and a grille, and it looks into a small green gray cell, which bears the sign "110" but which is known to cognoscenti as the cage. A man was staring out at her, through the bars and the grillwork. It was Buddy.

"There's Buddy, with no clothes," Melanie said, later. "His bones were sticking out . . . he's got this old blanket, just thrown over his shoulders, an old gray wool blanket . . . his hair's a mess, and he's got like two days' worth of beard."

Buddy Jacobson, this most controlled of men, someone who scorned emotion in himself or others, was gripping the bars so tightly you could see his knuckles gleaming like polished marble. "And he's going, 'I didn't do it! I didn't do it!' " Melanie said. "He's just shaking his head, looking at me, saying, 'I didn't do it!' "

All of Melanie's pent-up emotions exploded. She made for the cell like a wild thing, screaming, "You creep! I hate you! I'm going to kill you!" and much else besides. She was, by her own admission, both loud and rude, and what her intentions were she now cannot quite fathom—"I probably thought I could stick my wrists through the bars." A couple of startled cops grabbed her, quieted her down, and led her away, with Buddy still looking after her, shaking his head from side to side, as though he could hammer her with his will, as though the recent past could be undone, as if it had never been.

Because they had Jacobson, the possible killer, and Prainito, the possible victim, on their minds, the police gave a lower priority to Jack Tupper, who thus far had only disappeared. This was frustrating for Melanie, because she heard them puzzling



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over the motive for the disappearance. "I'm telling them that I could *give* them the motive, but they don't know me. They don't know why they should *talk* to me."

It was Melanie's status—a "cover girl" that finally did awaken the detectives' interest. Perhaps she might have some answers after all. Perhaps it might be Jack Tupper, not Salvatore Prainito, in the morgue. Melanie went through her whole story. How she had lived with Buddy for five years, and how she had broken up with him. How she had gone to live with Jack Tupper, and how Buddy had tried to get her back.

The detectives were not shy about their incredulity.

"Show us what the motive was," One detective said. "He couldn't have loved you that much that he'd *murder* for you." Melanie found this doubt a reasonable one. "Okay," she said. "It wasn't just that with Buddy."

Melanie tried to explain their unhappy My Fair Lady partnership, Buddy's perilous property-mortgage pyramid, Buddy's need to dominate. She knew the police were trying to establish the motive, and she tried hard to help, but she could hear how muddled her story sounded. She found herself being asked to repeat it over and over again.

It was Detective Sullivan who finally showed Melanie the jewelry. Though to Melanie the time seemed to have been endless, she had, in fact, been in the homicide office only two hours. The jewelry consisted of a watch, a key ring with a Capricorn emblem, and the chain with the same emblem. The chain was burned.

Melanie was never able to identify the watch, and she wasn't entirely sure about the key ring, but she had no doubts about the chain. Jack had been wearing it when she had last seen him, some nineteen hours before. Melanie wept.

She was told she would not be asked to identify the body, a formality that must be done by a relative. Nonetheless, the last of Melanie's faint hopes that Jack might still be alive were gone. She now *knew*. "Jack's dead, and Buddy did it," she said.

Melanie began to realize that she was all alone—none of her friends and none of Jack's friends or relatives were with her. "I couldn't understand," she remembers. *"Why isn't anybody here?"*

The cops sympathized. "Call somebody," they said. "Call a friend."

Melanie didn't want to worry her family. It was almost four in the morning. Call a friend? Something became very clear to Melanie at that moment. Buddy had choked off all her friendships.

"Who would I call in a case like this?" Melanie wondered. *"I would call Buddy."*

It seemed so simple. The "brilliant" Buddy Jacobson had been as good as caught red-handed in a sloppy crime. He was defeated, where Melanie was cold fire. Jack Tupper would be revenged. The cops said Buddy wouldn't even get bail.

Wrong. Even from within his prison cell, Buddy was soon reaching out. He tried to contact Melanie's parents. When they wouldn't speak to him on the telephone, he sent a letter. It starts "Dear Mr. and Mrs. Cain," and covers two and a third pages of a yellow legal pad.

His words are at once ingratiating and ominous. "There are no comments made by me that could be detrimental to her," he says of Melanie, "but factual stories . . . may implicate her in other things. At this time, you must think I am nuts. My credibility is zero, but the big story has yet to come out. . . .

"How will you and Melanie feel when you find I did nothing wrong?" Buddy asked. "New York can be a big bad city. I left Melanie alone for the last few months while the building was being built. This was a terrible mistake. It appears that she still does not know what was to happen to her."

After six attempts Buddy was granted bail at $200,000. He pleaded poverty, and this was cut in half. It was October 17, 1978. As soon as he was out, Buddy acted as though nothing had happened. The model agency, My Fair Lady, was back in business, and Buddy continued to build up his property empire, selling 155 East Eighty-fourth Street and buying four town houses in the same fancy neighborhood. He had taken up with another model, a slim, pale girl called Audrey Barrett, and they were soon seen nightly in chic restaurants on Manhattan's Upper East Side.

> The detectives were not shy about their incredulity. "Show us what the motive was," one of them asked Melanie. "He couldn't have loved you that much that he'd murder for you."

Below the surface, though, Buddy was working feverishly to destroy the case. "Evidence" of a murderous struggle in quite another apartment was fabricated. Three separate witnesses were found who were prepared to say that they had been on the seventh floor on the day of the murder and had seen a struggle going on—*not* involving Buddy Jacobson.

Sadly, the defense, which was now headed by a flamboyant and effective Brooklyn attorney, Jack Evseroff, decided that the first two were unconvincing (one of these was a man named Tony De Rosa, a former barman at the elegant restaurant Nicola's, who had bought Buddy's Vermont ski lodge but had fallen behind in his payments). The third "witness," a retired cop, who was offered $100,000, took $50,000 in advance and decamped.

The trial, or rather the motions that precede a trial, began in the fall of 1979. The Carattinis, whose evidence placing Buddy at the scene of the crime was vital, received a threatening telegram. Dorothy Myers, Jack Tupper's sister, was telephoned and asked what sort of acid she wanted thrown in her baby's face. The sister of Bill Kelly, the prosecutor, was murdered, and he took himself off the case. It was now that both Melanie and Jack Tupper's family began to fear that Buddy Jacobson would go free.

The trial began in January in the Bronx courthouse, and it proceeded through eleven tumultuous weeks. Things were made no easier for the prosecution by the fact that across in Brooklyn, Jack Tupper's former friends, the so-called Donald Brown Organization, were being prosecuted for a conspiracy to import tens of millions of dollars' worth of hashish, marijuana, and cocaine.

On Wednesday, April 9, Salvatore Prainito was found innocent. Two days later Buddy Jacobson, much to his incredulity, was found guilty. It was over.

Well, not quite.

On Saturday, May 31, Buddy was visited in the maximum-security Brooklyn House of Detention by his lawyer, Michael Schwartz. "Schwartz," who was, in fact, Tony De Rosa, changed places with Buddy, his price being the ski lodge. Buddy walked through three checkpoints and disappeared.

Buddy and Audrey fled together. The cops and the media sought them diligently in Spain, Ireland, and Brazil while they made their zany way across Middle America, assuming new identities borrowed from gravestones in Des Moines, Iowa.

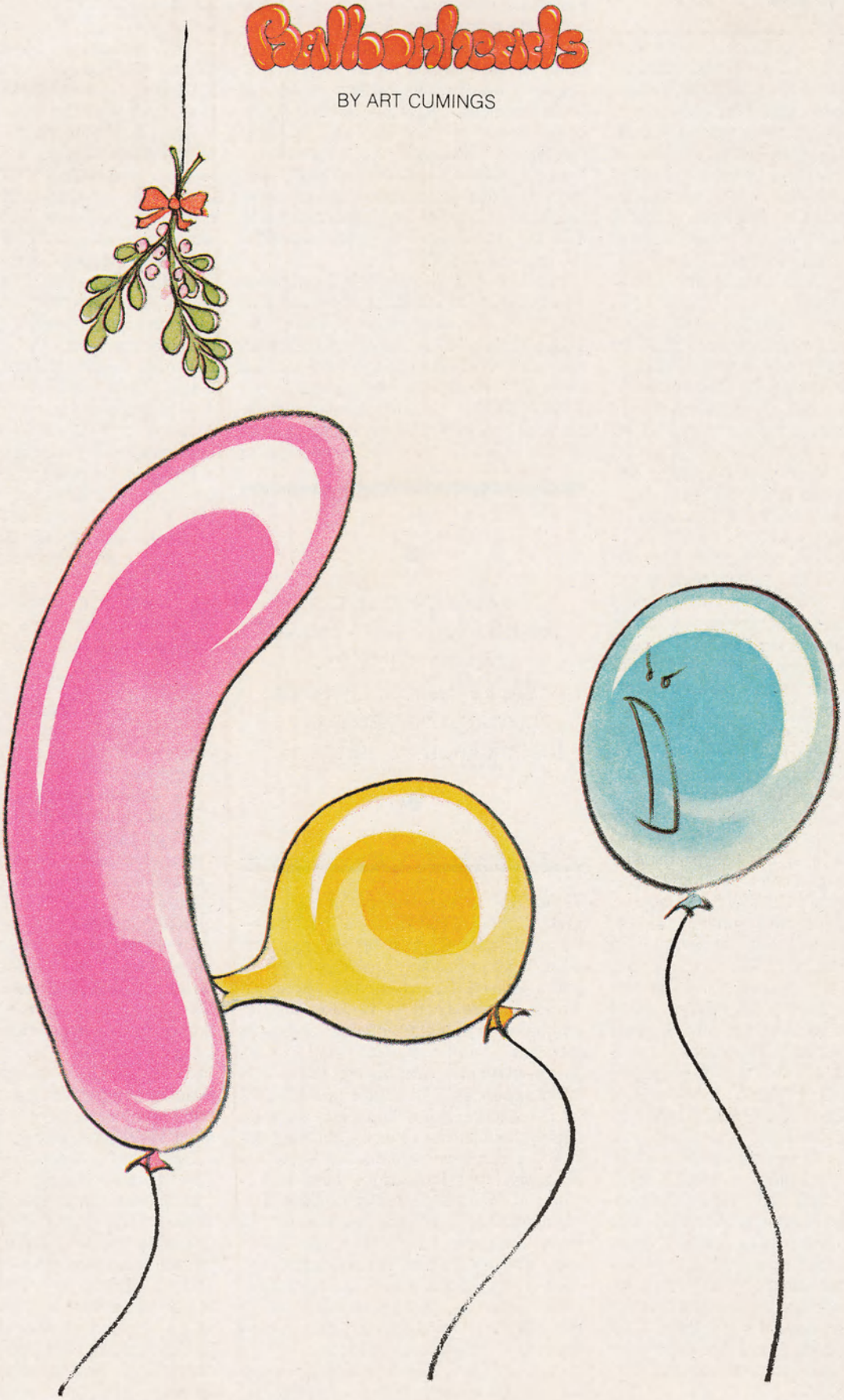
It was the increasingly miserable Audrey who reappeared first, after breaking away and surrendering herself. Buddy was recaptured, talking on the telephone to his son, David, from a cafeteria in Manhattan Beach, Los Angeles.

Buddy Jacobson is now serving his sentence, a minimum of twenty-five years, in Clinton, on the Canadian border. Nobody has ever escaped from this slammer, which is known as the Siberia of the New York penal system. He is working on his appeal. All around him lie the voluminous records of his trial.

To Melanie, the horrible events, even the length of time she spent dominated by Buddy, have become a spectral memory. She is married and has returned to the top of her profession. She is to be seen smiling, as artlessly as ever, in TV commercials and in fashion layouts in glossy magazines. She still speculates about the circumstances that led up to Buddy's crime and wonders what the future holds for him. She finds it impossible to believe that the dark, eccentric journey of Buddy Jacobson is over at last.

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"On the lips, Gladys."

FALWELL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

the Texas State Insurance Department, explains it, ERISA's are not required to establish a reserve of funds, and they are exempt from state regulation; they come under the oversight of the federal Department of Labor. But MBT didn't even file its summary plan descriptions with the Labor Department until April 1979, and Labor didn't get around to determining that it wasn't an ERISA until July of the following year—which meant that MBT functioned from 1978 to 1980 without any official oversight whatever.

It was profitable work. Browning Corporation received a monthly fee of $27.25 for each participant (plus a one-time "set up" fee of $10), with additional compensation of more than $500 a month for record keeping and accounting, sums that added up to approximately 40 percent of paid-in contributions. When the Texas state officials finally moved in on MBT in October 1980, they discovered that it possessed $128.30 in assets and $297,495.79 in unpaid claims. There is some confusion as to what became of the contributions of the plan's hapless members—the figure $3 million has been mentioned—including the contributions of the Falwell group. At this stage of the investigation, there are indications that the Falwell group's claims were given priority.

There were other connections between Browning and the Falwell ministry. The Lynchburg office of the Browning Corporation was headed by Leonard Moisan, George Rogers's son-in-law, and in May 1980 the Browning Corporation and Braud on behalf of the Falwell ministry signed a contract to plan a 720-unit retirement community on Liberty Mountain.

Browning performed another service. He introduced the Falwell ministry to the Heitner Corporation of Saint Louis, and in due course Heitner handled the two new bond issues, totaling $6 million, which were collateralized with the college lands under Braud's control. They were also collateralized with 427,350 shares of the National Liberty Corporation, a bequest of another "Gospel Hour" board member, the late Arthur DeMoss. One purpose of the bonds was to pay off some bank indebtedness, including a million-dollar loan from a Florida bank. When one substitutes bonds for bank loans, it not only rationalizes a debt but also removes a layer of disinterested oversight on the borrower's internal affairs. In any event, by another coincidence, the Texas branch of the Heitner Corporation is located at 1245 Hurstview in Hurst, Tex., in the same suite of offices occupied by the Browning Corporation and MBT.

Meanwhile, Falwell's Moral Majority suddenly came to prominence just before the last presidential election. With Falwell noisily at its helm, Moral Majority seemed to be everywhere last year, attacking ERA, abortion, secular humanism, pornography, homosexuality, and liberalism. Moral Majority's ministerial shock troops were active in Indiana, Iowa, South Dakota, Alabama, and Oklahoma, but published reports of its finances have been a little vague. Falwell's letter-writing campaign on its behalf was vigorous, and the figure of $5 million in contributions has been mentioned. However, in its filings with the Federal Election Commission, Moral Majority's political-action committee reported receipts of $22,089 and expenditures of $22,088. But if Moral Majority raised $5 million, where is it?

In addition to Moral Majority appeals Falwell began a series of energetic and heartrending entreaties on behalf of the boat people and the starving Cambodian refugees. A close reading of the text of his mailings on the subject reveals that $100,000 of the money to be raised was to be spent on foreign Bible distribution. A look at Falwell's 1980 mission budget of

> "We're under attack all the time," Jerry Falwell told his followers. "We've been accused of running everything but the Mafia out of here. . . ."

$2,037,500 reveals that, of this total, only slightly more than half—$1,050,000—was devoted to the support of actual missionaries and building projects in foreign parts. Fully $400,000 of the remaining money was destined for the Missions Department in Lynchburg to cover costs that included "administration, staff, operations, overhead, fund-raising costs, and travel expenses." An additional $450,000 was devoted to expanding the facilities on Liberty Mountain for Falwell's 300 missionary students, which means that $850,000 of Falwell's mission budget never left Virginia. A final $37,500 was dedicated to beaming the "Old Time Gospel Hour" to Haiti, Bermuda, Puerto Rico, the Bahamas, and the British Virgin Islands; the "Old Time Gospel Hour" is, of course, produced in Lynchburg. It should be noted that there was no mention of, or provision for, any aid in the form of food.

To raise the necessary money, Falwell formed the Liberty Mission Society, declaring that the plight of the Cambodian refugees in Thailand would have first claim on its priorities. "These poor people will starve to death unless Christians in America quickly respond," he said.

That was in February 1980. On April 3 Falwell was able to announce in a letter to his followers that "God has opened a door for us overseas!" The letter added, "Recently, because of generous gifts from friends like you, we were able to send $100,000 in immediate aid to the Cambodian refugees who have literally been starving by the thousands." Now, however, more was needed. It seemed that Falwell had just ordered 100,000 copies of Cambodian-language Bibles for somebody named Pastor Hom, these Bibles were going to cost $100,000 in up-front cash, and the only source of this money was "friends like you" (the recipient of the letter). But there was more. "If we can raise more than the $100,000 needed," the letter continued, "the additional funds will meet critical needs of the Old Time Gospel Hour television and radio ministry—now preaching the gospel not only in America and Canada—but throughout many parts of the world."

It should be noted that Falwell was indeed involved in the actual physical succor of some other refugees through the ministry's participation in Food for the Hungry's mercy ship, which brought aid (water, food, compasses) to the Vietnamese boat people in the South China Sea. Apparently the mercy ship's budget was badly thought out, however, for Falwell was soon issuing urgent supplementary appeals on its behalf. It seemed that the mercy ship, too, needed $100,000—or, to be more precise, that Falwell was raising some money for it, and he proposed to send $100,000.

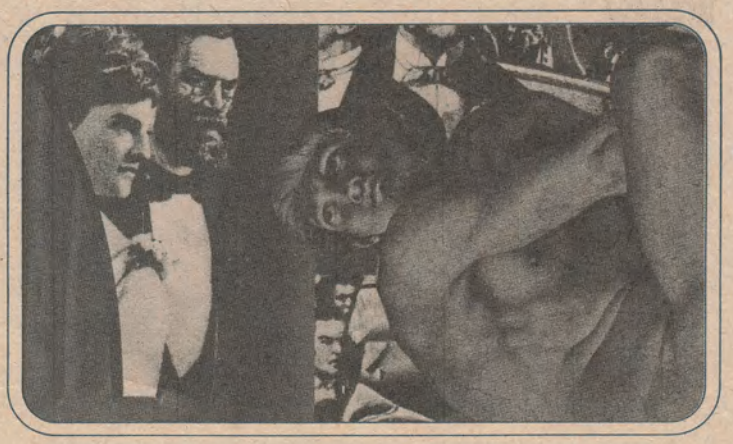
So, again, what do we have here? The "Gospel Hour" purports to raise $50 million a year from far fewer people than Falwell claims to have in his audience, and of that figure, a staggering 70 percent is consumed by overhead. The financial affairs of the "Gospel Hour" are headed by a man among whose first official acts was the alliance of the "Gospel Hour" with an insurance company now under investigation. Braud arrives as the ministry's affairs are once again on the verge of being cloaked with secrecy. The properties of Falwell's seminary and college are under Braud's direct control, and his actions remove another layer of independent oversight, represented by the banks.

Since 1973, when Falwell first began coming into public prominence, his ministry has been surrounded by a series of unanswered questions about its finances.

Strictly speaking, there may be nothing whatever amiss within the Falwell ministry, and we may be witnessing here nothing more than a few incredible blunders and some sharp if somewhat unusual business practices. But Jerry Falwell is not supposed to be engaged in business. His task is religion, and he also heads a political organization that claims to be vastly more moral than many of the rest of us. To such a man, any blemish on his affairs should be intolerable and cause him to instantly scourge his temple. ✠

An analysis of your subconscious fantasies—what they say about you and how they can affect your life.

Dream Watch



ANALYSIS BY DR. ALBERT ELLIS

Geoffrey, age twenty-three

I'm an actor, and like a lot of people in my business, I'm prone to having a certain kind of dream. Usually it's opening night, and I don't have a costume to wear. Or I've forgotten to memorize my lines. Or I don't even know what play it is.

There is a sex dream I had recently which is a strange kind of variation on this theme. I walk on stage. The auditorium is filled with people. It's a large theater, too. Broadway size. It's very quiet. I see nothing on stage but a big king-size bed. I just stand there expecting someone else to take charge. The audience remains eerily quiet. Finally, a woman walks onstage. She is wearing a mask. Only an inch is covered around her eyes. The rest of her face is quite visible, although she appears to be no one I've seen before.

She stares at me as she crawls under the white sheets of the bed, then gestures me to join her. There is nothing seductive about her

Letterforms by Tom Carnase

ILLUSTRATION BY CAROL WALD

movements. She could possibly be moving by remote control, taking her instructions from some stagehand in the light booth. I can see that she is naked under the sheets, and for some reason—I can't explain it—I quickly take off all my clothes in front of about a thousand people. Which is not at all my character.

Once before, about a year ago, I had to play a nude scene in a play that ran Off-Off-Broadway. It was extremely embarrassing. I was terribly self-conscious and vowed I'd never do it again. Despite the money. But here I am in this dream, taking my clothes off without shame, and with some degree of braggadocio, exposing myself to the audience. I even bow, and the people out there applaud. There are no whistles or catcalls, just warm, respectful applause.

I get under the sheets and immediately begin having sex with this mystery woman. She doesn't ask me to do anything, and she doesn't initiate the sex. All of a sudden, I feel very much in control of the situation. I just begin screwing. After a while I notice that she has removed the sheets and we are quite exposed to the audience. My bare ass is up in the air for all to see, but I don't stop. I change positions, but I don't stop. I can see the faces of the people in the balcony. They are staring down at us with clinical scrutiny when I realize that I'm not in a theater after all. The people watching us are doctors. As my eyes adjust to the light, I can see that I'm in one of those operating rooms where students can inspect the operation of an experienced doctor.

I get scared. I expect someone to come at me with a knife or something. I try to withdraw from the woman I'm having sex with but can't. Her vagina grips my cock like no vagina ever has. She holds me tight to her body, and she whispers something in my ears. I remember it so distinctly. She whispers, "I want your baby. I want your baby."

I can still hear her voice. It's high-pitched, and the slowness of her words gives her voice a drawl. She sounds familiar, even though the face—despite the mask—does not. I feel my cock withdraw. I'm limp, but no sooner has this happened than I see her belly begin to rise. Suddenly, she looks nine months pregnant, and I watch as a child is born. It's not all bloody or grotesque. Just *plop!* And all at once there's a nice little baby lying beside us in the bed.

I look up at the balcony. I expect the doctors to break into applause, but the auditorium is quiet and dark, as before, when I first walked out on stage. It appears that I'm alone with the woman and our baby.

I swear that I've heard that woman's voice before. I've had sex with about a dozen women. And I remember all their voices pretty well. I can't say it's any of them. Also, and I can stake my acting career on this, no woman has ever ever told me, "I want your baby, I want your baby."

And, frankly, I've never wanted any of their kids, either.

Dr. Ellis comments:

Although I hardly know anything about you except your dreams and would like to know a great deal more about your life, your goals, and your fears before I start interpreting it, I am reasonably sure that your dream of public copulation has as much to do with ego anxiety as with pure sexual problems. It looks to me like you may well be scared of failure—any kind of failure, including sex failure. But your dream shows some healthy elements in that you not only petrify yourself about such failure, but you also show a great deal of recoverability from your self-downing.

You start off by saying that you frequently have dreams relating to acting, and that they tend to show that you are inept and confused. These are "nightmares," because you fairly obviously keep horrifying yourself about the possibility of failing in your profession and know damned well that (in your waking as well as sleeping state) you will put yourself down if you do. Your real fear, therefore, is not of the failing itself but of the certainty that you will not forgive yourself for failing and will beat yourself over the head forever if you do turn out to be a little less great than John Barrymore or Richard Burton. You are actually, then, more afraid of you than of your potentially poor performance.

You therefore go into your sex dream "expecting someone else to take charge"—which means, of course, scared shitless. But soon after the dream begins, you get hold of yourself and risk exhibiting your nude body, even though you previously felt it "extremely embarrassing" to do so; and, lo and behold, you take off your clothes "without shame." Good! You are showing yourself (and the audience in your dream) that you can conquer your own self-downing and can tell yourself, "Fuck it! If they don't like me, they don't. It's not the end of the world!"

So you do your bare-assed screwing in full view of the audience, and you apparently get away with it. Then, in the dream, you face even more hostile criticism: a group of "doctors" are watching you, and you feel very afraid of attack by them and try to get away. But where you previously felt "very much in control," your female partner now captures you with her cunt and demands that you give her a baby. You somewhat fearfully ejaculate and go limp. But, lo! you recover again and give her "a nice little baby"—thereby proving, presumably, that you are not only potent but fertile as well. This woman honestly wants your baby, and you, apparently, uniquely want her to want it, too. Even though you never find out who she is, you, she, and the baby come off unscathed—indeed, in damned good shape.

Up and down, down and up, then, go your hopes and dreams in this nocturnal fantasy. You are afraid of failure—

but you nicely recover. You think that acting and public screwing are very risky—but you risk performing. You don't want to take the responsibility of being a father—but you still take it. This dream, I think, clearly shows what well may be your critical attitude toward yourself and your dire need for sexual and nonsexual success. But, in spite of your fears, you do carry on, do exhibit yourself, and do come through the "dangers" you invent. Great! Keep trying, keep risking, keep taking sexual and other chances. And as for your fear of failure, unfuck it! On with the show!

Linda, age thirty-three

I work as a cop. Yes, a lady cop. So maybe it shouldn't come as any surprise that I had this rather peculiar dream involving a search warrant. In this dream two policemen—both male—come to the door of my house. They have a search warrant and are looking for marijuana.

I smoke quite a lot of grass. It's an odd week that I don't have a few joints around the place, ready and rolled. Well, in my dream, I'm panic-stricken. I'm afraid they'll find my grass. One of the policemen goes into the kitchen. The other searches a closet. Instead of finding any grass, he discovers a man hiding in the closet. Neither of us says anything. He just closes the closet door and smiles. The other policeman comes out of the kitchen, says he's found what he wants, and they both leave—with the grass. Much to my surprise and relief, I'm not arrested.

I go to the closet. I ask the man to leave when I learn that he, too, is wearing a policeman's uniform. He asks me to give him a blowjob.

I don't much like giving blowjobs. Oral sex is something I do with women, not men. But don't get me wrong. I enjoy heterosexual sex, too. It's just that certain sex acts are more agreeable to me when performed on certain bodies.

I decide it's best to give him his blowjob. I'm afraid he'll arrest me if I don't. Much to my surprise, I find myself enjoying oral sex. His jism even tastes sweet and not at all salty. One weird detail, however: the more I suck on him and the more I enjoy it, the smaller his erection becomes.

Something else strange happens: when I've finished, the man pulls a long strand of pearls from his coat pocket. He thanks me for the blowjob and says, "Want these?"

I shake my head. "No, I want your watch." The guy has a very ordinary watch wrapped around his wrist on a leather band. "Can't give you that," he replies, and without my wanting them, he fastens the string of pearls around my neck. Angry, I grab the string of pearls and snatch them from me. The pearls roll everywhere.

From there my dream becomes more elliptic. I'm at the police station with the three cops. Now I'm wearing a uniform, too. I don't have sex with them, but as with the day-to-day goings-on at any precinct house, I'm friendly and bullshit a lot with the men.

When I leave the precinct house, it's midnight and the streets are deserted except for a bunch of roving gangs. I wonder where the other policemen are. I'm frightened. Then one of the gangs abducts me. It's difficult for me to remember what happens next, but I believe I'm about to be raped. It's horrible, and I remember thinking, "There's never a cop around when you need one."

The gang takes me to the top of a very tall building. In fact, they're jumping from building to building, and the traffic is rushing below us, dozens of stories down. I break away. The gang comes after me. There's nothing I can do but leap.

I woke from the dream in a cold sweat. Regardless of some people's sexual fantasies, rape is no picnic.

Dr. Ellis comments:

Most startling dreams, as Freud was one of the first interpreters to point out, consist of conscious or unconscious wishes on the part of the dreamer and/or of fairly strong, albeit sometimes not too consistent or persistent, fears. Although in this particular dream about cops, there are a few fairly obvious desires and wish fulfillments, the main and overwhelming themes seem to be powerful fears. Perhaps sparked by your somewhat dangerous profession, and by the physical and mental assaults you doubtless keep coming in touch with through this work as a lady cop, your dream evokes a large variety of fearful elements:

(1) You seem afraid of search and intrusion. You don't want to be found out, especially by your fellow cops, engaging in some illegal act, like possessing marijuana. But you are.

(2) You are afraid of being found with a male lover. But the cops find one in your closet and smile about this.

(3) You are afraid of giving men blowjobs. But you are forced to do so.

(4) You are afraid of not getting what you want, such as a watch. And you don't get it but get unwanted pearls instead.

(5) You are afraid of being coerced into more sex with cops. This time you escape from their demands that you blow them.

(6) You are afraid of being sexually attacked and raped. You only escape by killing yourself.

Quite a grim chronicle! It looks like you may well feel insecure at your work, what with all those "real," male cops not truly accepting you as an intruder into their realm. And that, in spite of your apparently successful bisexuality, you are still afraid of sex with men, perhaps put yourself down for not succeeding as well as you think you should, and fear

"We looked into each other's eyes, all under the water. We were fish; we never came up for air. I knew he wanted to touch me, but all I would give him was my hand."

that sex will overwhelm you and lead to your destruction. Not that in your job and in your relations with chauvinistic males you may not have some realistic, justified fears. But if this dream is typical of your nighttime thoughts and emotions, you had better suspect that you may be overconcerned rather than merely concerned, unduly anxious rather than appropriately fearful. Maybe not. Maybe this dream is an exceptional one and does not tell anything very meaningful about you. But if it is typical, I would say that you might well benefit from some effective psychotherapy. And soon!

Anita, age thirty-nine

I've never married. I've never lived with anyone. Yes, I date frequently but feel that I've not yet met someone with whom I have full communication. This is my dream:

I was swimming alone in the ocean. The water was very deep, but there were no waves, and so I was not afraid. I was perfectly happy, swimming all alone. I felt like a fish.

Suddenly there was another person swimming beside me. It was a man. We were both swimming under water, and I started to show off. I was very graceful, very beautiful. My hair flowed out like beautiful seaweed in the water.

He swam closer, and we looked into each other's eyes, all under the water. I smiled, and he smiled back. We began swimming together, beautifully, as though we were in a water ballet. We dipped and twirled under the water. We were fish; we never came up for air.

This seemed to go on for a very long time. I knew he wanted to touch me, but all I would give him was my hand. Everything seemed so right, so perfect.

We swam off together under the water. We never had to come up for air as we danced our way through the sea. The fish swam by us as though we were a part of them. It seemed perfect and totally natural as we swam off together, just touching hands.

I woke up at this point. I felt a sexual pleasure, but it was very peaceful and subtle. I was happy that we had only touched hands. Anything else would have spoiled it.

Dr. Ellis comments:

Think about this dream, give it a little careful thought, and I think that you can easily figure out most of it for yourself. Or tell it to one of your close friends and ask for her or his interpretation. Pretty transparent, isn't it? If not, consider this fairly obvious interpretation:

You would probably like, by this time in your life, an intense, prolonged relationship with a man. Dating is okay, but it also has its limitations. Sex is all right, but it, too, would be better and deeper. So you can go it alone this way, even for the rest of your life. You can be "perfectly happy, swimming all alone."

But do you really want to go on like this forever? On the one hand, yes, you do, for it's quite safe. No great difficulties or shoals ahead. Everything seems, on the mere dating scene, "so right, so perfect."

On the other hand—aren't things a little boring? Superficial? Unchallenging? Leading nowhere in the near, not to mention the distant, future? Ah, yes. Quite so. So perhaps you had better look elsewhere, look for something fuller, more profound.

But the potential dangers of your looking for something more permanent! Suppose you fail to have full communication *with someone to whom you commit yourself? Suppose—oh, horrors!—your relationship with him has waves, yes,* waves? *Suppose you and he get along all right but are less than gloriously blissful, sometimes have to come up for air, and have difficulties straightening out some aspects of your sharing and caring? Ugh! How frightful! How* hard! *Is it worth it? Can you dare to take this great* risk?

If I am right about your dream-revealed ambivalence, and about your reluctance to commit yourself to any relationship that is questionable and potentially imperfect—and about your therefore *dreaming about a "beautiful," sexless, touching-of-hands affair—what can you do to resolve your ambivalence? Well, you can simply remain the way you are, peaceful and serene, and take the consequences of missing something deeper (and more difficult) in the way of relating. Or you can bite the bullet, chance a more profound union, and take the consequences of making (one or more) mistakes and learning by painful (but hardly catastrophic) experience what is and what is not for you.*

Remember, however, this: both *of these pathways are quite risky. Letting yourself be committed to a full relationship with a man may well turn out badly—as the American divorce rate clearly shows! But* not *letting yourself hazard such a commitment is also highly dangerous. For you may then piss away, in a relative manner at least, the one potentially challenging and adventurous life you'll ever likely have! So consider* both *these risks before you continue with your present peaceful, subtle, unimpassioned existence. Said an ancient prophet: "Nothing ventured, nothing gained." Still, in these modern days, how true!*

"Dreamwatch" is a regular column that will try to interpret your dreams, to see what their "real" or underlying meanings are, and to determine what you can possibly do to fulfill these meanings—or to change them when they are encouraging you to engage in self-defeating behavior. Dreams, of course, may have many interpretations, none of which may be perfectly accurate or "true." To make the interpretations in this column more correct and useful, it is best that when you submit a dream for consideration, you include the following information: (1) Describe the dream itself, with its main details. Be as specific and graphic as possible. (2) Give your age, sex, marital status, and vocation. (3) Tell something about your present life condition, especially things you are worried or bothered about in your love life. (4) Note any significant or unusual event that occurred during the day or night preceding your dreams. (5) Give your own personal interpretation of what you think your dream may mean. Readers who wish to have their dreams analyzed and printed in the magazine should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Dreamwatch," *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

DO YOU MAKE YOURSELF PERFECTLY CLEAR?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty questions to see if you
communicate or vacillate in the words between the sexes

PSYCHOGRAPH

You are not a woman.

From that obvious (we trust) fact stem many of the problems that plague intimate relations between men and women. Any relationship can be scuttled by a breakdown in communication, but the one between a man and a woman is especially prone to trouble. Despite all the talk these days about sexual equality, the fact remains that males and females brought up in our society tend to feel, think, and react differently. In intimate relationships those differences are magnified by the emotional, sexual, and social needs each person brings along as part of his or her psychological baggage. When you stop and think about it, there are so many opportunities to misread each other's acts and intentions that it's a wonder two people ever actually make it into bed together.

This psychograph aims to give you an idea of how well you communicate with the woman (or women) in your life: whether you act in ways that make it easier or harder for women to understand you. It tests whether you use the words and gestures that are likely to draw a woman closer to you or have an interpersonal "style" that inadvertently repels women and weakens the foundations of any deep relationship.

Communication between men and women does not come easily. It does not develop spontaneously, just because two people like each other. Dr. Ray Birdwhistell, the pioneer investigator of body language, found, for example, that the median married couple "communicates" (that is, talks about things more serious than what to eat for breakfast) only twenty-seven and one-half minutes a week.

Dr. Sherod Miller, who, with his colleagues at the University of Minnesota's Family Study Center, developed the highly successful Couples Communication Program, says you can distinguish people who communicate well from those who do so ineptly. Miller, in his recent book *Straight Talk* (an excellent guide to the deceptively simple task of talking effectively), says his research showed that "people who made connections had certain skills. They talked differently from the ones who didn't connect."

Answer these questions honestly, and you may find out if you have the skills that enable you to break the sexual communication barrier and connect with women.

1. You are in bed with a woman. She asks you to touch a part of her body that you don't normally touch or to stroke her in a way different from the way you normally do. Which of the following statements comes closest to expressing the way you'd probably react (or have reacted in the past under similar circumstances)?
   (a) I'd be angry or hurt. If she doesn't like the way I make love, let her go screw somebody else.
   (b) I'd do what she asked, but I'd probably resent the implication that my lovemaking techniques don't completely satisfy her.
   (c) I'd do what she asked and be happy that she felt secure enough to tell me what she wanted.

2. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "The only time I ever feel really close to a woman is when I'm in bed with her. And sometimes not even then"?
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

3. You're living with a woman. She does something you don't agree with. Which of the following two statements would you be more likely to make in order to express your disagreement?
   (a) "That was a stupid thing to do. You're really dumb."
   (b) "I don't think I would have used the same approach."

4. Do you often find yourself telling people close to you how to improve their lives by saying, "You should do this . . . You ought to do that . . . You'd be better off doing such-and-such . . . "?
   (a) yes, frequently
   (b) sometimes
   (c) rarely or never

5. You and your woman haven't been getting along lately. Which of the following approaches comes closest to portraying what you'd probably say to her?
   (a) "I feel something is making you unhappy, and I'd like to know if there's anything I can do about it."
   (b) "You've been acting like a bitch lately. What the hell's your problem?"
   (c) I wouldn't say anything to her. I'd leave her alone until she got over her anger by herself.

6. When a woman does something that pleases you—maybe she gives great head, or maybe it's something as simple as sitting next to you while you watch the ball game—do you acknowledge it by telling her?
   (a) yes, usually
   (b) sometimes
   (c) rarely or never

7. Do you feel most women have an easier life than you do?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

8. When you're talking with a woman you've just met, do you put yourself down a lot (the "aw-shucks-t'warn't-nothin'-ma'am" syndrome)?
   (a) yes, frequently
   (b) sometimes
   (c) rarely or never

9. How do you feel about this statement: "Deep down, men and women are really natural enemies. It goes back to prehistoric days, when men went off hunting and women stayed home with babies. Women are always going to have needs and desires that are basically different from those of men"?
   (a) agree strongly
   (b) agree somewhat
   (c) disagree somewhat
   (d) disagree strongly

10. Do you often speak sarcastically to women you care about?
    (a) yes
    (b) sometimes
    (c) no

11. When things go wrong, do you usually try to pin the blame on whoever is guilty?
(a) yes
(b) no

12. How do you feel about this statement: "In order to have a close relationship with a woman, you have to give up your freedom"?
(a) agree strongly
(b) agree somewhat
(c) disagree somewhat
(d) disagree strongly

13. Are there things about yourself that you'd never reveal to any woman?
(a) yes
(b) no

14. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "There are only two effective ways of dealing with a woman who has been busting your balls: pay her back—with interest—by being a real bastard, or totally ignore her"?
(a) agree
(b) disagree

15. When you first meet a woman you'd like to get to know better, are you more likely to:
(a) agree with everything she says, even if you don't really agree with her at heart
(b) voice your own opinion when it differs from hers

16. You meet a woman at a party. You like her. The two of you begin talking about recent movies you've seen. Which of the following are you more likely to say during the conversation?
(a) "I think you might like this movie. I enjoyed it."
(b) "You should go to this movie. It's great."

17. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Even the best relationship eventually goes stale. If you spend your life with a woman, you'll end up either hating her or being bored by her"?
(a) agree
(b) disagree

18. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "You can never really have a deep relationship with a woman who's too different from you"?
(a) agree
(b) disagree

19. You're having sex with a woman. You'd like her to do something for you that she doesn't normally do. Do you ask her to do it?
(a) no; if you have to ask, it takes the fun out of it
(b) no, I'd be embarrassed
(c) yes

20. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "Women think you're weak if you tell them about your anxieties, fears, and problems"?
(a) agree
(b) disagree

SCORING

All possible answers on this psychograph have been assigned point values. These are listed on the table below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 100; the lowest 20.

1. a-1, b-2, c-5	11. a-1, b-5
2. a-1, b-5	12. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-5
3. a-1, b-5	13. a-1, b-5
4. a-1, b-2, c-5	14. a-1, b-5
5. a-1, b-5, c-1	15. a-1, b-5
6. a-5, b-3, c-1	16. a-5, b-1
7. a-1, b-5	17. a-1, b-5
8. a-1, b-2, c-5	18. a-1, b-5
9. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-5	19. a-1, b-2, c-5
10. a-1, b-3, c-5	20. a-1, b-5

If you scored 74 to 100 points:

You say the things women want to hear. In fact, your answers indicate that in most social situations you act in ways that foster communication rather than sabotage it. You are supportive and constructive in your relations with women. You make them feel as if they are partners with you and not just sex objects or dumb broads. The atmosphere of warmth and openness that you create makes it easier for women to be loving and responsive toward you. In any relationship one gets what one gives, and you give a lot. You're a man women feel they can get close to. Because you understand them, they have an easier time understanding you.

47 to 73 points:

In most cases, you *know* how to communicate effectively with a woman, but in the heat of passion or anger you often let your more primitive emotions get the better of you. At those times you act in ways that create barriers to understanding. One moment you can be warm and nurturing; the next minute you can become a strutting macho man or a vindictive tyrant. Needless to say, many women have trouble understanding this sort of behavior (even though it is fairly common among today's men, who, while they want to be more open and caring, often slip back into the "typical male" roles they learned as children).

But there's hope. If you can just stop and think for a second before you open your mouth, you brain will usually tell you the right thing to say. Your responses will become more consistent, and women will find it easier to understand and trust you.

20 to 46 points:

You've seen too many John Wayne movies. In your own mind you may be the strong, silent type, but to women you're often just a blank wall. Because they were brought up in an entirely different way, they find you incomprehensible. They can't penetrate those defenses you've thrown up around yourself. You may attract "traditional" women, who don't mind being mystified (and occasionally batted around) by the man they love, but modern, liberated women are unlikely to take any shit from you. They'll just avoid you.

There's nothing wrong with opening yourself up to women. If you can let down your guard, you may be surprised at the amount of warmth and understanding that begins flowing in your direction. OH

JOSEPH FARRIS

What a difference a name makes.

HIRAM WALKER

For a free recipe booklet, write Hiram Walker Cordials, Dept. DA, P.O. Box 33006, Detroit, Mich. 48232 · © 1981.

The good news is:
the Messiah has arrived.
The bad news is:
His name is
Murray Kupferberg,
and He's a
plumber from Pittsburgh.

DISCIPLES

FICTION BY GARDNER DOZOIS

Nicky the Horse was a thin, weaselly-looking man with long dirty black hair that hung down either side of his face in greasy ropes, like inkmarks against the pallor of his skin. He was clean-shaven and hollow-cheeked and had a thin but rubbery lower lip, upon which his small yellowed teeth were forever biting, seizing the lip suddenly and worrying it, like a terrier seizing a rat. He wore a grimy purple sweater under a torn tan jacket enough sizes too small to look like something an organ grinder's monkey might wear, one pocket torn nearly off and both elbows worn through. Thrift-store jeans and a ratty pair of sneakers he'd once found in a garbage can behind the YMCA completed his wardrobe. No underwear. A crucifix gleamed around his neck, stainless steel coated to look like silver. Track marks, fading now, ran down both his arms, across his stomach, down his thighs, but he'd been off the junk for months; he was down to an occasional Red Devil, supplemented by the nightly quart of cheap Chianti he consumed as he lay in the dark on his bare mattress at the "Lordhouse," a third-floor loft in a converted industrial warehouse squeezed between a package store and a Rite-Aid.

He had just scavenged some two-day-old doughnuts from a pile of boxes behind a doughnut store on Broad Street and bought a paper container of coffee from a Greek delicatessen where the counterman (another aging hippie, faded flower tattoos still visible under the bristly black hair on his arms) usually knocked a nickel or two off the price for old time's sake. Now he was sitting on the white marble steps of an old brown-

PAINTING BY GILBERT STONE

stone row house, eating his breakfast. His breath steamed in the chill morning air. Even sitting still, he was in constant motion—his fingers drumming, his feet shuffling, his eyes flicking nervously back and forth as one thing or another—a car, some wind-blown trash, pigeons taking to the air—arrested and briefly held his attention; at such times his shoulders would momentarily hunch, as if he expected something to leap out at him.

Across the street, a work crew was renovating another old brownstone, swarming over the building's partially stripped skeleton like carrion beetles; sometimes a cloud of plaster powder and brick dust would puff from the building's broken doorway, like foul air from a dying mouth. Winos and pimps and whores congregated on the corner, outside a flophouse hotel, their voices coming to Nicky thin and shrill over the rumbling and farting of traffic. Occasionally a group of med students would go by or a girl with a dog or a couple of Society Hill faggots in bell-bottom trousers and expensive turtlenecks, and Nicky would call out, "Jesus loves you, man," usually to no more response than a nervous sideways glance. One faggot smirked knowingly at him, and a collegiate-jock type got a laugh out of his buddies by shouting back, "You bet your ass he does, honey." A small, intense-looking woman with short-cropped hair gave him the finger. Another diesel dyke, Nicky thought resignedly. "Jesus loves *you*, man," he called after her, but she didn't look back.

When his butt began to feel as if it had turned to stone, he got up from the cold stoop and started walking again, pausing only long enough to put a flyer for the Lordhouse on a lamp pole, next to a sticker that said, "EAT THE RICH." He walked on, past a disco, a gay bookstore, a go-go bar, a boarded-up storefront with a sign that read, "LIVE NUDE MODELS," a pizza stand, slanting south and east now, through a trash-littered concrete park full of sleeping derelicts and arrogantly strutting pigeons, stopping now and then to panhandle and pass out leaflets, drifting on again.

He'd been up to Reading Terminal early that morning, hoping to catch the shoppers who came in from the suburbs on commuter trains, but the Hairy Krishnaites had been there already, out in force in front of the station, and he didn't like to compete with other panhandlers, particularly fucking *groups* of them with fucking *bongos*. The Krishnaites made him nervous anyway—with their razor-shaved pates and their air of panting, puppyish eagerness, they always reminded him of ROTC second lieutenants, fresh out of basic training. Once, in front of the Bellevue-Stratford, he'd seen a fight between a Krishnaite and a Moonie, the two of them arguing louder and louder, toe to toe, until suddenly they were beating each other over the head with thick packets of devotional literature, the leaflets swirling loose around them like flocks of startled birds. He'd had to grin at that one, but some of the panhandling groups were *mean*, particularly the political groups, particularly the niggers. They'd kick your ass up between your shoulder blades if they caught you poaching on their turf; they'd have your balls for garters.

No, you scored better if you worked alone. Always alone.

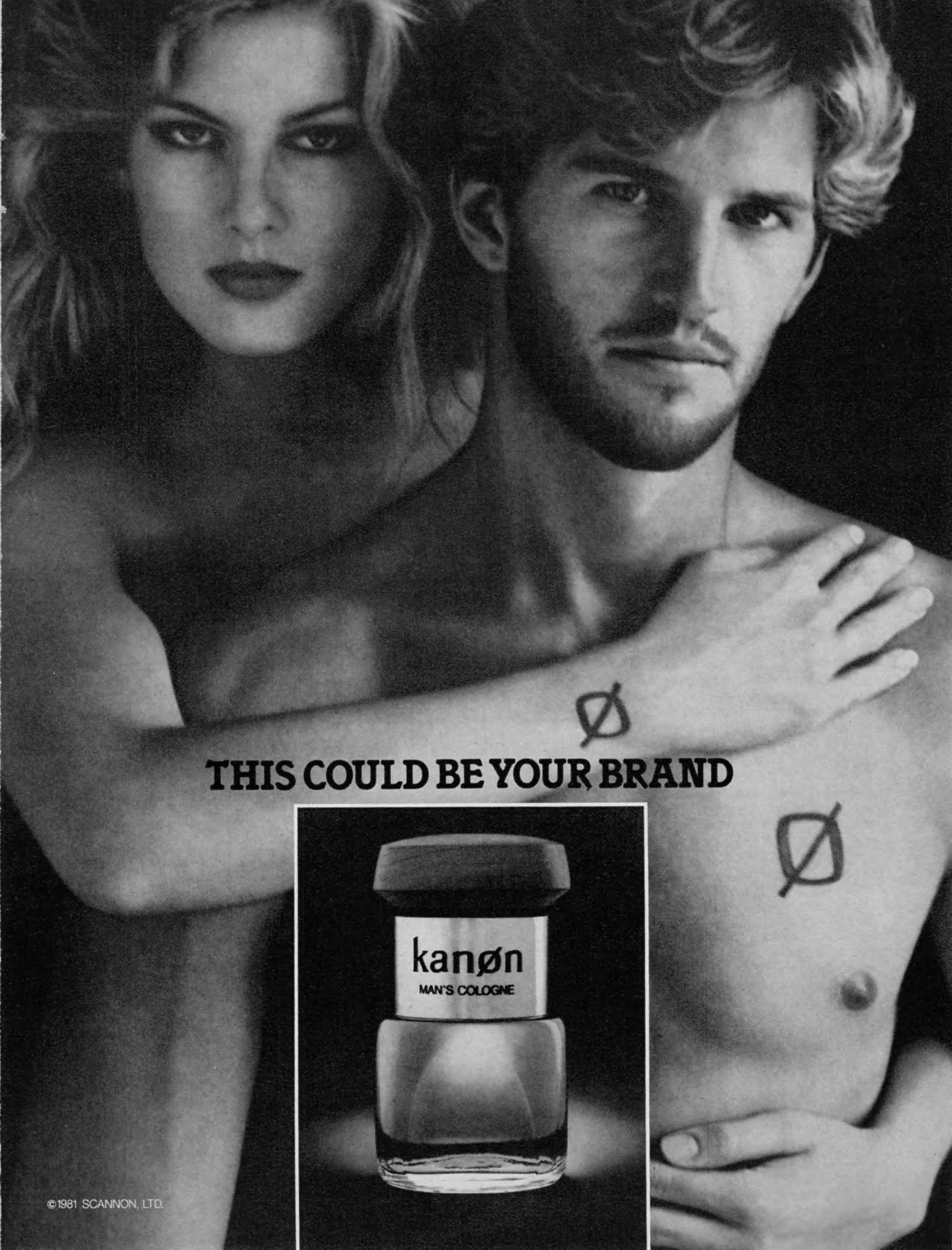
He ended up on South Street, down toward the Two-Street end, taking up a position between the Laundromat and the plant store. It was much too early for the trendy people to be out, the "artists," the night people, but they weren't such hot prospects anyway. It was Saturday, and that meant that there were tourists out, in spite of the early hour, in spite of the fact that it had been threatening to snow all day—it was cold, yes, but not as cold as it had been the rest of the week, the sun was peeking sporadically out from behind banks of dirty gray clouds, and maybe this would be the only halfway-decent day left before winter really set in. No, they were here all right, the tourists, strolling up and down through this hick Greenwich Village, peering into the quaint little stores, the *boutiques*, the head shops full of tourist-trap junk, the artsy bookstores, staring at the resident freaks as though they were on display at the zoo, relishing the occasional dangerous whiff of illicit smoke in the air, the loud blare of music that they wouldn't have tolerated for a moment at home.

Of course, he wasn't the only one feeding on this rich stream of marks: there was a juggler outside of the steak-sandwich shop in the next block, a small jazz band—a xylophone, a bass, and an electric piano—in front of the Communist coffeehouse across the street, and, next to the upholsterer's, a fat man in a fur-lined parka who was tonelessly chanting, "Incense sticks check it out one dollar . . . incense sticks check it out one dollar" without break or intonation. Such competition Nicky could deal with—in fact, he was contemptuous of it.

"Do you have your house in *order*?" he said in a conversational but carrying voice, starting his own spiel, pushing leaflets at a businessman, who ignored him, at a strolling young married couple, who smiled but shook their heads, at a middle-aged housewife in clogs and a polka-dot kerchief, who took a flier reflexively and then, a few paces away, stopped to peek at it surreptitiously. "Did you know the Lord is coming, man? The Lord is *coming*. Spare some change for the Lord's work?" This last remark shot at the housewife, who looked uneasily around and then suddenly thrust a quarter at him. She hurried away, clutching her Lordhouse flier to her chest as if it were a baby the gypsies were after.

Panhandling was an art, man, an *art*—and so, of course, of *course*, was the more important task of spreading the Lord's word. That was what *really* counted. Of

"That was probably the deal of a lifetime, but I had to turn it down."


THIS COULD BE YOUR BRAND
kanøn
MAN'S COLOGNE
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course. Nevertheless, he brought more fucking change into the Lordhouse than any of the other converts who were out pounding the pavement every day, fucking-A, you better believe it. He'd always been a good panhandler, even before he'd seen the light, and what did it was making maximum use of your time. Knowing who to ask and who not to waste time on was the secret. College students, professional people, and young white male businessmen made the best marks—later, when the businessmen had aged into senior executives, the chances of their coming across went way down. Touristy types were good, straight suburbanites in the twenty-five-to-fifty age bracket, particularly a man out strolling with his wife. A man walking by himself was much more likely to give you something than a man walking in the company of another man—faggots were sometimes an exception here. Conversely, women in pairs—especially prosperous *hausfraus*, although groups of teenage girls were pretty good, too—were much more likely to give you change than were women walking by themselves; the housewife of a moment before had been an exception, but she had all the earmarks of someone who was just religious enough to feel guilty about not being more so. Brisk women-executive types almost never gave you anything or even took a leaflet. Servicemen in uniform were easy touches. Old people never gave you diddly-shit, except sometimes a well-heeled little old white lady would, especially a W.H.L.O.W.L. who had religion herself, although they could also be more trouble than their money was worth.

There were a lot of punkers in this neighborhood, with their fifties crewcuts and greasy motorcycle jackets, but Nicky usually left them alone; the punks were more violent and less gullible than the hippies had been back in the late sixties, the Golden Age of Panhandling. The few remaining hippies—and the college kids who passed for hippies these days—came across often enough that Nicky made a point of hitting on them, although he gritted his teeth each time he did; they were by far the most likely to be wise asses—once he'd told one, "Jesus is coming to our town," and the kid had replied, "I hope he's got a reservation, then—the hotels are booked *solid*." Wise asses. Those were also the types who would occasionally quote Scripture to him, coming up with some goddamn verse or other to refute anything he said; that made him uneasy—Nicky had never really actually *read* the Bible that much, although he'd meant to: he had the knowledge *intuitively*, because the Spirit was in him.

At that, the hippie wise asses were easier to take than the Puerto Ricans, who would pretend they didn't understand what he wanted and give him only tight bursts of superfast Spanish. The Vietnamese, now being seen on the street with increasing frequency these days, the Vietnamese quite often *did* give something, perhaps because they felt that they were required to. Nicky wasn't terribly fond of Jews, either, but it was amazing how often they'd come across, even for a pitch about *Jesus*—all that guilt they imbibed with their mother's milk, he guessed. On the other hand, he mostly stayed clear of niggers—sometimes you could score off a middle-aged tom in a business suit or some graying workman, but the young street dudes were impossible, and there was always the chance that some coked-up young stud would turn mean on you and maybe pull a knife. Occasionally you could get money out of a member of that endless, seemingly cloned legion of short, fat, cone-shaped black women, but that had its special dangers, too, particularly if they turned out to be devout Baptists or snake-handlers or whatever the fuck they *were:* one woman had screamed at him, "Don't talk to me about Jesus! Don't talk to *me* about Jesus! Don't talk to me about *Jesus!*" Then she'd hit him with her purse.

> 6
>
> Some of the panhandling groups were *mean*. They'd kick your ass up between your shoulder blades if they caught you poaching on their turf; they'd have your balls for garters.
>
> 9

"The Last Days are at hand!" Nicky called. "The Last Days are *coming*, man. The Lord is coming to our town, and the wicked will be left *behind*, man. The *Lord* is coming." Nicky shoved a leaflet into someone's hand, and the someone shoved it right back. Nicky shrugged. "Come to the Lordhouse tonight, brothers and sisters! Come and get your soul *together*." Someone paused, hesitated, took a leaflet. "Spare change? Spare change for the Lord's work? Every *penny* does the Lord's work . . . "

The morning passed, and it grew colder. About half of Nicky's leaflets were gone, although many of them littered the sidewalk a few paces away, where people had discarded them once they thought that they were far enough from Nicky not to be noticed doing so. The sun had been swallowed by clouds, and once again it looked like it was going to snow, although once again it did not. Nicky's coat was too small to button, but he turned his collar up and put his hands in his pockets. The stream of tourists had pretty much run dry for the moment, and he was just thinking about getting some lunch, about going down to the hot-dog stand on the corner where the black dudes stood jiving and hand-slapping, their giant radios blaring on their shoulders; he was just *thinking* about it when, at that very moment, as though conjured up by the thought, Saul Edelmann stepped out of the stand and walked briskly toward him.

"Shit in my hat," Nicky muttered to himself. He'd collected more than enough to buy lunch, but, because of the cold, not that *much* more. And Father Delardi, the unfrocked priest—the *unfairly* unfrocked priest who had founded their order and who ran it with both love and, yessir, an iron hand—Father Delardi didn't like it when they came in off the streets at the end of the day with less than a certain amount of dough. Nicky had been hoping that he could con Saul into giving him a free hot dog, as he sometimes could, as Saul sometimes *had*, and now here was Saul himself, off on some dumbshit errand, bopping down the street as fat and happy as a clam (although how happy *were* clams anyway? come to think about it), which meant that he, Nicky, was fucked.

"Nicky! My main man!" said Saul, who prided himself on an ability to speak jivey street *patois* that he definitely did not possess. He was a plump-cheeked man with modish-length gray-streaked hair, cheap black plastic-framed glasses, and a neatly trimmed mustache. Jews were supposed to have big noses, or so Nicky had always heard, but Saul's nose was small and upturned, as if there were an Irishman in the woodpile somewhere.

"Hey, man," Nicky mumbled listlessly. Bad *enough* that he wasn't going to get his free hot dog—now he'd have to make friendly small talk with this dipshit in order to protect his investment in free hot dogs yet to come. Nicky sighed and unlimbered his shit-eating grin. "Hey, man! How you been, Saul? What's *happenin'*, man?"

"What's happening?" Saul said jovially, responding to Nicky as if he were really asking a question instead of emitting ritual noise. "Now how can I ever begin to tell you what's happening, Nicky?" He was radiant today, Saul was, full of bouncy energy, rocking back and forth as he talked, unable to stand still, smiling a smile that revealed teeth some Yiddish momma had sunk a lot of dough into over the years. "I'm glad you came by today, though. I wanted to be sure to say good-bye if I could."

"Good-bye?"

Saul's smile became broader and broader. "Yes, good-bye! This is it, *boy-chick*. I'm off! You won't see me again after today."

Nicky peered at him suspiciously. "You goin' away?"

"You bet your ass I am, kid," Saul said and then laughed. "Today I turned my half of the business over to Carlos, signed all the papers, took care of everything nice and legal. And now I'm free and clear, free as a damn bird, kid."

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"You sold you half of the stand to *Carlos?*"

"Not sold, *boychick*—gave. I *gave* it to him. Not one red cent did I take."

Nicky gaped at him. "You *gave your business away,* man?"

Saul beamed. "Kid—I gave *everything* away. The car: I gave that to old Ben Miller, who washes dishes at the Green Onion. I gave up the lease on my apartment, gave away my furniture, gave away my savings—if you'd've been here yesterday, Nicky, I would've given you something, too."

"Shit!" Nicky said harshly, "you go crazy, man, or what?" He choked back an outburst of bitter profanity. Missed out again! Screwed out of getting *his* yet *again!*

"I don't *need* any of that stuff anymore, Nicky," Saul said. He tapped the side of his nose, smiled. "Nicky—He's come."

"Who?"

"The *Messiah*. He's come! He's finally come! Today's the day the Messiah comes, after all those thousands of years—think of it, Nicky!"

Nicky's eyes narrowed. "What the fuck you talkin' about, man?"

"Don't you *ever* read the paper, Nicky, or listen to the radio? The Messiah has come. His name is Murray Kupferberg, He was born in Pittsburgh—"

"*Pittsburgh?*" Nicky gasped.

"—and He used to be a plumber there. But He *is* the Messiah. Most of the scholars and the rabbis deny Him, but He really *is*. The Messiah has really come, at last!"

Nicky gave that snorting bray of laughter, blowing out his rubbery lips, that was one reason—but *only* one reason—why he was sometimes called Nicky the Horse. "*Jesus* is the Messiah, man," he said scornfully.

Saul smiled good-naturedly, shrugged, spread his hands. "For you, maybe he *is*. For you people, the *goyim*, maybe he *is*. But *we've* been waiting for more than five thousand years—and at last He's come."

"Murray Kupferberg? From Pittsburgh?"

"Murray Kupferberg," Saul repeated firmly, calmly. "From Pittsburgh. He's coming *here, today*. Jews are gathering here today from all over the country, from all over the world, and *today*—right *here*—He's going to gather His people to Him—"

"You stupid fucking kike!" Nicky screamed, his anger breaking free at last. "You're crazy in the head, man. You've been *conned*. Some fucking con man has taken you for *everything*, and you're too fucking dumb to see it! All that *stuff*, man, all that good stuff *gone*—" He ran out of steam, at a loss for words. All that good stuff gone, and he hadn't gotten *any* of it.

Saul seemed unoffended. "You're wrong, Nicky—but I haven't got time to argue with you. Shalom." He stuck out his hand, but Nicky refused to shake it. Saul shrugged, smiled again, and then walked briskly away, turning the corner onto Sixth Street.

Nicky sullenly watched him go, still shaking with rage. Screwed again! There went his free hot dogs, flying away into the blue on fucking gossamer wings. Carlos was a hard dude, a street-wise dude—Carlos wasn't going to *give* him anything; Carlos wouldn't stop to piss on Nicky's head if Nicky's *hair* was on fire. Nicky stared at the tattered and overlapping posters on the Laundromat wall, and the faces of long-dead politicians stared back at him from among the notices for lost cats and the ads for Czech films and karate classes. Suddenly he was cold, and he shivered.

The rest of the day was a total loss. Nicky's sullen mood threw his judgment and his timing off, and the tourists were thinning out again anyway. The free-form jazz of the Communist coffeehouse band was getting on his nerves—the fucking xylophone player was chopping away as if he was making sukiyaki at Benihana of Tokyo's—and the smell of sauerkraut would

Nicky had never really actually *read* the Bible that much, although he'd meant to: he had the knowledge *intuitively*, because the Spirit was in him.

float over from the hot-dog stand every now and then to torment him. And it kept getting colder and colder. Still, some obscure, self-punishing instinct kept him from moving on.

Late in the afternoon what amounted to a little unofficial parade went by—a few hundred people walking in the street, heading west against the traffic, many of them barefoot in spite of the bitter cold. If they were all Jews on their way to the Big Meeting, as Nicky suspected, then some of them must have been black Jews, East Indian Jews, even *Chinese* Jews.

Smaller groups of people straggled by for the next hour or so, all headed uptown. The traffic seemed to have stopped completely, even the crosstown busses; this rally must be *big*, for the city to've done that. The last of the pilgrims to go by was a stout, fiftyish Society Hill matron with bleached blue hair, walking calmly in the very center of the street. She was wearing an expensive ermine stole, although she was barefoot and her feet were bleeding. As she passed Nicky, she suddenly laughed, unwrapped the stole from around her neck, and threw it into the air, walking on without looking back. The stole landed across the shoulders of the Communist xylophone player, who goggled blankly for a moment, then stared wildly around him—his eyes widening comically—and then bolted, clutching the stole tightly in his hands; he disappeared down an alleyway.

"You bitch!" Nicky screamed. "Why not *me*? Why didn't you give it to *me*?"

But she was gone, the street was empty, and the gray afternoon sky was darkening toward evening.

"The Last Days are coming," Nicky told the last few strolling tourists and window-shoppers. "The strait gate is narrow, sayeth the Lord, and few will fit *in*, man." But his heart wasn't in it anymore. Nicky waited, freezing, his breath puffing out in steaming clouds, stamping his feet to restore circulation, slapping his arms, doing a kind of shuffling jig that—along with his too small jacket—made him look more than ever like an organ-grinder's monkey performing for some unlikely kind of alms. He didn't understand why he didn't just give up and go back to the Lordhouse. He was beginning to think yearningly of the hot stew they would be served there after they had turned the day's take in to Father Delardi, the hymn-singing later, and after that the bottle of strong raw wine, his mattress in the rustling, fart-smelling communal darkness, oblivion . . .

There was—a sound, a note, a chord, an upswelling of something that the mind interpreted as music, as blaring iron trumpets, only because it had no other referents with which to understand it. The noise, the music, the *something*—it swelled until it shook the empty street, the buildings, shook the bones in the flesh and the very marrow in the bones, until it filled every inch of the universe like hot wax being poured into a mold.

Nicky looked up.

As he watched, a crack appeared in the dull gray sky. The sky split open, and behind the sky was nothingness, a wedge of darkness so terrible and absolute that it hurt the eyes to look at it. The crack widened; the wedge of darkness grew. Light began to pour through the crack in the sky, blinding white light more intense and frightening than the darkness had been. Squinting against that terrible radiance, his eyes watering, Nicky saw tiny figures rising into the air far away, thousands upon thousands of human figures floating up into the sky, falling *up* while the iron music shook the firmament around them, people falling up and into and through the crack in the sky, merging into that wondrous and awful river of light, fading, disappearing, until the last one was gone.

The crack in the sky closed. The music grumbled and rumbled away into silence.

Everything was still.

Snowflakes began to squeeze like slow tears from the slate gray sky.

Nicky stayed there for hours, staring upward until his neck was aching and the last of the light was gone, but after that nothing else happened at all.

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LIQUID ASSETS

Although man's sense of smell is far less developed than that of other animals, it is still a major factor in determining our sexual attractions. Though the odors we detect in members of the opposite sex may be subtle, they are far more stirring than we consciously perceive, which might explain why expressions like "the chemistry is right" are so common in talk of love.

Despite this, however, some men still feel that wearing cologne is an effete, foppish, or even effeminate indulgence. Actually, as new scientific evidence verifies, choosing a scent that mixes and mingles well with your personality and life-style can be a positive, aggressive way to assert your masculinity and make certain that, when it comes to female preferences, natural selection is in your favor.

When you're trying on a new cologne, it's essential to keep in mind that fragrances smell different on different men: something that smells great on someone else may not work at all for you. The only reliable way to test a particular product is to rub a small amount on the top of your hand and then allow it to blend with your skin's natural oils for a few minutes before whiffing it. At that point simply trust your instincts—or, as sleuths would say, follow your nose.

In general, the oilier your skin is, the more dramatically it will alter the intrinsic fragrance of a particular product. Also, men with dry skin should know that they won't retain a fragrance as long and should reapply it more frequently. On any skin type no cologne lasts much longer than six hours. So keep a bottle of your favorite scent in your office for those evenings when you're heading straight from work for a date or a visit to a neighborhood tavern. Remember to use it, though: like seat belts, cologne does no good if you forget to put it on!

All colognes, whether marketed for males or females, are based in "perfumes." Sometimes there are over 200 in a single product, many of them natural oils derived from roots, stems, flowers, fruits, or spices. (Synthetic or "modern blend" ingredients not found in nature might be a good idea if you'd like a woman to consider you "out of this world"!)

The difference between men's colognes and "supercolognes" is simply a matter of the proportion of the perfume to the alcohol and water base. In general, the supercolognes, which are roughly two to five times as concentrated, are as intense as feminine perfumes. A little goes a long way.

When you're choosing a scent, it's also wise to keep your romancing style in mind. For example, citrusy scents are the most volatile, while earthy scents, like patchoulis, linger much longer. Needless to say, fast movers should use the former; slow and easy types, the latter.

One final, cautionary note: never wear more than one fragrance at a time—using one after-shave, another scented deodorant soap, and yet another type of cologne. And *never* try to blend two or three separate colognes to make your own homemade, personal blend. The resulting mixed signals may well drive a woman crazy, but not in the way you intend!

Here is a handy guide to today's more popular fragrances for men (pictured left), with the ingredients explained. With modern blends, your nose knows best. KANON—woodsy notes of sandalwood, cedar, and patchouli for warmth and rich fullness; GREY FLANNEL—woodsy mosses, amber, lime, and musk for a sharp, clean scent; CHAZ—woodsy, spicy, herbal, and citrusy; KOUROS—wild herbs and mosses, with florals, spices, and incense added for an intriguing scent; STETSON—citrus, spices, and woodsy blend for a light, clean scent; ANDRON—modern blend of spices and woodsy notes for a virile scent; ANTAEUS Pour Homme—a woodsy, modern blend; DENIM—woodsy, spicy, citrus blend with mossy musk; CAMBRIDGE—woodsy, amber, and spicy blend for a crisp scent; CHAPS—woodsy, amber, and leathery spices for an earthy note; BLUE STRATOS—mossy, with an herbal and musk base; GIVENCHY GENTLEMAN—blend of citrus, spices, and oil of clove; MILLIONAIRE—orange, rose florals, and citrus notes for a zesty blend; BRITISH STERLING—woodsy and lavender notes; CELLINI—Citrus, spices, and herbs with a hint of woodsy musk; OSCAR DE LA RENTA Pour Lui—a woodsy blend of spices, green herbs, and florals; PUNJAB—a blend of incense, patchouli, and Tompkin musk; ARAMIS—a spicy, peppery blend.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT KLIGGE

MOTOCROSS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

cross was the next obvious step from trail riding. Since 1969 the annual sales of motorcycles have nearly doubled to more than a million a year, and the Japanese have more than 90 percent of the market. According to the Motorcycle Industry Council in Newport Beach, Calif., nearly half of the 7.4 million motorcycles in use in America these days are dirt bikes, some of them doing double duty for short hauls on the pavement.

As motorcycle sales were climbing and motocross was growing, a California promoter named Michael Goodwin Americanized the sport. He shortened the course from two miles to half a mile, sharply reduced the running time of each event, and moved everything indoors to the comfortable and well-lighted Los Angeles Coliseum. He advertised heavily and on July 2, 1972, attracted 27,400 paying customers—an unheard-of turnout for a dirt bike race then. That was the first running of what has come to be known as Supercross.

By now, Supercross has become the biggest spectator-drawing motorcycle event in the United States. Some racers still complain that they like pure motocross better. They like the challenge of the longer courses that ramble over rough, natural terrain. They like races that last forty minutes instead of five or ten minutes. And they like the tradition of racing regardless of foul weather. But many racers also realize that races in air-conditioned stadiums with nice cushioned seats, good food service, and clean bathrooms bring out bigger crowds and obviously mean more money for them.

In the last few years the American Motorcycle Association has been sanctioning about a dozen Supercross meets a year. They have attracted nearly as many spectators as have all of the association's roughly thirty other principal professional championship events on road courses and dirt ovals.

Meanwhile, traditional motocross has become far and away the most popular kind of amateur motorcycle racing. It serves as a farm system for Supercross because there is hardly a hard-charging amateur who doesn't dream of going pro and sharing the glory and riches of the stadium. Sometimes, as in Houston, the promoters leave the man-made track in place for another day and let the amateurs have a crack at it.

"Everybody is going for the big apple in the sky," said E. C. Birt, a wiry speed-tuner from just outside Nashville. He swept a bony hand through his flowing gray hair at the amateur races that Sunday in Houston, ran it down past a thick pork chop sideburn, and tugged at his scruffy goatee. "They want some of that big money," he said.

E. C.'s speciality is putting more punch into brand-new fresh-from-the-factory motocross bikes. They're supposed to be ready to race when you buy them. But E. C. lays hands on them, and they go faster. For E. C.'s hottest version of the Suzuki 250, he charges $4,280, more than twice the factory retail price. A lot of the hotshots at Houston were using E. C.'s equipment, and from the way they treated him as he wandered through the pits in jeans and running shoes, you would have thought he was a holy man.

The Sunday races, billed as the biggest amateur motocross event in the country, had drawn more than 1,400 riders from the South, the Southwest, and the Midwest. The Astrodome parking lot had become a vast pit area, with rows of motor homes, campers, station wagons, and pickups loaded with dirt bikes and spare parts.

Families crowded together under umbrellas and awnings, in the shade of their vans and any other place they could find relief from the sun. They were drinking beer and soda, slapping together lunch meat sandwiches. In their bright jerseys and breeches, the riders strutted around like plumed birds. Their bikes were as ready as they were going to get, but they kept checking, double-checking, triple-checking: running a finger along a chain to feel the tension, making another turn on a brake adjuster, having one more look at how the spark plug was burning. They wanted to know what E. C. thought about this carburetor jet, that new exhaust system. He kept turning down beers.

> Most of the pros are single and get mobbed after the races by groupies known as "pit tootsies," but there's not much time for romance.

The stadium was operating like a race factory. Bikes were lined up for two city blocks, waiting for a shot at the starting line. Inside even before the track was clear of finishers in one race, a new flock of riders was blasting off on the start of another.

E. C. found a friend's motor home and settled in. He poked a knife into a jar of peanut butter and spread a thick layer over a slice of white bread. He'd raced dirt bikes, he said, tuned race cars, and finally set up his speed shop in Tennessee. There he devised a series of modifications that he can apply to almost any of the Japanese motocross bikes. He calls his basic unit the "W/R One," for "Works Racer Number One."

"The W/R One is more of a bulletproof motorcycle," he said, stretching out on a plaid, wool banquette. "It takes a little less maintenance. It's designed for the father who's a doctor or a lawyer, a beginning rider and a beginning father. The W/R Two is for a rider and father who've been in it for a year or two and are a little better than average. The W/R Three is designed for maximum horsepower. It usually takes a rider two or three years before he has advanced to where he can get maximum advantage out of that motorcycle."

E. C. is not wealthy, and he may never be. He worries about making sales and covering the rent. But he worries just as much about fathers spending more money than they can afford on racing. "I have to be very careful about my recommendations," E. C. said as we climbed down from the motor home and headed through the pits. "Some fathers figure they've got to have the most 'trick' setup, or they're not going to be competitive. That could mean taking food off the table. But a lot of fathers will do it. I try to find out a little about the family budget. There's no reason to put a burden on them they can't afford."

Motorcycle racing—in all its forms—is mainly a blue-collar sport, and most of the fathers who have gotten involved in motocross with their sons have only modest incomes. Yet many of those in Houston said that they were spending $10,000 a year on racing. One father said that he had spent "easily twenty thousand" in the previous year, and the talk around the pits was that a wealthy Texan had sunk well over $100,000 into backing his two sons, ten and twelve years old.

Elton Hollingsworth, who makes about $20,000 a year, figures that his son Dwayne's first year of racing cost him $7,000 and nearly all his spare time. The boy has four motorcycles, two for practice, two for competition. Most Friday and Saturday nights, Elton and his wife, Ruth, pile into their blue Chevrolet pickup with Dwayne and drive to races 100 miles away in Houston. Many Wednesday nights they drive 125 miles to races in Conroe, Tex.

At one point, not long ago, money started to get tight for the Hollingsworths. Elton's work was slowing down. He didn't want to cut back on Dwayne's racing. So he struck a barter deal with the Suzuki dealer in Beaumont. Instead of handing over cash to keep up the payments on Dwayne's newest bike, Elton built a brick extension onto the motorcycle shop. Dwayne's mother took a job as a stock clerk in a grocery store.

During Dwayne's Astrodome race, his mother had taken a seat in a small section of the grandstands with dozens of other parents. Most of the stadium was empty. The air conditioning didn't seem to be working as well as the night before, when

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the pros had been on the track and there had been thousands of paying customers. A thick blue cloud of exhaust fumes was building. It was getting hard to breathe. Some families had draped banners made out of bed sheets over the front of the stands: "Watch out for Wild Woody Three-three-five," "Bo the Pro," and "Go, Moe!"

Dwayne had finished fifth, but his parents were as excited as if he'd won. "I couldn't believe he was doing so well," his mother said as she rubbed the boy's shoulders in the shadowy parking lot. "I was hysterical. I grabbed a strange man's leg. I'll bet he died."

Elton laughed and said something obscene.

Randy Byars, Dwayne's best friend, said he had been sitting beside Mrs. Hollingsworth and, "She kept saying, 'Dwayne, don't pass. Just stay where you are.' "

Dwayne cut in. "But I was just flying by them."

Elton had been down on the track then, inches away from Dwayne, waving him on with a clenched fist and snapping the towel like a bull whip. "I was telling him to pour it on," Elton said.

"I could kill you, Elton," Ruth said, trying to sound angry. "I told the women next to me, 'Dwayne, don't you listen to your father. He'll get you killed.' "

Elton narrowed his eyes. "You want to be competitive, you've got to ride above your head," he said. "I'll guarantee you he was competitive tonight."

Ruth kept at him. "Those boys up front, if they fall," she said, "they'll be run over." Then quickly she shifted gears: "Now, Joe-Bob Evers, he's good. He won tonight. Buddy, I'll tell you, his daddy *does* push him."

"Dwayne used to beat him," Elton said proudly.

"It's just like life," Ruth said. "They have their ups and downs."

Dwayne had fallen quiet. I asked the boy to explain how he'd gotten started in racing.

His father answered. "I've always been interested in racing," he said.

"It's something his daddy would have liked to have done when he was little," the boy's mother said. "That's all it amounts to."

Dwayne was still quiet. How did he feel about racing? "I love it," he said. "Fantastic."

"He loves it," his mother said.

What would the boy do when he got older? "I'm going up to 125 cc expert," he said, naming a faster, but not the fastest, class in racing. "Then that's it."

"You're not going to go pro?" his mother asked.

"I'm not gonna go pro," the boy said. "Too many heavy bikes."

Ruth Hollingsworth thought for a moment about whether she'd really like to see her son racing professionally. "Oh, Lord," she said. "If he wants to, I'd love to see him do it, if he was going good. I don't want to see him get hurt, and that's what big bikes mean. I think that's more his daddy's dream."

In the stands during a race of ten-year-olds, Cherry Stevenson, an attractive, thirtyish blond in a bright yellow blouse and black knit, sleeveless sweater—the Yamaha racing colors—was screaming in short, tense bursts. "Hang in there, baby!" she cried. "Hold it. Come on, baby. Hold it. Hold it." Her eyes had snapped into fright alert, and she was pressing the color out of her cheeks with little balled-up fists. Any minute she was going to cry. One hand squeezed her friend Mary Ann Thomas's arm. Mrs. Thomas, who was wearing a little gold "Moto-Fox" pendant, sat as still as a stone.

The boy Mrs. Stevenson was rooting for surged across the finish line second, and tears rolled down her cheeks. He turned toward the pits, and she leaned out over the steel railing, cheering and clapping. The little racer, it turned out, was not her son. He was Mrs. Thomas's boy.

> "It could be next week, it could be five years from now," said one racer. "There's a risk involved. And you get to the point where you're not willing to take the risk."

In an earlier race he had come so close to crashing that both women had shut their eyes. When they blinked open, he was wobbling but still upright. His mother had been done in. When he went out for the second time that night, Mrs. Thomas said, "I just sat there numb." "My son was supposed to be in this with her boy," Mrs. Stevenson said. "But he got sick on the starting line and vomited. All this work, all this preparation, and he couldn't run."

The boys and girls in the youngest class, under six, did not sail off the jumps like the older racers. They hugged the earth, riding up one side of a hill and down the other like determined bulldozer drivers. Some barely made it up the inclines. One little boy, three-year-old Tabb Stansbury from Morgan City, La., had trainer wheels on his motorcycle. His father, a twenty-two-year-old construction worker, said Tabb had been racing since he was eighteen months old.

I asked Tabb how he liked racing. He stared straight through me with big, blank eyes. He said nothing. "He don't talk much," his father said. "Especially to people he don't know." The father stepped down on the kick starter of the motorcycle; the boy tapped the gear shift lever into first and, with a half-spin of the back wheel, disappeared up the exit ramp.

A few weeks before the Houston race, Kathy Holman, a seventeen-year-old local girl whose long, honey-blond hair billows from under her helmet like Isadora Duncan's scarf, broke her back, fighting her way into the crowded first turn on another Texas track. She was still hurting when it was time for the stadium event. But she convinced the doctor and her parents to let her unstrap her back brace and ride. Before another big race, she'd broken a foot and cracked a couple of ribs. They taped her up and fed her codeine, her father, Scott Holman, said, and she was fine. "She's strong as steel," her father said. "She can arm-wrestle most of the guys here."

Kathy, who could get the Sandra Dee role in the movie with Danny LaPorte, was a champion gymnast at twelve. She's an all-star soccer player in high school, and just before she broke her back, she got her professional racing license. Her father is her biggest booster.

On weekends he leaves behind his job of selling garbage trucks, pours his big body into a pair of coveralls, and works as part of her pit crew. Her mother never goes to the races. "She hates it," Kathy said, leaning against the fender of a pickup, studying the bikes lining up for the next event like a thoroughbred handicapper. "It scares her so bad," Kathy said, "she went to Tennessee this weekend to visit my grandmother." "We put her out of town," the girl's father said. "She'd be miserable sitting in the van."

Kathy's idol, as it happens, is Danny LaPorte. And what do you think she likes about him? His looks. What else? "I've got his autograph," she said, "and his jersey and his goggles." She likes boys in general, and they like her. "We have to pull the phone out at eleven o'clock at night," her father said. "The little boys are around her like bees."

A soft rain had begun falling in the pits. Mikie Hamsher, six, and his father, Marvin, a thirty-six-year-old electrician on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad, had taken shelter under the fiberglass cover of their motorcycle trailer.

Mikie, a tad shy and inclined to giggle, started riding motorcycles before he could walk or talk. "He was eight months old, and he drove right through the house, anywhere you put him," his father said, moving over to make room for me and E. C. in the trailer. "I figured he wouldn't be able to steer, but he could. He'd fuss if you took him off the bike. He'd cry. He just wanted to ride."

Mikie weighs fifty-two pounds, stands

three feet, ten and one-half inches high. Sandy blond hair tumbles down around his neck in a longish pageboy cut. Sometimes the words spurt out of his mouth in bunches. Then he grins, rolls his head bashfully, and gets real quiet.

"When I was four years old," he said, in one of his spurts, "I was racing a friend on my Indian. My throttle stuck, and I hit a house."

"He hit it on purpose," Marvin said. "He said he couldn't stop any other way."

"I had a black eye, and my jaw was sticking out," Mikie said, warming to his audience.

"Anyway," he said, "if the throttle sticks, I'll just throw it over."

"It stuck one time in a race," his father said, "and when he got to the corner, he just laid it down and got off. He got mad at me and jumped up, waving his fist."

Motorcycle mechanics is not Marvin's long suit, and Mikie knows it. "When he tries to fix 'em, he busts 'em," the boy said, rolling his eyes toward his father. "I tell him to leave 'em alone. He thinks he's doing a good job."

Marvin smiled weakly. "It's not an ego builder," he said. "No, sure not."

In a year and a half of racing, Marvin has spent $20,000. Mikie's got seven race bikes, and he and his father are on the road a lot. "One weekend we have to be in Fayetteville, Arkansas, on Friday night," Marvin said, "then to a track in Oklahoma on Saturday, and Sunday we go to Selina, Kansas. You have to go to all of the qualifiers to get to the nationals. A lot of times I have to take out a six-month loan to keep up."

The possibility of Mikie being hurt or—*shudder*—killed, has crossed Marvin's mind. "But," he said, "I don't feel there's any more danger in racing than in anything else you do as a kid. If I thought he was gonna get hurt, I wouldn't let him do it. This year we'll try to qualify for the nationals in three kinds of racing. You always think you'll get nervous when they get bigger bikes, but then you don't think about it. Everybody says I pushed him, but I don't think you could make anybody like motorcycles as much as he does. It's got to be natural."

None of this much interested Mikie. He wanted to know if his daddy was really going to buy him that new pair of racing pants they'd been talking about, the really terrific ones with the big red stars running up and down the legs.

Across the shiny wet parking lot, Danny Storbeck, twelve, and his brother, Dale, ten, were taking a break in the family's $65,000 motor home. Jackets and gloves and helmets and jerseys and motorcycle magazines were everywhere. A pan of hot dogs was simmering on the stove. The refrigerator, underneath, was packed with beer and soft drinks.

The Storbeck boys come to the races with eight to ten of E. C.'s most finely tuned motorcycles, each worth about $4,000.

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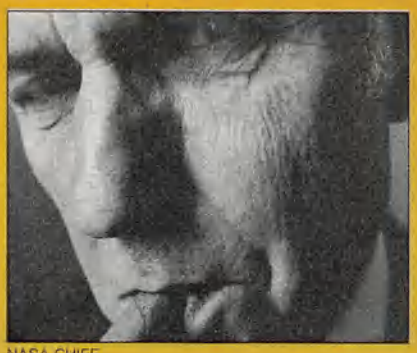
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FICTION

CHAGALL'S PROPHECIES—French art dealer Ambroise Vollard might have guessed a masterpiece would result when he commissioned artist Marc Chagall to create an illustrated Bible. Not since the Renaissance had an artist attempted a project of such scope. The project took 26 years to complete, outlasting Vollard himself. Inspired by Old Testament stories of courage and destiny, these paintings have appeared only in Chagall's *Illustrations for the Bible* and are virtually unknown. *Omni* presents a selection of these beautiful paintings in December.

RELIGION IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY—How will religion shape the course of man's future? Will Third World religious fanatics, such as Iran's Ayatollah Khomeini, reign ascendant, or will the Roman Catholic church retain its hold on much of the world? How will television alter religion as we know it today? James Reston, Jr., whose book on the Reverend Jim Jones, *Our Father Who Art in Hell,* received critical acclaim, addresses the explosive subject of future faiths. Exclusive interviews with the Reverend Billy Graham, the Dalai Lama, and Father Daniel Berrigan provide the most definitive view of tomorrow's religion published to date.

HEADMAN FOR SPACE—If you suddenly became the new administrator of NASA, what would be your first recommendation? Barely four months in the saddle as the space program's chief, James M. Beggs formulates bold priorities. Number one is the development of a permanently manned space station serviced by the space shuttle. For more ideas from the audacious Beggs, read this month's *Omni.*

LIVING COMPUTER—The number crunchers of the 1990s won't be etched on silicon chips. They will be *grown* in vats of genetically engineered viruses. Scientists at the tiny EMV Corporation, in Rockville, Md., are working on a protein computer faster than today's most powerful machines and tiny enough to be implanted in the human brain. Fantastic? Mad? Maybe. But corporations throughout the country are scrambling for a piece of the fantasy. See it in this month's *Omni.*

SCIENCE FICTION—An adolescent undertakes a Martian journey to hear the final performance in memory of Old Earth, in Michael Bishop's story "Vox Olympica"; a planet is exploited for its mineral wealth by a man whose father was killed there many years before, in Ian Stewart's "Ashes"; and an artist is blackmailed into performing a not-too-unpleasant function, in Thomas M. Disch's tale "Ringtime."

Their father, Homer ("Bubba") Storbeck, who owns a trucking company in San Antonio, pays a mechanic to work full-time with the boys, accompany them to races, and take them out to practice after school. The boys have won hundreds of trophies. Bubba, a powerfully built man of few words, used to race late-model stock cars. "I run up front," he said, shooting a stern glance at his wife, Betty, and the two boys, "or I don't run. That's the way my kids run."

"When they first started racing, I was afraid they'd get hurt," the boy's mother said. "I worried constantly. But you learn to live with that. Then, when they start doing good, you feel like you're holding up the bike for them, like they couldn't do it without you."

"I try to give them pointers on things like concentration," she said, "like block out other things that might be on their mind, concentrate on the track. I can watch 'em and compare 'em with another rider, how they look different."

It was nearly midnight before the last event of the day was over, and everyone was extremely exhausted. Still, the top finishers found the energy to shuffle out to the center of the nearly deserted stadium with their pit crews—Mom and Dad—to pick up their trophies. Some of the prizes were actually taller than the winners. The master of ceremonies had to speak up because, already, the bulldozers were plowing down the jumps and because the front loaders and dump trucks were hauling away the dirt to make way for a softball-batting exhibition and a soccer match.

Dwayne Hollingsworth and his dad were hungry. On the way to the infield, they stopped for hot dogs and drinks. Elton was paying for the food, talking about the cost of racing and how things were getting slow in construction, when Dwayne, who was about waist-high to both of us, turned to me.

"I wanted to quit after this race," the boy said, "but he won't let me. I'm getting tired of practicing all year."

Elton went on, as if he hadn't heard his son. "This is the race we've been waiting for," he said. "It's the grand national championship. It comes only once a year."

The boy spoke again. "He wants to go to the Superbowl."

"Do you?"

"He wants to," the boy said.

Dwayne wasn't afraid out there on the track, he said. He felt good. He felt like a winner. That wasn't what bothered him. He just thought he might like to do something else. He'd had about enough of racing.

But his father wasn't listening.

"Most of your good motorcycle riders, most people don't understand," he said, "are between five and sixteen. You're only a kid once, and I'm just trying to do for him what I never had the opportunity to do."

"I've put in eight reindeer brains, so he should fly!"

IN THE DECEMBER FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

INTERVIEW WITH GREG HARRISON

Audiences know him as Dr. Gonzo Gates of "Trapper John, M.D.," but Greg Harrison is about to take on the unlikely role of a male stripper in the made-for-television movie *For Ladies Only*. He talks about his life as an eligible bachelor—and sudden sex symbol—in this month's *Forum*.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

The thunderbolt of instant love can cause people to do crazy things—follow strangers, send anonymous gifts, even marry someone they've just met. Is love at first sight the real thing? Leah Wallach talked to love-struck men and women and found that sudden love can develop into a lasting relationship.

A POSITIVE LOOK AT DIVORCE

"Divorce can be a creative, growing experience, with both partners remaining friends." That's what writer Uta West found when she talked to couples that divorced—and couples that didn't but should have. Read her surprising report on the unexpected benefits of a timely split.

THE JOYS OF HUGGING AND KISSING

For sensitive lovers, intimacy and intercourse aren't always the same thing. Hugging and kissing can be a sensual adventure all by themselves. Josh Bagby tells how a tender hug and kiss can be more emotionally satisfying than all sorts of sexual gymnastics.

SING ME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

But, of course, there was no family gathered there that night. As I looked around, I realized how much everything had changed. How much I'd changed. Uncle George and Aunt Flora seemed glad to see me, but it's hard when you're expecting the cops to show up any minute.

My cousin Bob came in then. Him and his sister Sylvia had always seemed more like brother and sister to me than cousins. Sylvia was married to Lomar Boatman, another person who had been so important to me during those awful days right after Daddy died. They were part of the reasons I'd come to Lamont. It was almost like I needed to say good-bye.

"Merle," Bob said, as he walked into his mama's living room, "you shouldn't stay here." He was right.

"Mom's gotta live in this town," he went on, "and if the police pick you up here, it'll be real embarrassing for her. You know she won't send you away." That was true. Flora had been one of those relatives who had always treated me well, even during the worst times.

"Will you take me to find Lomar?" I asked Bob. He said he would. Then Lomar pulled up in the driveway. He told us he'd just come through the canyon.

"There's a road block up there, Merle," he said, "and I just heard on the radio that they've got an APB and a shoot-on-sight-order out on you."

God, who did they think I was, "mad-dog Haggard?"

"A freight train is your only chance outta here," Lomar said.

"Would somebody take me to Lowell's house?" I asked.

"Bad idea, Merle," Bob said. "You know they're waiting for you to show up there. They're watching your mama's, too."

"I want to go anyway."

By the time I walked into Lowell's house on Panama Lane, about halfway between Lamont and Bakersfield, I had taken care of most of my plans.

All up and down Panama Lane there were Christmas lights, and I supposed that inside the homes there was that certain warmth and good feelings that come with special times of the year.

It was Christmas Eve.

Outside Lowell's window I caught a glimpse of a light. I knew it wasn't old Santa and his sleigh. There was a knock at the front door, followed by one at the back. My time was up. Somehow I felt almost relieved. Through the front door came the same guy who had arrested me the night before. Strangely enough his name was Tommy Overstreet, the same as the country singer.

"Here we are again," he said, holding a shotgun in his hand.

"Yeah," I said, "here we are. Merry Christmas."

Christmas Eve ain't no time to be behind bars. Peace on earth. Soon it would be a new year, and God knows what I'd have to face then. Still, I was glad to see '57 fade outta sight. It had been such a bastard.

The next time I walked out of Bakersfield I was escorted by "the law" and on my way to the Chino Guidance Center, where I would receive my assignment. What a nice-sounding word for such a god-damned thing. Chino, the guidance center. That great walk-through to the big time. It was everything I'd expected it to be, but I'd seen much worse. I decided maybe I'd make it okay if that turned out to be my assignment. The judge had sentenced me to "what the law prescribed," and Chino would tell me where that was.

They gave me every possible test in the world, trying to find out who and what I was. At the end of about four weeks I felt like I was walking around wrong-side out. They'd prodded and questioned me till I felt like a guinea pig. Then I had to wait three weeks for the results of the tests.

On the day the evaluation report comes, there is a lot of anxiety. It don't even come in the regular mail. So, instead of getting the news at four in the afternoon, when they clip the regular mail on the bars, you have to wait until sometime during the night. It's a hell of a way to start a new day.

I couldn't sleep on the night I was supposed to get my results. I waited up all night, and it wasn't until about three-thirty when I heard footsteps coming down the hall. They stopped at different cells, and I could hear the rustle of paper. My cell was dark, and I pushed my back against the corner so the guard couldn't see me sitting there.

Then the footsteps stopped at my cell. I sat totally still. I don't think I even breathed. After a few seconds the footsteps moved on down the cell block. I eased over to the door and pulled the paper free from the clothespin on the bars. At first I couldn't see the words clear enough to read it. My hand was shaking so bad when I held it through the bars and into the hall light that nothing registered. I had to wait till I could hold it still.

The words began to form. Oh, my God, it was so plain. I could feel a knot forming in my stomach, a knot that would in time grow into full-blown rage. I held the paper up again, surprised that my hand was steady. I couldn't believe I was calm. There had to be a mistake. It couldn't say *that*. It's wrong. But I looked again.

"San Quentin."

That son-of-a-bitchin' paper actually said San Quentin. I wanted to scream, but I couldn't make a sound. I wasn't going. I wasn't going to no San Quentin no matter what "they" said. That was a place for criminals fergawdssake! No way was I gonna do time there. No, goddamnit, no."

"You're wrong," I whispered down at the damn piece of paper. "There's been a mistake. I ain't going." I let the paper fall to the floor and went back to my corner. Sitting there in the dark, I still couldn't make a

goddamned sound. Hell, I couldn't even swallow. I put my head back against the cold cement and began to mouth the words over and over. "I ain't going."

Outside the bus that had brought us down Highway 99 told the world that we were guests of the state of California. Written underneath the barred windows were the words "California Correctional Transportation," and we were being transported to the end of the line—San Quentin.

There were about thirteen or fourteen men in Quentin I'd known on the outside. Some I knew pretty well, others just slightly. The one I knew best was a friend from Oildale, Delbert Smart—the one who'd taught me so much about guitar pickin'. I had no idea where he was. It wasn't like I was at a Holiday Inn, where I could call down to the desk and ask what room old so-and-so was in. And now that I think about it, the room service wouldn't exactly get a four-star rating either.

I thought that first morning would never come. I discovered during that first night that there was only one thing to look forward to in the joint, with the exception of getting out. Tomorrow. There was also one thing to dread. Also tomorrow.

When I was "let out" in the yard with the other unassigned prisoners the next day, I was more scared than ever. There must have been about 400 of us scattered between the lower yard and the big yard. We had nothing to do but stand around. Everybody else was working or in their cells.

I found me a place to stand, out of the way, and I looked around at what was gonna be my new home. The only thing missing was the flames. It was hell. I leaned up against the inner wall by the mess hall, and I couldn't believe the next sound I heard.

"Merle Haggard!" My name never sounded so good. And there he was. Delbert Smart. He had two guys with him, and they both had guitars. Delbert grabbed one of the guitars and ran to me with it. I hadn't even touched a guitar in three months, and I had a hard time deciding which one I was the happiest to see, the guitar or Delbert.

"This is the som'bitch I been tellin' you about," he said, slapping me on the back and talking to the other two men.

"He sounds just like Lefty Frizzell . . . Sing for 'em, Merle . . . Let 'em see I ain't been lyin'."

"Hell, Delbert, I can't sing *now*," I said. Several guys had turned to look at us. "I can't hardly talk, much less sing."

"We heard you were comin', Merle," he said, almost like he hadn't heard me. "I want you to sing for these guys . . . Oh, shit, I forgot to introduce you."

I don't remember one of them, but the other one became a good friend. Because of one of the stories I'll tell later, I won't use his real name. I'll just call him "Sam."

By the time I finally convinced Delbert I was in no condition to sing, the crowd had moved away. Then he began talking about getting me on the Warden's Show.

"What's your custody?" he asked then.

"My what?"

"Your custody, man," he repeated. "What classification are you in? I knew what he meant then. There were five classifications or custodies, ranging from minimum to maximum.

"Well, you won't get the worst two, close or maximum," Delbert said when I told him I hadn't got mine yet.

"Only people who get those are the old-timers and the escape artists."

"Well, Delbert, if you remember," I said, "I got a few escapes under my belt."

"Naw," he laughed, "that won't count. That was kid stuff. They ain't worried about that in here. They probably won't pay too much attention to what you did back in them boy's schools. Hell, it's the least of your problems."

Sure.

When I got my assignment, it was close security. It seems they did take my escape record very seriously. It had also been one of the reasons I'd been sent to Quentin. On close custody I had to be in my cell at four in the afternoon, which meant I not only couldn't play music on the Warden's Show. I couldn't attend any evening functions or even go to the prison library.

Delbert tried every way he could to get my custody changed. He wrote letters and told anybody who would listen how much I'd add to the Warden's Show, but nothing worked. It seems the only talent of mine they were concerned about was that of an escape artist. They didn't want me putting on no show like that in Quentin.

Nobody had escaped from those walls in thirteen years. I was almost amused, and, yeah, a little flattered that they would even consider me a threat. As it turned out, their fears were justified.

I actually tried to form a plan. Nothing made any sense. As I sorted dirty socks in the laundry, I could see myself flying right out over the walls, digging me a tunnel to freedom or walking out disguised as a guard. Between these fantasies, I'd sort more dirty socks until my hands began to get sore with some sort of fungus I picked up. When I complained about it, the guards just laughed. Every day it got worse until it began to eat little holes right through my fingernails. It was like a bad science-fiction movie. Little by little I felt like I was being eaten alive by some little invisible germs. I wanted out so bad I began to think all kinds of crazy thoughts.

By this time I was celling with the man I called Sam. He was working in the furniture factory with another prisoner named Jimmy Hendricks. Jimmy—we all called him Rabbit—was in for bank robbery. He had two five-to-life sentences running end to end. He had no chance for parole for at least eight years, and that was only if he didn't make no mistakes. His chances were next to nothing.

I'd been in the joint then for some time when I learned about the escape plan Rabbit and Sam had worked out. Because

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there was room for one more to escape, I was offered the opportunity. It seemed foolproof. I know people always say that, but, hell, it was. And it did work. The plan had room for two escapees and one helper back in the prison. As Sam was going to help, they told me about the space for a second passenger.

I had one night to make up my mind. I really wanted to go. I didn't sleep. I tossed and turned all night, both in mind and body. I went over the plan they'd outlined. It was *perfect*.

The plan was simple. In the furniture factory there was a large desk being built for a judge's chamber in San Francisco. It weighed about 1,500 pounds and would be picked up by a truck and delivered to the courthouse as soon as it was finished. It was even a kick thinking about how it was a *judge's* desk—poetic justice, maybe. God, I wanted to go so bad. Rabbit and Sam both tried to discourage me.

"Don't do it, Merle," Rabbit finally said that last afternoon. I knew he was worried about my going, but until then he hadn't said anything.

"I want you to know you're welcome," he said, "but I think in your case it might be a big mistake. You've got talent, and no matter what you think right now, you've got a future. You can sing and play the guitar real good. You can be *somebody* someday. After all, you're only looking at two or three years. I ain't got no hope but to escape. I'm almost thirty years old, and this is *it* for me." I still wanted to go. I listened while him and Sam went over the final plans. Sam was gonna wait till just before the truck came before he helped Rabbit inside the desk. Then he'd nail on that last piece of wood, leaving it loose enough for Rabbit to push off once he was inside the truck and *outside* the walls.

Rabbit told me if I wasn't there at 9:30, when Sam nailed on the last board, he'd know I took his good advice and stayed behind. I couldn't say nothing. He reached out and shook my hand.

I probably only had an hour's sleep when Sam touched my shoulder.

"Merle, he said, "what are you gonna do?"

I lay there on the bunk, wide awake even though I'd had no sleep hardly. The words stuck in my throat, and I honestly didn't know what I was gonna say till they were out.

"I'm stayin' . . ."

"I'm glad to hear it," Sam said. "Rabbit'll be glad, too."

"Tell him . . .," I began, but I couldn't finish. I turned my face to the wall, and shortly after that I heard Sam leave.

Later I watched the truck come in, back up to the loading dock, and wait while several men lifted the big desk off the platform and onto the truck. It moved real slow toward the main gate. I was afraid everybody around me could hear my heart beating. Nobody was paying any attention. Of course nobody but the three of us knew about the thing that was taking place at that moment. I watched it go through the gate, and I doubted that anybody was gonna tear the judge's desk apart. At that time there were no x-ray machines to check outgoing shipments.

"Tell him I said, 'Good luck,' " I said quietly in the direction of the gate, finishing the sentence I'd started that morning.. Then I felt a chill, like something wasn't quite right. Maybe that was the reason I'd turned down the offer to go along. Something was wrong. I just couldn't put my finger on it, but it was a premonition I couldn't shake.

In about an hour, though, I began to relax. Maybe I'd been wrong. Looked like it had gone off without a hitch. Ol' Rabbit was on his way. Somebody was waiting for him near Oakland Bay Bridge, I believe, and once the truck crossed there, Rabbit was supposed to get out of the desk, lift the canvas on back of the truck, and jump free.

God, it must have worked. By noon I was kicking myself for not going. Premonition, hell, I'd just been too chicken. Four o'clock came, and the prison began to take on a strange atmosphere. It began with a whisper here and there. Something was wrong. You could feel it in the air.

"The count ain't right."

"That's happened before. Damn screws can't count."

"Is somebody missing?"

"From Q? You gotta be kiddin'."

Everybody had to stay in their cell until the mistake could be straightened out. It had happened before, the count being wrong, and sometimes we'd end up having to chow thirty or forty minutes late. Somehow it seemed different this time.

The tension kept mounting.

Finally, it was the radio that told us all the details. On the news there was the name, description, and the amazing fact that Jimmy Hendricks was the first man to escape from inside the walls of San Quentin in thirteen years. As to how he escaped, the voice reported, "That is still a mystery."

Every day for a week there was something else about the escaped convict in the news. Then, as the days went on, there was less and less. Finally, there was nothing. Life inside the prison went on as usual. Sam and I seldom discussed Rabbit, but we both thought about him a lot and wondered how he was doing. Some weeks later a news bulletin told us exactly how he was doing: "A man believed to be Jimmy Hendricks, escapee from San Quentin, has shot and killed a highway patrolman in San Jose. Police have surrounded an old hotel where the suspect is believed to be hiding."

The cop had stopped Rabbit on the street in San Jose, and since he had no identification, he knew that was it for him. He had only been stopped for some minor traffic violation, but sometimes life hangs on the balance of one simple little thing. The cop had asked to see Rabbit's driver's license. He had shown him the barrel of his gun instead. Blew the cop away.

Then the police flushed Rabbit out of the old hotel with tear gas. His worst fears of

"I'm afraid you've got penis elbow."

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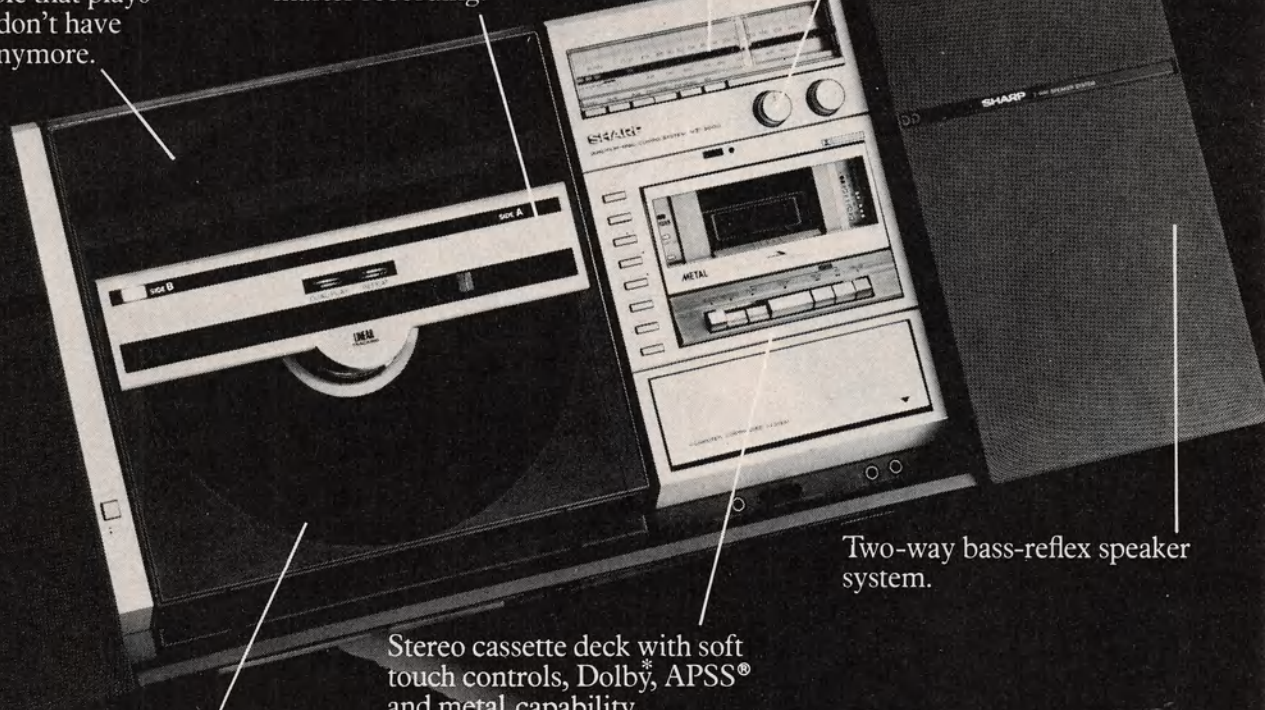
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being captured and sent back to Quentin had been realized after all. Even though we hoped for the best, we knew better. When Rabbit's trial was over, we knew he'd be coming back to San Quentin—but we knew he wouldn't be staying long.

It was a terrible thing he'd done, killing that cop. You can imagine how little sympathy was with him on the outside. But on the inside we all felt his pain. We knew the cop was the real victim, but he wasn't the only one. I'm not making excuses for Rabbit, but at that time I understood the panic of being cornered. I couldn't help but identify with him. I could have been *with* him.

He was sentenced to die in the gas chamber. When they brought him back to the prison, me and Sam and some of the others were waiting there on the bench in front of the mess hall. It was the same place I'd stood the first day I came to San Quentin. We waited—and Rabbit knew we'd be waiting.

It wasn't that we could talk to him or offer him any kind of hope. We just wanted to pay our respects to a dead man who was still walking around. As we stood there waiting for him, I looked up, half expecting the rain to start pouring or a flash of lightning to cut across the sky—but nothing looked any different. Instead there seemed to be a strange kind of silence broken only by the sound of heavy footsteps as we watched the guards coming across the yard with Rabbit.

A condemned prisoner walks with a guard in front of him and one behind him. Both guards carry rifles cocked and ready to fire. As they got closer to us, I wished with all my heart I could at least step out and say something to him. All I could do was sit there with my back pushed against the building. We knew they would take him to the top of the North Block—Death Row. We had known they'd have to pass this way. We were determined to show our support for him the only way we knew—by being there.

At first Rabbit looked straight ahead. He didn't let on he'd even seen us till he got almost even with where we all stood. Then he just motioned with one hand in our direction. It was such a simple gesture. We all waved back like a bunch of kids at a train station. That was all we could do.

That day was nothing, though, compared to the day of his execution and the night before his death. I went to bed thinking about him up there in that little box, and I felt like I knew exactly what he was thinking. I tried not to think of the actual mechanics of the execution, but it was impossible. I could see the buttons or the way I thought they'd look. And I wondered about the faceless men who'd push them. There were three buttons, but only one released the strap that held that little sack. The little sack—they say it looks like a Bull Durham tobacco sack—holds the cyanide. When it falls into the bucket of acid under the chair where the prisoner sits, it releases the gas. They say not to fight it. Goddamn. Can you believe that? Just inhale—exhale—relax. Now we're all *safer. Jesus Christ.*

From the chimney outside a puff of smoke comes out when it happens. Everybody watches. Everybody dies a little right along with the one being executed.

"You've got talent," he'd said. "You've got a chance to make something of your life." Rabbit's words roared in my head. Years later when I wrote "Sing Me Back Home," it was because I believe I know exactly how he felt that night. Even now when I sing the song, it's still for Rabbit and all those like him.

Once the execution was over, things went back to the way they had been before. I need to point out here, though, that my protection of "Sam" could even include a misrepresentation of where he was celling and his actual part in the escape—just in case someone would like to make trouble for a good man who only tried to help make things easier for a brother in need of help.

The next event in my life was my date with the parole board. When eighteen months had passed, I was automatically up for parole. I was pretty sure they'd let me out. I hadn't been a model prisoner, but I hadn't been in any big trouble. Frankly, I hadn't done much of anything. They noticed that.

"You must like this place," one of the men sitting at the table said.

"Why's that, sir?" I asked.

"Well, it says here on the record you worked five months down in the laundry and quit." he said, leafing through some papers. My life in San Quentin, I supposed.

I looked down at my hands. Goddamned fingernails. Had holes in 'em. Look at them fuckin' holes, you son-of-a-bitch, I wanted to yell out at him. Got 'em from a dirty, filthy fungus down in the damn laundry, handling everybody's stinkin' socks. I wanted to lay my hands on the table and show him how the fungus had eaten away at my nails. I wanted him to look and see how hard and thick they were. Would he care? I didn't think so. I didn't say nothing.

". . . Been laying around out on the football field playing guitar . . ." The words went on and on. I turned them off. What was wrong with these bastards? I wondered what they'd say if I stood up and told 'em about the *real* San Quentin. Maybe they already knew and didn't give a damn.

"Then you went into auto mechanics, stayed three months, and quit that, right?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're currently working down on the construction crew, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir." I hoped he couldn't tell I was choking on the word *sir.* I hoped he couldn't read minds either. I ain't working anywhere, asshole. I'm just puttin' in my time.

"Do you know what you want to do yet?"

That question really threw me. I almost blew it for sure. I wanted to tell him I cer-

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tainly did know what I wanted to do. I wanted out. I wanted out of that goddamned chamber of horrors. I wanted to walk out of those gates while I still had some sanity left. *That's* what I wanted. I wanted to see my wife and kids, my mama. Hell's fire, I've got a *son* now, you bastards. His name is Marty, and some of the family says he looks a little like me. He's over a year old already. Does anybody in this room care? Hell, no!

I didn't say any of those things. It wouldn't have made any difference anyway.

"We'll talk to you again sometime."

Yeah, in about a year they would. I went back to my cell. They don't tell you what they're going to do, but I knew. When I pulled that note off the bars that afternoon, their fuckin' message was no big surprise.

"Denied."

When you can't look forward to one thing, you look forward to something else. I still had visiting days and my mail to get me through.

Whenever somebody from the family came—Leona, Mama, Lillian, Bill, or Lowell, I'd try to put up a front, but I doubt if I fooled them much. We spent most of our time talking about how much the kids had grown, what this or that relative was doing, and sometimes we even talked about the weather. Leona was pretty good about visiting at first. Still, seeing her was not easy. There was no contact except a brief kiss hello and good-bye. It hurt like hell to sit there in that damn visitor's room and see her, knowing I couldn't touch her. Sometimes I almost preferred letters.

Then her letters stopped. Her visits stopped, too. I thought I'd go out of my cotton-pickin' mind. I wrote one letter after another to everybody but got no answers why Leona wasn't coming to see me.

Where was she? What was happening? Finally, I couldn't take it anymore. I wrote her a letter demanding to know what was going on. I got my answer. I wish I hadn't. I knew she wasn't gonna sit around on her ass and wait for me. I honestly didn't expect her to. I knew she wouldn't stay home and keep a damn light in the window. Still, I was both surprised and hurt when she got herself pregnant. Even then I wasn't so mad about her fooling around as I was that she was dumb enough to show everybody she had been by having somebody else's baby. I didn't want living proof of her unfaithfulness.

When I found out about it, I got more and more bitter. I didn't care about nothing anymore. All the pep talks I'd given myself seemed stupid, and I knew I was crazy to believe anything could ever be any better for me. There was no more reason, I decided, to work on good behavior.

Me and Sam decided we'd start our own little business, a gambling operation with a beer concession on the side. The fact that beer companies didn't make deliveries inside San Quentin was no problem. Hell, we just made our own brew. We'd get all the stuff we needed out of the kitchen. We could run off a batch in eight days, and it was danged good, if I do say so myself. We made it out of oranges, apples, yeast, and sugar. It was about four times as strong as beer on the outside. We packaged it in milk cartons, and since it was okay to walk around drinking milk, it was kind of a kick to stand right under the guard's noses and get drunk.

As it is in any business, we made a little mistake—at least I did. I took a batch off too early, and it turned out to be a bit too grainy. That Saturday afternoon some of us sat down in the yard to drink our beer and make a little music. Sometime later—I sure don't remember how long—I got up to go the canteen. I think I made it about halfway up the steps. As drunk as I was, though, there was no way I could mistake the next sound I heard. A click from a thirty-thirty is like nothing else. I froze in my tracks. I hoped to God I wasn't staggering or they might claim I tried to run.

When the voice from up on the catwalk said, "Hold it!" I did just that. I was under arrest. It seemed strange to me that I could be under arrest in a place like that. I supposed I would be charged with public drunkenness. It was funny, but I couldn't laugh. Stand still, you fool, the next sound you hear could be your last.

Up till then I hadn't given much thought to what they did with drunks. If I'd been sober, I might have worried, but of course if I'd been sober, I wouldn't have had to worry. The next morning I did wake up sober—or reasonably so. But I wasn't as worried as I was sick. And alone. And in isolation.

Sometimes it takes one more thing to tip the scales one way or the other. I don't know if it was the seven days in isolation, the death of Jimmy Hendricks, or the combination of everything.

Whatever it was, I came off isolation determined to do something positive for Merle Haggard. My attitude improved. I decided not to try to prove anything to anybody. It was just me I had to convince and only me I needed approval from. Once I got that through my thick head, I was surprised at how things began to fall into place. I knew I didn't have all the puzzle pieces to my life, but I'd made up my mind I'd put the ones I had together.

The next thing I did was apply for the toughest job in the joint—the textile mill. The man over me was a civilian named Ramsey. He was a fair and honest man, a little red-headed guy who gave me due credit for what I did. I was so dedicated to my work I even stopped playing the guitar.

My date with the parole board came up again, and as they leafed through my papers, I couldn't help thinking how much hangs on a few printed words. Does it say how I've sweated blood in the textile mill, old men? Does it say how I've tried to prove in every way possible that I'm fit to be on the outside again? Does it say how

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my insides are turning over and over?

Look at me, you bastards! I'm the human being here—I'm not what it says on some goddamned report.

"Something must have occurred in your life, boy."

"Yessir, it did."

"Do you have a place to go when we let you out?"

"Yessir, I do."

"What do you plan to do?"

"Go to work, sir. Make a living for my family."

"Family, huh. You got a wife and kids?"

Read the records, bygawd. "Yessir," I said. "Wife and . . . uh . . . three kids." Two born while I been in this stinkin' prison. How about that?

"Are you serious about your work and getting out?" God, what a question. Did he think I was kiddin'?

They said they'd let me know. And they did. When I opened the thin paper note later that day, it was more than one word. I read it over real slow. "Time set at two years nine months in. Two years three months on parole. Time set at five years."

I started figuring as fast as I could. I had less than ninety days to go. Oh, good God? *Ninety days.* You'll never know or understand what that means unless you've been there. I began yelling at the top of my voice. Then I couldn't help it. I started to cry. I told my friends. I told strangers. I told the guards. I even told the walls. That night I whispered it to myself over and over. I never heard such pretty words.

I was going home. I was a short-timer. In the yard my friends would yell out at me, "Hey, short-timer. How short are you?"

"Why I'm so short I could walk under a snake."

What I didn't realize, though, was that the ninety days would seem longer than the rest of the time I'd spent in Quentin. Even worse, the closer time got to going home, the more the time dragged.

My last night there was almost as bad as my first night. But at the same time it was really wonderful. I pictured how things would be when I got home. I tried to imagine what Leona would be wearing, what she'd say, what the weather would be like, everything. Oh, hell, what did it matter? I'd be *free.*

But dear God, I thought the night would never end. I'd doze a little, jump, and wake up, thinking every time it was morning. I'd check the time. First it was 3:00, then 4:00, 4:30, 5:00, 5:15, 5:20, 5:25. I ticked off the minutes until it was finally 6:30, time for chow. I had no idea how long it would take me to get processed. Some guys told me I'd be out by nine. Others said it might be noon.

I waited for my call ticket—a ducat, as it's called in prison. It comes to you in the morning clasped to the clothespin on the bars. Just before chow it came. *"Report to the captain's office directly after chow."*

For the first time I felt the strings begin to loosen up. They'd been pulled tight ever since I knew I'd be paroled. Only now, with the ducat in my hand, did I fell it was really happening. I was getting *out.*

Then, as I walked into the mess hall, I realized I'd be leaving my prison family. It scared me when I realized that these men might be the only friends I had. Was society "out there" going to be forgiving, or would I be trading one kind of a prison for another?

There were about eight or ten men there who had become what I considered my prison family. We all had breakfast together that last morning. They were glad I was leaving but talked about how much they'd miss my ugly face. We tried to laugh about everything and keep the conversation light. I told them not to worry because one day I'd come back like Johnny Cash and put on a show for them. We all thought that was a big joke. Some of the men were still there when I went back years later with my show.

"I'll miss you guys," I finally said, not knowing what else to say. At the time I didn't know how true that was. We'd told each other our life stories over and over and knew each other pretty well. By the time breakfast was finished, we'd passed the stage where we could kid about things. We were all crying.

> The fact that beer companies didn't make deliveries inside San Quentin was no problem. We just made our own brew. It was kind of a kick to stand under the guards' noses and get drunk.

I walked toward the main gates, trying not to think about the ones I was leaving behind. Instead I tried to picture the other side of the gates. I wondered if Leona would be standing outside or waiting in the car. It was warm for November. Finally I reached the last of the three main gates.

God, in heaven—I had survived!

When they opened the main gates, I could hear a radio playing in one of the guard shacks. It was Hank Snow singing "The Last Ride." I started to walk faster. I had an awful fear that the PA system would start to crackle and announce it had all been a mistake: "Convict number four-five-two-zero-zero report back to the warden's office. There has been a mix-up. You have a lot more time to do."

Then I was almost running. I looked down at my clothes. My shoes were navy-colored and made out of paper, I think. The pants were a bluish garbardine. My shirt was blue with some kind of flaps in front, and my bad-fitting coat was tweed. I must have looked like one of the "Dragnet" thugs. What few belongings I had I carried in a canvas bag in one hand. I had my Martin guitar I'd won during my gambling enterprise, in my other hand.

All at once, I was outside. I looked around me. I was free! Where was she? Dear God, where was Leona? I couldn't see anything familiar. There was no sign of her at all. I didn't know what to do. I felt like a kid lost in a department store. Where *was* everybody? I stood there outside the gates, with my knees about to give away, and I could feel that damn lump rising in my throat. Everything I'd dreamed about was a joke. I was alone.

Goddamnit, Leona. Where are you?

I had fifteen dollars they'd given me. I figured that would get me a bus ticket to Bakersfield and leave me some change. As I started to walk away from the prison, I could feel the cold ground through my damned paper shoes. My clothes hung on me like I was a coat hanger, and I was fighting an awful urge to look back. Hell, to turn and run back. What a crazy thought. Instead, I started running.

I didn't even turn around when a car pulled up to the curb beside me. I didn't care who it was. I knew it wasn't Leona.

"Say there," a female voice called out. It was warm and friendly—and more important—it was talking to *me.* I turned around then to see a stranger leaning over to open her car door. "Do you want a ride to the bus station?"

I leaned down and looked in the car. She wasn't a bad-looking woman, and when she smiled, I got in. If I had any fantasies about being "taken advantage of," they were soon gone.

"I'm not a streetwalker or anything like that," she said. I didn't know whether to be relieved or disappointed.

"I do this for some of the men who come out of San Quentin and don't know which way to go. When I see nobody's there to meet them, I drive them to the bus."

I thanked her. At least somebody was there, even if it was a stranger. She let me out at the station. I had about an hour and a half before the bus left for Bakersfield; so I called Lowell. When he found out Leona hadn't met me, he wanted to drive up and get me. I told him I'd already bought my bus ticket.

"I'll meet you at the bus station in Bakersfield then," he said. I told him that would be fine.

Then I walked into the bar in my cheap suit and paper shoes, ordered two double shots of vodka, and poured them down. Before I got on the bus, I bought a half pint of Smirnoff to keep me company.

As the bus pulled out of the station, I leaned back in the bus seat and closed my eyes.

"I'm going home," I said out loud. I didn't care if the others on the bus heard me or not.

"I'm going home."

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

made love in the shrubbery next to the freeway. Michael swears that I seduced him, and I insist that he seduced me. The fact is, though, that there was no way either of us could have prevented it.

Six more weeks have elapsed. We have made love in the shrubbery, in a big metal tube that's probably a discarded piece of sewer pipe, in two different cars in the prison parking lot, and in my bed—when he was supposed to be out on a job interview. Our sexual activity is hurried and dangerous. If the correctional officers catch us, he could be sent back to Chino, which is far from me. Our sex is explosive and glorious; we sometimes climax together in less than a minute.

I am astounded not only that two middle-aged people, who are "out of practice," should have developed such a craving for one another but that we are capable of profoundly satisfying this craving. I don't understand the mechanism by which we have so strengthened one another that we both want to and do join our bodies almost daily, sometimes twice a day, and three times on Christmas. Then, the next day, when I am so tired that it is an effort to stay awake, I take the bus back to the center because my hunger for him is greater than the fatigue: I have to have some more of Michael. This man pushing fifty pushed into me, and I could cry from the beauty of it. Oh, it's good.

He asked me to write to you because his parole date is fast approaching. It worries him that without the element of danger we might not be able to attain the same level of excitement. I have promised him "a nice slow fuck" and spoken of how nice it will be when we don't have to watch and hurry and be afraid. I told him I want to learn and practice several new positions. But it's possible that we may develop an attitude where, if we don't make love on Thursday, well, there's always Friday.

Michael has told me that rekindled sexuality in middle age is powerful. Neither he nor I know to what extent the aspect of the forbidden may contribute to the power of it. Can you advise us how we might not lose this power, this glory, this burning heat, after his parole date?—M.M.

The fear of discovery adds spice to sex. Obviously, you and Michael enjoy each other so intensely that it would be a pity if your relationship were to deteriorate.

However, you must expect that things will be different when you are living a normal life together. As couples settle down, the urgency is replaced by the pleasure of being able to relax with each other. This does not mean that you will end up in a rut. Have sex when you feel like it rather than at prearranged times. Create a sense of danger by doing it in a public place. The backseat of a taxi or a telephone booth should work nicely.

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THOSE WHORING DAYS

In 1937 I was fourteen years old, and even though I was getting a fair amount of fucking from some of the teenagers in my neighborhood, there were quite a few times when I needed some good pussy. I have to admit that I was usually pretty horny at that age and for many years after. Even though I was only fourteen at the time, I was making about three times the average wage in those days. Then the price of a whore in Washington, D.C., was only two dollars, and the price didn't go up until 1939.

I grew up in a pretty good neighborhood, but I knew my way all over town, and I got to know some of the best whores around. One of the girls in particular took a liking to me. She gave me some good pointers on the preliminaries rather than just sticking it in to get my rocks off quickly. She was from Georgia, and she really had some class. I got together with her about twice a month for almost five years. I hadn't seen her around for a while when a friend on the police force told me she had married her best customer.

Shortly after that I was at a bar, where I knew the bartender. He never charged me for beer or sandwiches because I placed bets for him frequently. It was raining and miserable that night, so he asked me to drive one of the girls home. The girl was actually a whore who had had a lousy week because of the weather. She lived about ten miles away, and when we got to her place, she invited me in for a sandwich. After all, it was after midnight on a Saturday night, and I would have a long ride home. Believe it or not, she fucked the balls off me and it was after 4:00 A.M. when I left her place. During the next six or seven years it was not unusual for me to sometimes "lend" her ten or fifteen dollars from time to time.

I did a hitch overseas, and I used to drink a lot. At one of the watering holes they had a Spanish gal by the name of Helena, who really had a classy chassis. I frequently bought her drinks when things were slow and slipped her a few bucks now and again when she said she needed it for some specific purpose. For over six months I never propositioned her, even though I had taken her to lunch occasionally when I was in town. One night, when things were slow, she asked me if I had to

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go back to the base that night. I didn't, and she handed me a key to her apartment. From about 3:00 A.M. until nearly 3:00 P.M. the next day I got loved, petted, sucked, fucked, and fed. About two months later I was shipped to another base in another country. I would have liked to have kept tabs on her.

When I got back to D.C. after the war, I knew most of the girls working the strip. I also knew a lot about many senators and representatives, lawyers, judges, businessmen, not to mention a few police officers, plus some college professors, as well as grammar and high-school teachers. I learned that nearly everyone likes to fuck and not necessarily for money. Many of the whores I have known had better morals and were a lot more honest than most of our politicians.

My only complaint with Penthouse *is that it doesn't give you one-tenth of the space your readers need—your advice is a lot better than some of the drivel you hear from those young dudes who think a "high" on grass is better than a good pussy. Give me a good pussy, and I won't even drink beer or whisky.*

Before I got married, I used to travel a lot and managed to know more than 2,000 different whores. Only two of them tried to roll me. One of them was in a gambling house overseas. I told the manager what happened, and he threw her out. The other one had picked my pocket, and I didn't stop her. I just took back what was mine and a little extra.

I've known some absolutely wonderful whores who were beautiful, intelligent, well mannered, honest, clean, who lived well, and were fun to be with. When I use the term whore *I do not mean it in a derogatory way.*

If I were single and ten years younger, I'd just love to spend a weekend with you. I'm sure that we could trade some pleasant and funny happenings concerning our pasts.—C.T.

I'm glad that there are still men who have been lucky enough to have come across some whores with "golden hearts." Maybe when you were younger, there was a bit more romanticism in the business. Today, with the influence of drugs and pimps, there are not too many girls who will give you more than your money's worth. Of course, when you talk about the higher-class call girls, you are in a different ball game.

I have met some fine girls who became prostitutes for reasons other than money. Some had families to support when husbands had run out on them; others were foreign girls without working papers; some really dug having sex and liked the idea of being financially independent. I myself worked in the profession. Even though I was harassed, blackmailed, and arrested several times, I still saw the sunny side of it. I would not be the woman I am now without the experience of fucking and talking to my clients.

Why do more men buy these two briefs than any others?

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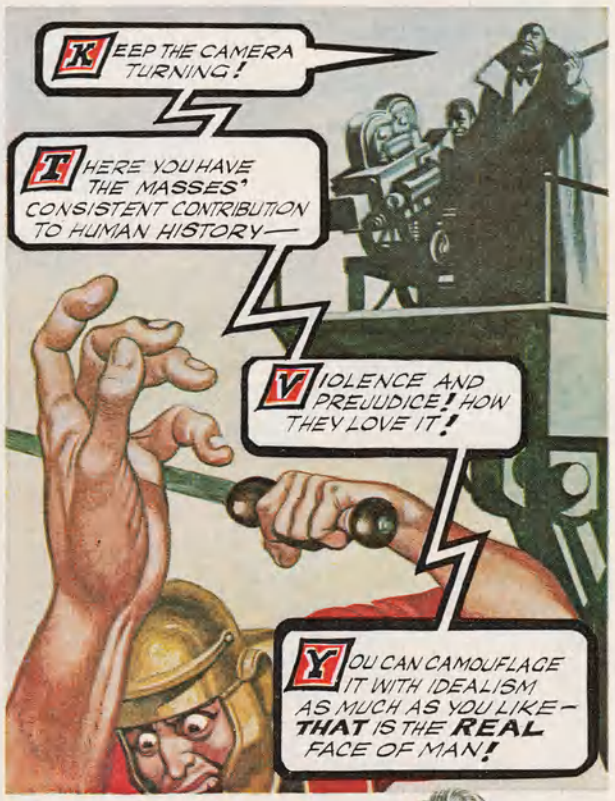
HERE IS A WOMAN FOR WHOM MAN WOULD MAKE ANY SACRIFICE!
SHE IS HELEN OF TROY! SHE IS CLEOPATRA! APHRODITE INCARNATE!
AT THE CINECINECENTROQUATRO STUDIO IN ROME, AWESOME WELLS' EPIC STORY OF MAN IS IN PRODUCTION AND SWEET CHASTITY IS MAKING HER DEVASTATING SCREEN DEBUT. STUDIO BOSSES HAVE FALLEN TO THEIR KNEES, HARD BITTEN CYNICS HAVE BURNED WITH ROMANTIC FEVER AND P.R. MEN HAVE BEEN REDUCED TO INARTICULATE JELLY BEFORE HER ELECTRIFYING SENSUALITY!
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE
PLEASE! JUST ONCE!
I'LL GIVE PRESIDENT REAGAN ALL THE OIL HE WANTS!
I'LL BECOME A CHRISTIAN!
I'LL EAT PORK!

WHILE SWEET CHASTITY BRINGS HISTORY TO PASSIONATE LIFE ON THE STUDIO SET.....
THE TURKISH CAMEL CORPS DO NOT TAKE SECOND PLACE TO A BUNCH OF LAYABOUTS!
GENTLEMEN! COOL IT— PLEASE!
WHO CALLS THE GREEK MARINES LAYABOUTS!
...UNIT TWO RECREATES THE WORLD'S DECISIVE BATTLES WITH THE ENTIRE TURKISH, SERBO CROAT AND GREEK ARMIES AS EXTRAS
THE FRONT RANK IS FOR THE SERBOCROAT LIFE GUARDS!
YOU KEEP YOUR GREAT NOSE OUT OF THIS!
HERE WE GO AGAIN! WHICH SHOP STEWARD DO WE NEED NOW?

MR WELLS! WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM! THEY'RE FIGHTING —FOR REAL!


KEEP THE CAMERA TURNING!
THERE YOU HAVE THE MASSES' CONSISTENT CONTRIBUTION TO HUMAN HISTORY—
VIOLENCE AND PREJUDICE! HOW THEY LOVE IT!
YOU CAN CAMOUFLAGE IT WITH IDEALISM AS MUCH AS YOU LIKE— THAT IS THE REAL FACE OF MAN!

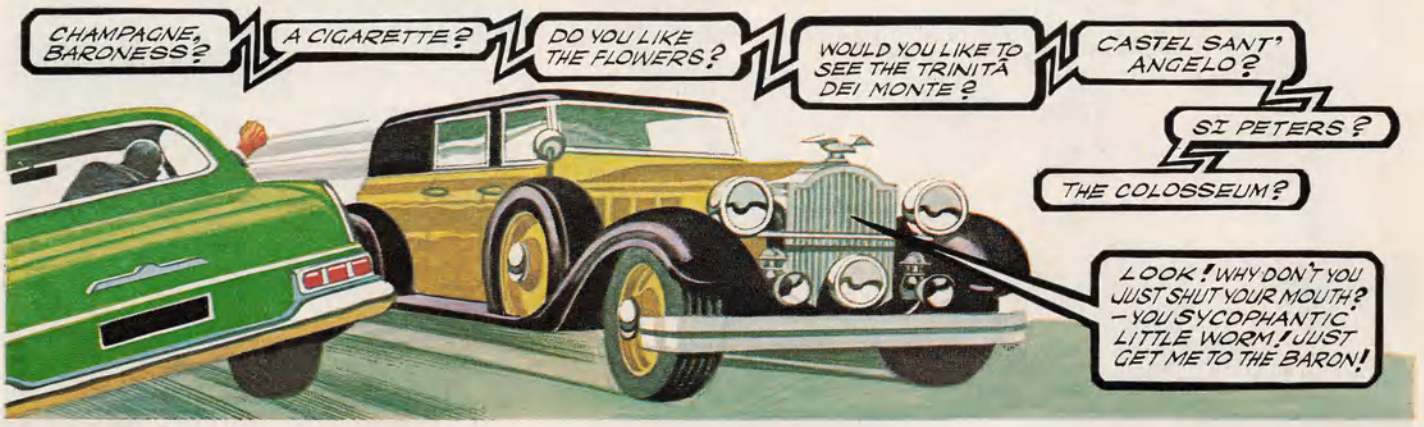
FAR REMOVED FROM THE CREATIVE SIDE OF FILM MAKING AND THE PHILOSOPHICAL OBSERVATIONS OF AWESOME WELLS, VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN IS FAST LEARNING THE ADMINISTRATIVE SIDE OF THE BUSINESS...
YOU WERE SAYING, BARON —TRANSFER HOW MUCH TO YOUR SWISS BANK ACCOUNT?
TELEGRAM... ..... SIR!

OH, MY GOD! IT'S FROM CASTLE DREER!
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME! I'VE BEEN HERE 3 MONTHS AND I'M STILL TYPING LETTERS!

WHAT'S HAPPENING?
ON YOUR FEET!
I AM SICK OF LIVING MY LIFE IN A PERMANENT STATE OF CRISIS!

I'VE GOT IMPORTANT BUSINESS ASSOCIATES WAITING BACK THERE!
I WUZ WATCHIN' BUGS BU... GULP!
SHUTUP! I'M NOT INTERESTED IN THE SQUALID DETAILS OF YOUR SORDID LITTLE LIVES!
MY WIFE – ELECTRA! SHE'S ON HER WAY HERE! NOW LISTEN – CAREFULLY! HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO!

ROME AIRPORT, THE FOLLOWING EVENING.....
WELL, WELL! IGOR – JOHN VAIN, THE BURKE AND HARE OF CASTLE DREER! I WON'T ASK YOU HOW YOU KNEW I WAS COMING – SOME CREEP AT THE CASTLE OBVIOUSLY WARNED YOU!
THE BARON IS DELIGHTED, BARONESS. ON HIS BEHALF, I WELCOME YOU!
THE CAR AWAITS YOU!


CHAMPAGNE, BARONESS?
A CIGARETTE?
DO YOU LIKE THE FLOWERS?
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THE TRINITÀ DEI MONTE?
CASTEL SANT' ANGELO?
ST PETERS?
THE COLOSSEUM?
LOOK! WHY DON'T YOU JUST SHUT YOUR MOUTH? – YOU SYCOPHANTIC LITTLE WORM! JUST GET ME TO THE BARON!

ELECTRA! MY DEAR—HOW NICE TO SEE YOU!
MY FAMILY WARNED ME ABOUT MARRYING YOU!
THEY SAID THE FRANKENSTEINS WERE A BUNCH OF DEGENERATES!
NOW, WHERE IS THIS WOMAN —THIS SO CALLED NIECE OF YOURS?
IF YOU'LL JUST CALM YOURSELF FOR A MOMENT— I CAN EXPLAIN!
SO I'M LISTENING!
IF YOU'LL JUST LOOK IN THE NEXT ROOM?
YOU'LL SEE THAT I'VE GONE TO GREAT PAINS TO SEE THAT YOUR VISIT TO ROME IS A HAPPY ONE!
ALL THIS— IS FOR ME?

SWEET CHASTITY IS THE HOTTEST PROPERTY IN MOTION PICTURES! I SHOULD, AS HER BUSINESS MANAGER, MAKE SEVERAL MILLION DOLLARS!
VINCENT! IF SHE'S WORTH ALL THIS—OKAY, SHE'S YOUR NIECE!

I KNOW YOU MUST BE BUSY, DEAR—SO DON'T LET ME KEEP YOU! TELL SWEET CHASTITY THAT AUNTIE ELECTRA SENDS HER LOVE!

EVERYTHING ALRIGHT, BARON?
FOR THE MOMENT —YES!
WELL, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME — YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WITH IMPORTANT MATTERS TO ATTEND TO!

BUT EVERYTHING IS FAR FROM ALRIGHT! IN THE EXCITEMENT YOU PROBABLY MISSED SOMETHING OF GREAT IMPORTANCE. IF YOU LOOK BACK TO PAGE THREE OF THIS INSTALMENT AND OBSERVE THE PEOPLE LEAVING THE PLANE AT ROME AIRPORT...
APART FROM THE USUAL 14 HOUR DELAY, INDIFFERENT SERVICE AND LOUSY FOOD, THAT WAS QUITE A PLEASANT TRIP!
YES! THE SINISTER FIGURE OF FUMAN UU, EX-HEAD OF ISRAELI INTELLIGENCE! THE MASTER SPY HIRED BY HOWARD HUGE TO BRING SWEET CHASTITY BACK TO HIM!

BUT WHERE IS HE NOW? IS HE ALREADY ON THE SET SOMEWHERE?
THIS IS A PRIVATE PARTY, BUSTER!
HE'S A MASTER OF DISGUISE! HE COULD BE ANYWHERE!
IF YOU WANT A PIECE OF THE ACTION, PULL UP A CHAIR!
IF NOT— GET LOST!
HE COULD BE ANYONE!
READY FOR YOUR MASSAGE, DUCKY? YOU MUST BE EXHAUSTED AFTER ALL THOSE STRENUOUS SEX SCENES?
IT CAN BE A BIT TIRING, BUT UNCLE VINCENT SAYS A FILM STAR HAS A GREAT RESPONSIBILITY TO THE PUBLIC AND SHOULD CONSIDER THEM FIRST!
NOT AT THE MOMENT, THANKS—I'VE GOT TO READ TOMORROW'S SHOOTING SCRIPT.
IS FUMAN JU EVEN NOW CLOSE TO SWEET CHASTITY? ARE VINCENT'S PLANS ABOUT TO END IN CHAOS YET AGAIN? WHAT SUPERB SUSPENSE! WHAT MASTERFULLY SUSTAINED TENSION! TRY TO CONTAIN YOURSELVES UNTIL NEXT MONTH!

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 142

out your opponents?

Schwarzenegger: It was a certain attitude I took, sometimes starting months before a competition. I'd have my training partner call my opponent and say, "Gee, I just saw Arnold, and he looks huge and very defined. Maybe it would be better if you didn't compete." This way the other guy might have a week of sleepless nights, which took away from his training process. Or, like in 1975, I planned to weigh in very light, just 228 instead of the 245 I was the year before. This was because I knew that Lou Ferrigno, who is much bigger than I am, was going to compete against me. It would have been a mistake to compete on his level; so I decided to come in much leaner and more defined than he would. But I told him the opposite by having people go back to New York and tell him, "Arnold is going past two fifty-six now." Lou said, "Oh, my God, I have to gain weight, too." So when we stood on stage, it was a clear indication that I was tuned in and he was not.

Penthouse: Did you do this with many competitors?

Schwarzenegger: Sure. It helps to have an understanding of psychology, which I studied a bit, and to know how people react. Like the last Mr. Olympia contest that I competed in, in Sydney, Australia, in 1980. There was a guy named Mike Menzer, who's very nervous and uptight. And the more nervous and uptight he gets, the more he loses control over his posing. One day we were sitting in a judges' meeting, trying to decide whether we should have two weight classes. Mike said, "I feel we should not have two classes, because that's why I lost last year. I never had a chance to pose against Frank Zane." So I got up and said, "I think Mike Menzer is totally wrong in this case. I think he lost because he had a huge stomach, and it was hanging out all over the stage." He blew up and jumped toward me, shouting, "I can act like a man!" Like he was coming to fight. Well, from then on, every time he walked by me, his whole body started shaking. And when we went on stage, he just stood there with his stomach hanging out. Every time I winked at him, he would forget to flex properly and he placed fifth, although he could have placed higher.

Penthouse: So you had different strategies for each opponent?

Schwarzenegger: Exactly. Like I knew Frank Zane would be tense at the moment of the competition, because he hadn't laughed once in the last six weeks. So if I could crack him up with a good joke, all the laughter that he had stored up would come out in a torrent. So I prepared a joke and told it to him during the prejudging. He cracked up so much that he leaned back and bent over. And of course the judges are always looking and making notes. They probably thought, "He is not taking

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"I have found this experience very rewarding after so many other remedies have failed. This treatment has all the potential of being the answer to baldness." A.G.

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"After going to other doctors and getting no results, one month under Dr. Inwood's care I noticed a marked difference." P.D.

"Dr. Inwood's hair treatments were recommended to me by a hairdresser. He was taking the treatments himself for his hair loss and had regained hair that he had lost. I have noticed new hair growth. I am going to continue these treatments until my hair is fully restored." S.C.

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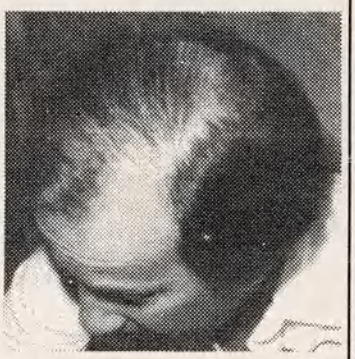
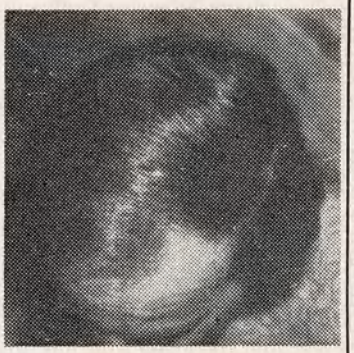


8 weeks after using Medi-Scal 60



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this seriously." After five years away from competition it was wonderful to use psychological warfare again.

Penthouse: How present is homosexuality in body building?

Schwarzenegger: In my whole career I've seen only two or three in competition. Of course, there are more of them training in gymnasiums, but it's hard to say who is and who isn't gay. I'm not looking for them, and I don't have a negative attitude toward them. There are some body builders who are really uptight about it and just go crazy when they see one. But there's nothing bad about being a homosexual, and if he gets off on going to a body-building gym to watch us work out, I can relate to it. A few years ago I would have been in heaven going to a woman's gym and seeing them in some sexy, bent-over position, doing a rowing exercise.

Penthouse: Have you ever been propositioned while in training or during competitions?

Schwarzenegger: I used to be approached much, much more in the beginning. Maybe they can't relate to me any more. When I moved to America, I was propositioned every so often at competitions by men and women who wanted to have sex with me. I got offered enormous sums of money, and so did other body builders. In fact, it became kind of a joking competition in the gym where I worked out. One guy would say, "Can you beat this one? I was offered a thousand dollars today." Then another guy would answer, "That's nothing. I was offered a thousand and an airline ticket."

Penthouse: Were you ever tempted to accept a rich woman's offer?

Schwarzenegger: That idea just grossed me out. I'm not a gigolo by nature.

Penthouse: Are there body-building groupies?

Schwarzenegger: Sure. There are many. When I went to my first competition in Germany in 1965 and the whole thing was new to me, I thought all these girls backstage just worked there, oiling guys up. Believe me, there was a time when I was that naive! But as the sport has become more legitimized, the groupie thing has declined.

Penthouse: Women's body building is in its early stages but is growing fast. Are they judged the same as men?

Schwarzenegger: Women should be judged on muscles. If they want to do a sport like the man does, then the sport shouldn't be altered. Of course a woman's body cannot carry as much muscle mass as a man's, and it wouldn't look proper, but it should be judged the same way: on muscularity, proportions, and the posing routine. There are men who say, "Well, this doesn't look sexy or attractive." My answer is that in a sport we don't look for being sexy and attractive. Male and female shot-putters use the same technique and have the same rules. The only difference is that the women use a lighter ball. From hammer throwing to running and swimming, no sport is altered for women. So why begin here?

Penthouse: We talked about homosexuality in body building. I imagine some people think that any woman who gets into it is going to be gay.

Schwarzenegger: Only in America, where people have such hang-ups about sex. You have to understand that American psychology is built on making you feel guilty or having emotional problems. No matter what move you make in America, the whole department of psychology has made a campaign to make everybody feel like they ought to run to a shrink. It was never a surprise to me that they thought of body builders as being homosexual or weird or being closet queens, or now that women are getting into it, that they must be sexually weird or dykes or lesbians. It would never dawn on me, if somebody does a unique sport or activity, to immediately say, "Sexual problem. Obvious."

Penthouse: Has your sense of humor ever deserted you?

Schwarzenegger: Sometimes something else takes over. In 1968 I lost a competition to Frank Zane. It was the first time I ever came to America, and I didn't speak the language, and I was confused. It was the first time I ever lost, and I spent a lot of hours crying that night, with no control

over it. I felt so far from home and lost. I'd always been told that only girls cried, but believe me, it was wonderful. It was very dark, and in the middle of the night, and nobody was watching! If people had been around, I would have said, "Losing? Hmm. A piece of cake!" I would have faked it through. No man wants to cry in public, and I probably still have that in me. But alone in the dark it was a great release.

Penthouse: What was the most difficult part of making the transition from body building to acting?

Schwarzenegger: Knowing I wouldn't be the best. Stepping away from being the champion for so long and walking into an acting studio and feeling like a beginner. It was an incredible adjustment to make, but it also gave me a lot of inspiration to work my way up to the top in another field.

Penthouse: What are the professional hazards of show business?

Schwarzenegger: There are physical and mental hazards. In one scene of *Conan*, for instance, I had to fight a giant snake that the special-effects department had made and operated using hydraulic power. It was so powerful it could lift five of me easily. The scene called for the snake to slam me against the wall. And if the guy who operated it had made a slight mistake, I would have been smeared against the wall rather than walking away from it. But worse than the physical hazards are the psychological ones. Your ego is built up and knocked down again and again, like a jack-in-the-box. You're a star one day and a nobody the next. And if you're not prepared to handle it, you can find yourself an alcoholic, a drug addict, or in an asylum.

Penthouse: When did you start training for *Conan?*

Schwarzenegger: Well, my mind was on it almost four years ago, and I began taking sword-training lessons over a year before we started shooting. I learned a number of styles, using wooden swords, axes, heavy swords, and short swords, and I studied a number of the martial arts. I had a number of teachers, each of whom taught me something different, but the one who was really responsible for most of my sword training was a Japanese martial-arts master named Yamasaki. [John] Milius [the film's writer-director] wanted me to reshape my body as well so I'd look less like a body builder and more like a muscular man who had developed as a result of his work and battles. So I worked out a daily regimen through the spring and summer of 1980 where I would run four miles, then go to the beach and swim a mile, then run over to the gym and work out for an hour with weights or do gymnastics.

Penthouse: Everyone on the set was trading stories about how tough it was to shoot *Conan* in the north of Spain, in Madrid and Segovia, saying that on some days it was colder on the unheated interior sets than it was outside.

Schwarzenegger: It was definitely below

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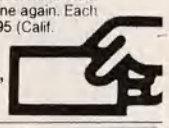

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freezing, both inside and outside, in Madrid. We were painted in body camouflage the whole day, running around with our upper bodies naked. And when we finished shooting at night and went to take showers to wash off the paint, the showers were frozen! There was no hot water, and even the cold water was limited. It became a torturous experience, being cold and painted and sweaty the whole day. My eyes were painted, and I had a wig on and couldn't move the way I wanted to. I couldn't lie down in my trailer, because the paint would have gotten all over the bed. And at the lunch break I couldn't wash the paint off my hands, or the continuity would have been lost. So I ate outside, where it was freezing cold. It was a really rough situation. When I was in front of the cameras, I didn't think about it, because I was able to get into the character of Conan. But when the cameras stopped rolling, it was rough. I had to go back to thinking of myself as a gladiator again, just like when I started body building and I used to work out at home in Austria in an unheated room in the winter.

Penthouse: What are your goals in acting?

Schwarzenegger: I want to get to the top in this field. I don't see myself as a James Earl Jones or a Max von Sydow, because that takes a whole different approach to acting than I have. They're the true masters of it. But I see myself more as a Clint Eastwood or Burt Reynolds, who do it with a combination of acting, personality, style, and appearance. I visualize myself doing a lot of heroic roles, leading parts. I would not do anything else, because I just cannot function well by being a supporting player. I realize that may be a shortcoming, but my ego wouldn't allow it.

Penthouse: Does Arnold Schwarzenegger ever have particular and memorable sexual fantasies?

Schwarzenegger: I sometimes talk about this with friends, and they say, "Oh, I wish I could do this and that." I think the reason I don't fantasize about sex is that I just live my fantasies.

Penthouse: What do you fantasize about for your future?

Schwarzenegger: Getting as big and as good as possible in acting, making top dollar, working with the best directors and doing more heroic adventure films, and eventually getting into producing pictures. I see it the same way I changed in body building: moving from the spotlight to behind the scenes, controlling the production instead of starring in it. I'll continue to write inspirational books on physical fitness and also try to keep up my educational process. I have an enormous hunger for learning. Knowledge is a great tool if it is used properly, and if I'm to continue to grow, mentally, financially, and professionally, I have to constantly absorb information.

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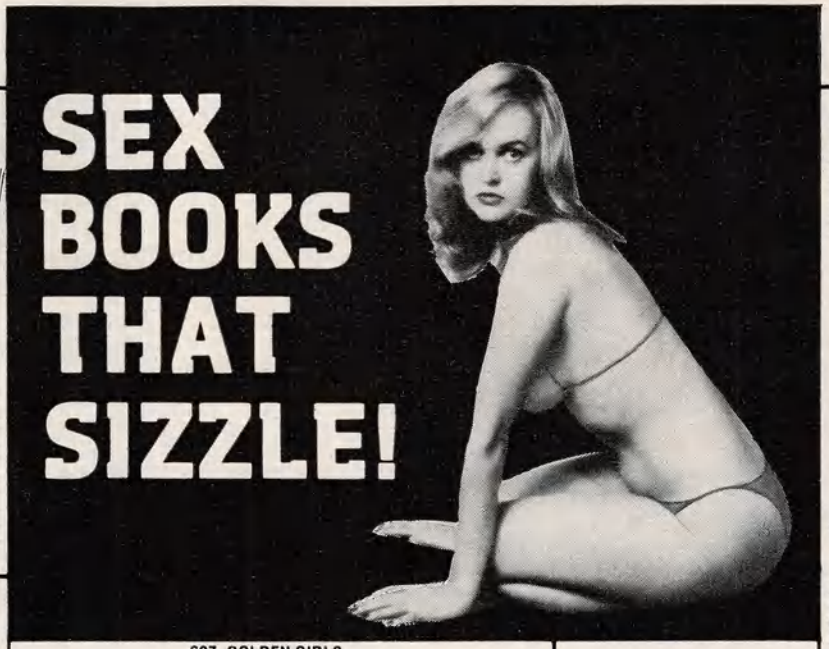

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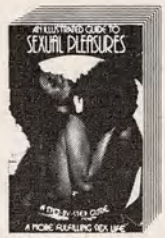

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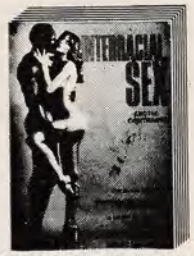

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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

Girl gangs

I read your article on "Girl Gangs" (September 1981) with deep interest and feeling. There are so many people in the world who need to be understood, to express things that are deep inside them. I guess sometimes we need to be slapped in the face before we can understand another person's situation. I felt like I'd been slapped when I read the "Girl Gangs" article. When I put myself in the place of some of those girls, there were tears in my eyes. Your article made me care.—*Saleemah, Tulsa, Okla.*

Beauty

As an avid reader of your magazine, it never fails to astonish me that you are, again and again, able to find such beautiful women. But *this* time, in August 1981, you have truly outdone yourselves. Corinne Alphen *must* be the best ever. She is, in my opinion, the most beautiful woman that has ever graced the pages of your fine magazine. All I can say is that you will have to go a long way to find a better-looking woman. But keep trying!—*Paul Ditslear, New York, N.Y.*

I am writing about the photo feature of Corinne Alphen in your August 1981 issue. Corinne is absolutely a lovely goddess. I could look at an entire magazine of Corinne. Please show her again and again. Wow! Is she beautiful!—*Name and address withheld*

Feelings

I have been reading *Penthouse* for many years and have never been so moved as by the beauty and feeling conveyed in John Copeland's photographs of "Kristen and Tommy" in the September 1981 issue.

I am a "people photographer," and such a portrait of two fantastic human beings took my breath away—they are beautiful. I congratulate Mr. Copeland and *Penthouse* for sharing such human feelings with those of us who could never live the dream portrayed in such beauty.—*William Wood, Chicago, Ill.*

Fantastic! Your Special Anniversary Issue (September 1981) was out of this world. You really reached an all-time artistic high with this issue.

The cover was one of your finest. The Pet of the Month layout was beautiful. However, what really impressed me was the mind-blowing Kristen and Tommy pictorial. It was so intimate and beautiful. The photograph on pages 114 and 115 was exhilarating. I've never seen a more impressive example of artistic photography in my entire life. I sincerely hope that you doubled John Copeland's salary after the September issue. *Penthouse* is one hell of a romantic magazine!—*D. S., Hollywood, Fla.*

Your photo essay on Kristen and Tommy was your best ever. Pictures of a couple together are much more erotic than just pictures of one girl or two girls together. Can we see more of these couples? This one was truly terrific.—*Donald Campbell, Anoka, Minn.*

Guarding civil liberties

Hats off to another fantastic issue of *Penthouse* (September 1981). Before I turned eighteen, I read your magazine for "Forum" only. Now that I've become a full, legal adult, I've found that there's more to *Penthouse* than "Forum"!

Your articles and essays now stand out as my favorite part of the magazine. I was especially impressed with September's "Advise and Dissent," which confirmed that it was a wise decision for me to have joined the American Civil Liberties Union. I can only hope that one day the populace of this country will wake up and discover that we've let our government become a government *by* the government and *for* the government. We must stand up for our civil liberties now—and fast. Otherwise, we chance losing the greatest nation on the globe—America.—*Mike Moskos, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.*

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

boyfriend. When she returned, the dreaded guilt trip was in full force and I was unable to give her the much-needed pointers on proficient peter puffing or taste her marvelous muff. So for you ladies out there who enjoy cunnilingus, remember this little poem: if you want to taste sweet, ease off the meat!—*Name and address withheld*

Backseat driving

Well, now I am beginning to believe in the letters I read in your "Penthouse Forum." I must write about the most incredible evening I experienced last week.

While out at a local night club Tuesday night, I became acquainted with three of the horniest women I have ever met. When I walked over to talk with the three, I had a hard-on so big that I was sure they had noticed, as all three were smiling, with their eyes fixed on my shaft.

I started to talk to the blond first. Her name was Mindy, and she had the biggest tits I had seen all night. Her ass was cute and tight—just waiting to be fucked. As we talked, I felt a couple of hands feeling my ass. It turned out to be two of her friends, whom she readily introduced as Nora and Lee. I suggested that we all go over to my apartment for a little party. They all agreed, and we left the bar.

When we got to my car, Mindy suggested that she drive so Lee and Nora could talk with me. As soon as we climbed into the backseat, Nora stripped to her sheer bra and cunt-soaked panties, while Lee grabbed my zipper to expose my eleven-inch member.

Immediately Lee swallowed my hard, throbbing cock while Nora licked my nuts. Mindy turned around in the driver's seat and started to ask directions on how to get to my apartment. Well, she could see that I was in no shape to give directions, so she started the car and moved it into the back parking lot. When the car came to a stop, Mindy jumped into the backseat and said, "Fuck your apartment—we'll just take care of you right here."

As Mindy was taking her clothes off, Lee was still busy slobbering and sucking my cock and now Nora was shoving her slippery tongue in and out and all around my ass hole. Mindy was now naked and horny and proceeded to wrap her luscious thighs around my head while begging me to lick her wet, swollen pussy. When Mindy's hot pussy started to grind against my face, I knew that I was about to shoot a hot load of come down Lee's throat. Now, as I was pumping my dick deeper and deeper down Lee's cock-filled throat, she started to back off. Quickly I shoved Lee's head down till her chin was touching my swollen nuts while I started shooting my fire down her horny throat. Lee started gasping and choking, so I withdrew, finding to my delight that Nora had her mouth in position to accept a last bit of my love juice. Nora milked the rest of the jism out of my cock while Mindy was still rubbing her pussy all over my face. Lee was still choking and spitting out my come but smiling with contentment.

Mindy then lay down on the seat, spreading her fiery thighs apart and exposing her wet, furry fuck tunnel. Mindy began to yell, "Fuck me, fuck me, you pussy licker!" Being what she called me, I set my manhood deep into her pink love hole and fucked Mindy harder and harder while Lee took control of Mindy's tits, sucking and licking them fiercely. Nora spread Lee's legs apart and pushed her tongue deeply into Lee's soft pussy while Lee's tongue was busy sucking tits.

While fucking Mindy, I reached around to feel Lee's smooth ass. Slowly I began to slap her ass with my hands. Lee started breathing more heavily. I knew what she wanted, so I began spanking her meaty, firm ass harder and harder, sending the fine line of pain and pleasure into her orgy-ridden body. Soon her buttocks started to redden, as did my hands. But I kept up the motion of the rhythm until we all came at once. Immediately I withdrew my swollen erection and jacked off all over Mindy's tits while Lee licked up the come.

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fell asleep. When I awoke, it was morning and I found myself alone in the backseat. The only memento they had left me was three pairs of cunt-soaked panties hanging from my rearview mirror.—*Name and address withheld*

Not so innocent

I work for a large advertising agency in L.A. I'm a recent art school graduate, and I consider myself pretty lucky getting the job with the agency in the first place. I'm just twenty-one, and I guess you could say I turn the guys on because of my angelic face, coupled with the body I was blessed with. There's something about innocence along with voluptuousness that just drives men wild. But I'm still pretty shy and inexperienced, so I try to be careful with the men in the office. It's what just happened this week that turned the tables. Since I've been here at the agency I've been working for an art director.

My drafting chair is one of those high ones, with the rung for your feet to rest. I was wearing a soft scarlet-colored dress that set off my pale blond curls to best advantage. With my drawing board in the upslanted position, I can just barely peek over the top of it at him. I happened to glance over the top of the board because the silence kind of surprised me, and I wanted to see if he was still at his drawing table. He was, but rather than working I could see that he was looking at my lower half under my table. I suddenly realized that he could see everything from my waist down very clearly, and his gaze was fixed on my legs. I glanced down and saw that my dress was up about eight inches above my knees, and while I was working my legs had fallen apart quite a bit and he most surely had a wide-open view of my thighs and even a glimpse of my sheer panties.

It was a strange sensation, and I froze there without him realizing I was aware of his gaze. I didn't want him to think I knew he was watching me just yet, so, as I reached for a pencil I closed my legs slowly, as though it was a natural movement. I could see that he tried to go back to work, even though I'm sure it was a bit difficult for him to do at this point.

After a few minutes of keeping my legs in a loosely closed position I craved that sensation again, so, waiting until he glanced up, I pretended to reach for something at the side of the desk and let my legs open as wide as I could without appearing unnatural. I could feel his eyes on me again, and I knew that my panties were stretched taut against my pussy and I was sure my soft pale blond curls were showing. I was giving him a wonderful view, and I knew it. God, how it turned me on to do such a sexy thing! I loved it. And even then I knew that the next day was going to be a special surprise for him and a real treat for me at the same time.

The next morning I arrived a few minutes early with hot coffee for the both of us, and I found him already at his desk. I guess he was making up for the time he had lost the day before. He was glad to see me once again in a soft flowing dress instead of slacks like most of the other girls in the agency.

I had put on my briefest pair of red panties underneath my dress, and just before going into the office I stopped in the ladies' room to make a little adjustment to them. Squatting in the stall in the ladies' room, I had pulled the panties up as far as I could so that the thin strip of the crotch was pulled completely into my fleshy soft pussy and in between the cheeks of my ass. The night before I had very carefully trimmed the soft blond curls off my pussy so that the lips were visible.

Back at my desk, I slid onto my high drafting chair, aware all the time that my boss's eyes were glued on me. During the next half hour I was careful to appear relaxed, and I acted as though I was totally unaware of the fact that my dress was slowly working its way up my thighs. I was also careful not to let my legs part just yet. I wanted to be sure I had his full attention before I made my move. By this time my dress was about six inches below my crotch, and glancing over the top of the table I could see that he was staring under the table. The time was right, and I started to spread my knees a little bit at a time until

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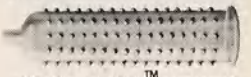

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they were wide apart. I had spread them as wide as a woman would do just as a man would start to slip his stiff cock into her.

He almost dropped out of his chair at the sight. I knew just what he was seeing, too. Each time I would move in my chair I would squirm just enough so that I could feel my cunt lips being spread and squished against the black leather. I had never thought things like I was thinking then, such dirty, delicious thoughts. I wanted him to touch me and to take me right then and there. And I decided that this was the time. I was going to have him fuck me right there in the office. Leaving my perch on the chair, I picked up the layouts I had been working on and went into his office. When I stood next to him I could almost feel the heat from his body, but he tried to act nonchalant. What I saw then made my cunt ache. He had an enormous erection, and it was almost naked looking in his beige pants.

I explained to him that I was sorry that I hadn't done much that morning, but it was because I was feeling a little warm and feverish, and I probably needed to lie down for a few minutes. Then I asked if he would mind if I stretched out on his love seat and tried to nap a bit. I warned him that I was a very heavy sleeper and that he would have to shake me very hard in an hour or so before he could wake me. Fibbing a little bit, I jokingly told him once my brother had to shake me hard for ten minutes before I would wake up. Then I said I'd be right back. I wanted to go to the ladies' room before the nap.

Back in his office I was surprised to see he had fixed the pillows for me to lie down, knowing I would have to lie with my legs toward his drawing table. Little did he know that I had taken my panties off and stuffed them in my purse. They were soaked through with the sweet juices from my cunt, and I wanted nothing to block the way for his eyes and the treat I had in store. I lay down on the love seat and had to bring my legs up because the couch wasn't long enough for me to stretch out. I demurely covered my knees with my dress, always keeping up the act of innocence. Within five minutes or so I pretended to be asleep. After a few minutes I kind of sighed and sniffed a bit and rolled onto my back, lifting my legs together and letting my raised knees lean against the back of the couch. From the coolness of the air conditioning I could sense the backs of my thighs were exposed as well as a slight bit of the cheeks of my smooth white ass. And as I peeked under my eyelid, I could see he was leaning over in his chair, straining to see between my thighs. It was incredibly hard to stay still for minutes at a time as though I were really deep in sleep, but I wanted this to be perfect.

After a few minutes more, with a kind of whimper like a baby sleeping, I let my leg closest to him fall open slowly. This was it! He had a full view of my cunt, completely exposed and open for him. I could feel the material of my dress slip down my thighs and all the way onto my belly. My cunt was parted and wet. The outer lips would be fully open by now and swollen and crimson from anticipation. The inner lips would be protruding slightly, and they would be pink and very, very wet. Cautiously, I peeked at him to see his reaction, and he had pushed his chair back a little bit. He had unzipped his pants and had taken his thick staff in his hand and was stroking the naked thickness of it as he gazed at my now hot and quivering cunt. The sight of his hard pink penis, with its huge engorged head, made my pussy start to flow sweet juices, and I could feel them running down in rivulets onto my tight puckered little butt hole. I almost wanted to scream with delight, but I still pretended to be deeply asleep.

Then I heard him call my name, first very softly, and then in a full voice. I didn't budge an inch. After a few seconds I started to open my eyes a little, and he was gone. I hadn't heard the door open, and I was just about to fully open my eyes to see what was going on when I felt a strange warmth down between my wide-open legs. I hadn't moved from my original position, and my cunt was spread apart, and he was on his knees with his face not more than two inches from my gaping slit. The

warmth I felt was his hot breath as he inhaled the soft muskiness that was wafting from my open cunt. And then I almost shuddered with delight as his lips touched my cunt just like he was kissing me on the mouth, softly. How I wanted to push my wet slit up against his mouth and have him suck it. And then I felt a sensation that I had never felt before. The pointed tip of his tongue was being gently but firmly slipped into the tightness of my ass hole. He was alternating between soft licks and then lapping it with the full wetness of his tongue and then pushing the pointed tip of it into me. The feeling was indescribable, and it was making my cunt quiver and run with wet juices.

I couldn't stay still for another second. I wanted all I could get, and I wanted it badly. I asked him, "Do you like to suck on my ass and to taste my pussy?" He nodded almost like a child who had been caught with his hand in the cookie jar. "Will you do anything I ask you to?" I asked. He nodded again. I had just what I wanted, and I was going to use it.

I made him strip totally naked as I watched. Then I told him that I enjoyed the feeling of his tongue probing deep in my ass, and that I wanted more, and that I wanted his tongue to go in very deep this time. I told him to lie on the floor, and I squatted over him. I could tell how much he wanted that by the way his hand moved faster on his cock. Reaching under my bottom, I pulled my soft white cheeks wide apart and relaxed so that my ass hole would open wide for him. The sensation of his wet tongue sliding in and out of me there was almost too much for me to take, and I kept coming over and over, the juices running out of me into his mouth and all over his face. Then, satisfied, I leaned over him and took his thick purple cockhead into my mouth and sucked. The taste was wonderful. I even sucked his balls gently into my mouth while I continued to stroke his hardness.

Before we had finished I let him suck on my breasts while I sat on his lap with his cock up in my cunt and I licked his cock clean of my cunt juices after he pulled out of me. I even bent over his desk and let him slip his cock into my ass. The feeling was fabulous, but even though I had sucked on him and covered his prick with my saliva, it still hurt when he put it in my tight butt hole. I've promised him that every day I would let him put it in my ass until he could fuck me completely that way. I want to feel his hot come spurting in me there. And as a reward for the day when he could actually do it completely, he said he would love to lick me clean when he had finished. I can't wait to watch him do that.—*Name and address withheld*

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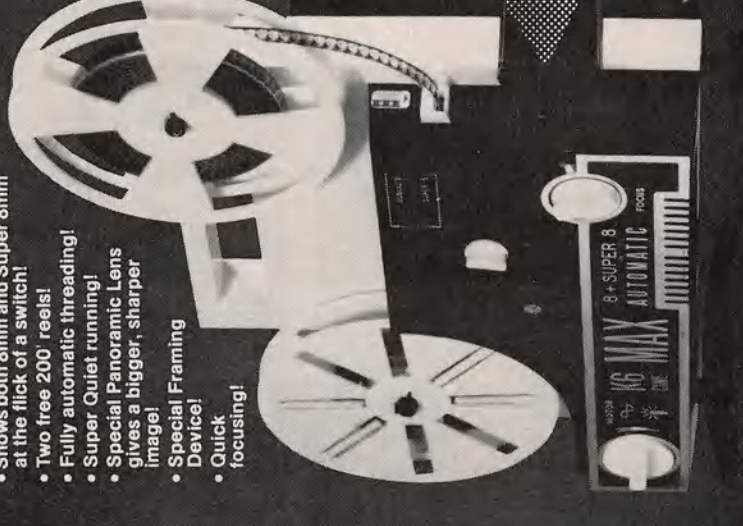

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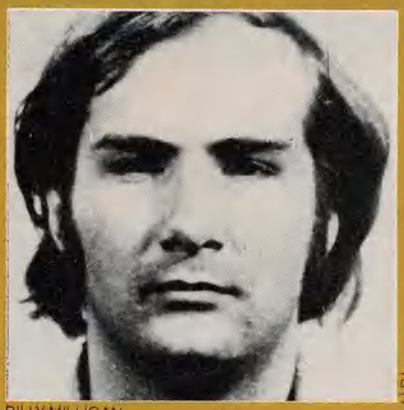

BILLY MILLIGAN U.P.I.

THE MAN WHO INVENTED ETERNAL LIFE Jean-Pierre Ataux

POSTER GIRL DANIELLE DENEUX Bob Guccione

Shattered—In October 1977 the Columbus, Ohio, police arrested twenty-four-year-old Billy Milligan, the Ohio State University "Campus Rapist." The case appeared open-and-shut—until one day the examining psychologist walked in and greeted Billy. "I'm not Billy," came the reply. "I'm David." The victim of child abuse, Billy Milligan possessed twenty-two completely separate personalities. He is the first person ever found not guilty of a major crime by reason of multiple personalities. From the forthcoming book *The Minds of Billy Milligan* (Random House), by Daniel Keyes, author of *Flowers for Algernon.*

The Man Who Invented Eternal Life—After years of experimentation, the very strange Professor Decantor has discovered how to confer immortality on a human soul and, in fact, has accomplished this feat for his own wife. Inside a small box her inner spirit lives forever. In this compelling story from Stanislaw Lem's new collection, *Memoirs of a Space Traveler* (to be published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), the professor learns that even immortality may have its limits.

Rear View—In the immortal words of Freud, the buttocks are "the larger hemispheres of the female body." And how right you were, Sig! Now, for the first time in American history, it looks like the ass is about to eclipse breasts as the great symbol of sexuality. So what's up with asses? Investigative reporter Nick Tosches asked that question and came up with a revolution on his hands. "It's not clear what happened to breasts," says Tosches. "They were here just a moment or so ago; then—pffft." America has fallen in love with its own ass, and, at least in this case, love is strange.

Profits of Fear—Americans are more terrified of getting cancer than of getting any other disease—and for good reason. But almost as overwhelming is our fear of paying the catastrophic costs involved in fighting the illness. Preying on this fear are several hundred insurance companies that sell "cancer-only" policies to millions of people. Since 1958 sales of these policies have doubled every two years—today some 20 million are in effect nationwide. Stories about huge profits, high-pressure salesmen, misleading advertising, and gullible consumers finally forced the FTC to investigate this growing industry, but its findings were suppressed before they could be released. Now, in an exclusive *Penthouse* article, prizewinning Washington reporter Robert Sherrill reports the highlights of the FTC's investigation as part of our continuing series on the Politics of Cancer.

Plus—Why the New Right's attempt to force public-school children to learn "creationism" is so dangerous, a powerful essay by Isaac Asimov; the latest in Christmas gifts for the latest in last-minute shoppers; what's new in the world of stereo, a pictorial report; and a special foldout poster of 1981 Pet of the Year Danielle Deneux, featuring photographs by Bob Guccione.

OMNI

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 171

Rutan plane, which was shown in flight, can decelerate without stalling, go faster than conventional aircraft of a similar size and horsepower, and carry a greater cargo over a longer distance.

Innovative design also figures prominently in the stories of Malcolm Wells, one of America's foremost architects of underground houses, and Luigi Colani, a German industrial designer of futuristic planes and cars.

While some Americans are contemplating earth shelter houses and various underground communities, others are setting their sights on the universe above. In an early segment "Omni" went behind the scenes at the launchpad of the *Columbia* shuttle as she prepared for an October blast-off. In a different installment viewers got a rare look at how scientists overseeing the Saturn flyby decided exactly what kind of atmospheric and photographic data the satellite would beam back to Earth.

Many unusual human-interest stories will emerge from the new fields of modern medicine. For example, the producers of "Omni" secured exclusive rights to film footage documenting the work of a Soviet physician who has been delivering babies of Russian mothers underwater for more than two decades. Viewers saw the baby floating for several minutes in a water tank while remaining attached to its mother's umbilical cord.

Another medical feature tells the extraordinary story of 31-year-old Kenneth Washington, a man afflicted so severely with von Recklinghausen's disease that he could have been described as the modern reincarnation of the "Elephant Man." So grossly disfigured at birth that his parents covered his head with a towel for several weeks, he was hired as an adult to play a monster in the Burgess Meredith film *The Sentinel.*

In a dramatic operation performed at New York's Bellevue Hospital, surgeons cut a large flap of muscle and skin from Washington's thigh, which they then attached above his ear across his cheekbone to his chin. Although bumps remain on much of Washington's body, his face will appear more socially acceptable. As a result of major advances made in the field of microsurgery, Washington now faces a future substantially brighter than that of the legendary Elephant Man of nineteenth-century London.

Although the earth is imperiled by overpopulation, the depletion of natural resources, and devastating poverty, the "Omni" combination of futuristic projections and scientific reportage promises some visionary solutions to global problems. "The New Frontier" will provide television's most comprehensive and invigorating look into the world we are going to inhabit.

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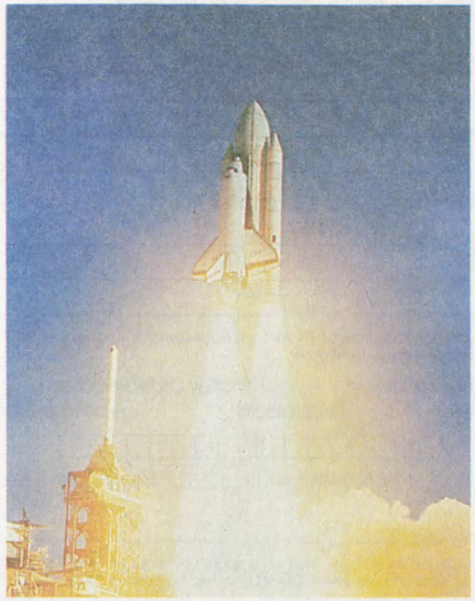

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